JA 7 '63

The Saturday Evening
POST
December 15, 1962 20¢

THE SALVATION ARMY
Gentle Warriors of The Lord

The Real Scandal of Divorce

Memories of Childhood
By Dean Acheson

Alfred Hitchcock
By Bill Davidson

The Silent Night Legend

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Salvation Army bell ringers have set up their kettles along America's sidewalks again, asking for donations to support their humanitarian work. The money goes a long way. As **Richard Armstrong** points out in AN ARMY OF GENTLE WARRIORS, the Army's 26,000 officers minister to the poor of 86 countries. In the United States, where a large portion of the Army's funds comes from those black kettles each Christmas, 5,000 men and women staff 1,300 evangelical centers and 800 institutions. One such institution is the Wayside Home and School of Valley Stream, N.Y., which figured in an earlier *Post* article, WE DON'T CALL THEM CRIMINALS. The photograph below, taken by Larry Fried and published with

that article, shows Home administrator Brigadier Emily Eastwood with one of the 45 predelinquent girls in her charge. The *Post* was proud and pleased to have the Salvation Army use this photograph for its 1962 fund-raising poster.

About the Authors. Former Secretary of State **Dean Acheson**'s fond reminiscences of his childhood in Middletown, Connecticut, will stir a response with readers who recall their youth spent in an era now past. . . . **Paul Gallico,** the novelist and free-lance writer, has been a *Post* contributor since 1931. . . . Celebrated author **Robert Graves** holds the chair of poetry at Oxford University. . . . **Myron Cope**'s tale of the woes of basketball star Rod Thorn is his second *Post* article about a West Virginia All-American. (His first, in the January 9, 1960, *Post*, was about Mountaineer great Jerry West, now with the Los Angeles Lakers.) Five-foot-five-inch Cope complains that interviewing rangy basketballers leaves him with a crick in the neck. . . . Contributing editor **Bill Davidson** encountered a different sort of occupational hazard when interviewing Alfred Hitchcock. Each of their conversations took place over dinner, and each dinner was a multicourse extravaganza. Keeping pace with the director—"a gourmet of colossal stature," according to Davidson—nearly caused him to outgrow all his clothes. . . . Free-lancer **Lewis Lapham** was formerly a reporter for the San Francisco *Examiner* and for the New York *Herald Tribune*. . . . BIG LABOR'S BIG WORRY concludes a two-part series on American labor unions by *Post* contributing editor **Harold H. Martin.**

The Cover. The girl in **Larry Fried**'s photograph is Alma Lang. For the story of how Salvation Army Lt. Alma Salzmann met and married bartender Charles Lang, see the article which begins on page 13. Her musical backup consists of Staff Bandsman Bill Schofield (flügelhorn) and Capt. Harold Anderson (baritone horn). All are members of New York's Metropolitan Division.

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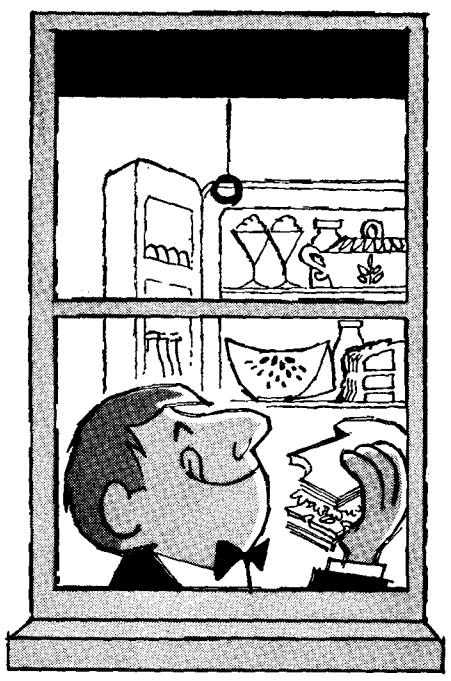
Too much



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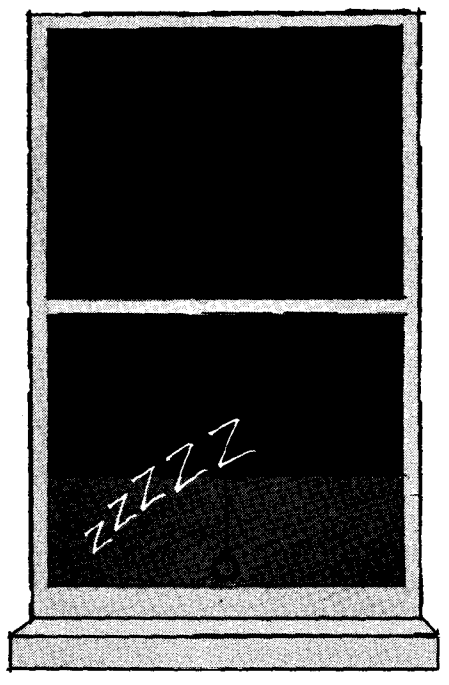

before you go to bed

LETTERS

Ethics on Capitol Hill

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to Ben Bagdikian and Don Oberdorfer for their provocative report [CONFLICT OF INTEREST, Nov. 17]. The examples presented were fair and served to show that some of the shady dealings in Washington are not so clever but merely well-hidden beneath the fog of congressional immunity.

The idea of a self-imposed code of ethics for Congress borders on hilarity, but the idea of a Congressman or candidate declaring his private interests publicly could be workable if backed up by the kind of alert, diligent reporting demonstrated by Bagdikian and Oberdorfer.

JOHN A. CERINO
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I think the main solution for eliminating trouble caused by conflict of interest lies with the people who elect our congressmen to office. We should spend more time and exert more effort to see that really qualified candidates are elected. If this were done, there would not be opportunity for special-interest groups to send their own personal representatives to Congress.

MRS. SARA LITTLE
Newport, Wash.

Answering the Call

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your article WHY I QUIT THE MINISTRY [by an Anonymous Clergyman, as told to Alfred Balk, Nov. 17]. I am in complete sympathy with the young minister. In discussing this with friends, some suggested that the man should not have quit but should have had the courage to continue in spite of his difficulties. My view is that it took more courage to quit. By remaining in the ministry it would have been necessary for him to compromise himself until he was no longer the same person. This compromised state of existence has befallen many of our more successful clergymen.

DONALD D. DUNLOP
Norman, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

Your article is an outstanding piece of work. I hope some of the smugness and complacency of many churches will be jarred loose as a result of this joint effort.

GEORGE P. MACKNIGHT
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The minister who quit apparently was not familiar with the advice a loving wife gave a nervous minister preparing his first sermon: "Remember, you are only going to tell about God, not *be* God."

F. BURNHAM CHAPMAN
South Hamilton, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Having survived almost 20 years as a pastor's wife, I read your article with interest and sympathy. Everything your writer says is not only true, it's also typical. But the shortcomings of the congregation were compounded by the minister's own naïveté, egotism and monumental tactlessness.

MRS. JULIAN JOHNSON
Manhattan, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

This minister made a mistake by placing a time limit on spiritual maturity so that when the congregation wasn't where he felt it ought to be after three short years he quit. He states that he hopes to teach sociology now. I only hope he won't resign from that calling if all economic ills, social sins and racial tensions are not eliminated within three years! He also left a distorted image of the Presbyterian Church. Presbyterians are no better or worse as church members than any other denomination. In fact, after nearly 14 years with the same congregation here, I have found them to be magnificent, full of a living and growing commitment, generous beyond words and growing in Christian discipleship. I have never felt that I could get them to be fully mature Christians in six easy lessons or in three short years. I couldn't even get myself there that fast.

FREDERICK WYNGARDEN
Westminster Presbyterian Church
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

You claim in your article's subtitle: "Protestant seminary enrollment dropped five percent last year to a five-year low. Ordained clergymen are resigning in unprecedented numbers." Both of these statements are categorically untrue. The facts are these:

The official tabulation of enrollment in all Protestant theological seminaries in the country shows that while in 1960–61 there was a slight decrease of approximately 5 percent, the enrollments for 1961–62 and the current year, 1962–63 each show an increase totalling over 3½ percent. The present enrollments are at approximately the same level for the last five years, with the exception of the single year 1960–61. The detailed figures are as follows:

1958–59..20,700	1961–62..20,466
1959–60..21,088	1962–63..20,696
1960–61..19,976	

There is no reliable evidence that "clergymen are resigning in unprecedented numbers." On the contrary, official records indicate that there is no appreciable increase in resignations from the Protestant ministry. These misstatements of fact have disseminated throughout the country a completely erroneous impression of the current outlook for the Protestant ministry and have done irreparable harm.

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN
President
Union Theological Seminary
New York, N.Y.

● *Our figures were taken from the 1962 edition of* The Methodist Fact Book, *whose editors in turn got their figures from the American Association of Theological Seminaries. On the question of clergy resignation, author Balk interviewed officials of many seminaries, and they all supported this thesis. Although we were technically correct in saying that seminary enrollment dropped 5 percent last year (1961), we might also have said that in the academic years 1961–62 and 1962–63 enrollment did increase.—ED.*

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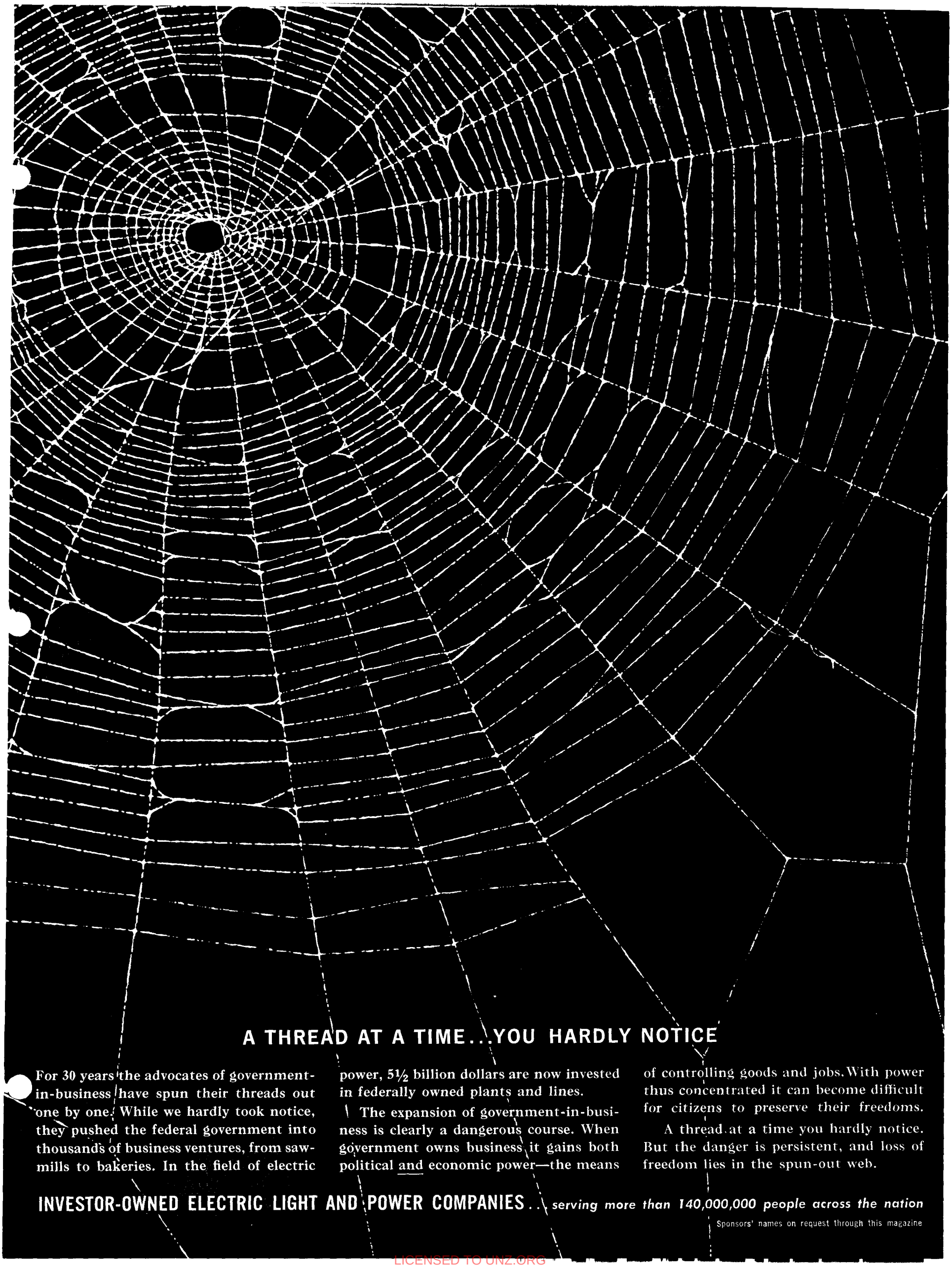

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For 30 years the advocates of government-in-business have spun their threads out one by one. While we hardly took notice, they pushed the federal government into thousands of business ventures, from sawmills to bakeries. In the field of electric power, 5½ billion dollars are now invested in federally owned plants and lines.

The expansion of government-in-business is clearly a dangerous course. When government owns business it gains both political and economic power—the means of controlling goods and jobs. With power thus concentrated it can become difficult for citizens to preserve their freedoms.

A thread at a time you hardly notice. But the danger is persistent, and loss of freedom lies in the spun-out web.

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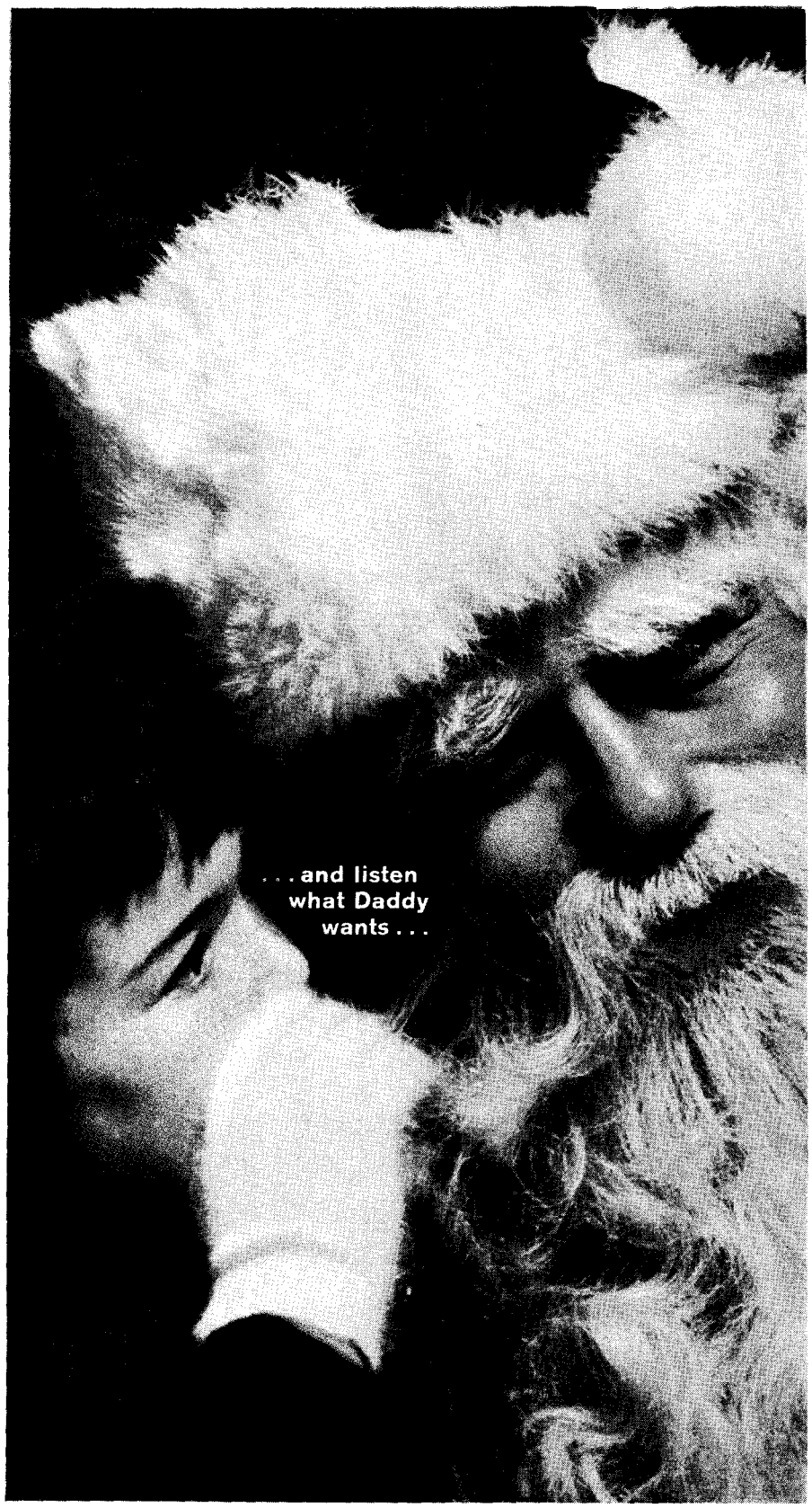

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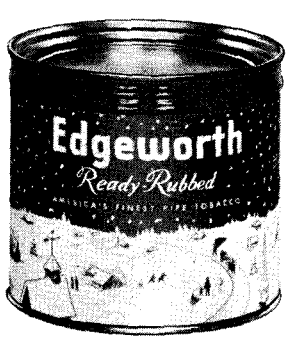

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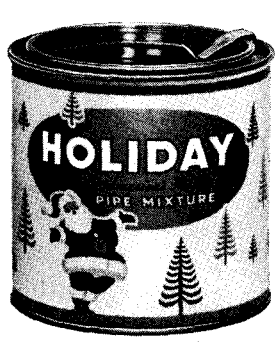

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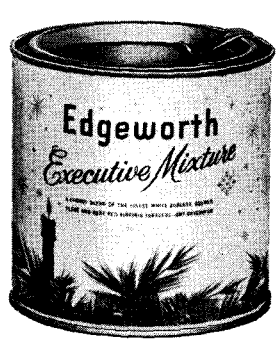

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LETTERS

Realistic Image?

Dear Sirs:

I was overwhelmed by your article [DIAMOND WHO LIKES IT ROUGH, by Bill Davidson, Nov. 17]; I had no idea that I was *that* interesting a person. However, I hope you'll let me point out that the picture you used seemed more like a Daliesque portrait than a realistic one. Why don't you use one of the still photographs from the production of *Sweet Bird of Youth* just to prove that Geraldine Page, actress, can be a little more glamorous than you showed her to be?

GERALDINE PAGE
Hollywood, Calif.

Actress Page in a more "glamorous" mood.

Tragedy in the Atlantic

Dear Sirs:

"WE DITCHED AT SEA" [By Senior Master Sgt. Peter Foley, Nov. 17] is the most unforgettable story of human tragedy I've ever read; when we see other people's tragedies, our own problems seem small.

PATRICIA BABCOCK
Carthage, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

My family and I read your article with great interest because my brother, Major Otis E. McLendon Jr., Air Force Reserve, a pilot for Riddle Airlines, was the pilot of the plane that was circling overhead. He was the first to reach the crippled plane and he was there when the plane was ditched. He circled the area for two hours—as long as his fuel supply would permit—guiding the Air Force rescue plane, trying to contact ships in the area and then relaying messages from the rescue plane to shore.

MRS. D. C. MILLER JR.
Miami Springs, Fla.

Controversial Conversation

I TOTALLY REPUDIATE JOHN WAYNE'S DEFAMATORY REMARKS ABOUT ME REPORTED IN THE POST [THE WOES OF BOX-OFFICE KING JOHN WAYNE, by Dean Jennings, Oct. 27]. WAYNE'S SPEECH ALLEGEDLY (MADE) TO ME ON TELEVISION UTTERLY UNTRUE. INCIDENT NEVER HAPPENED. IT IS COMPLETE FABRICATION. DISCUSSION OF SOCIAL SECURITY AND CHICAGO WAS BETWEEN ME AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE PANEL. I TALKED WITH WAYNE ONLY ABOUT DIVERSE MEANINGS OF HONOR AND EDUCATION. WAYNE STRUCK ME AS THE ONLY BABY I'VE EVER MET WHO WEIGHED 220 LBS.

PROF. HERMAN FINER
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILL.

● *John Wayne made the statement attributed to him in the article during a tape-recorded interview with author Jennings. The disputed conversation between Wayne and Professor Finer occurred off-camera and not during the television show.—ED.*

Coming . . . in next week's Post

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A New Story by Pearl Buck

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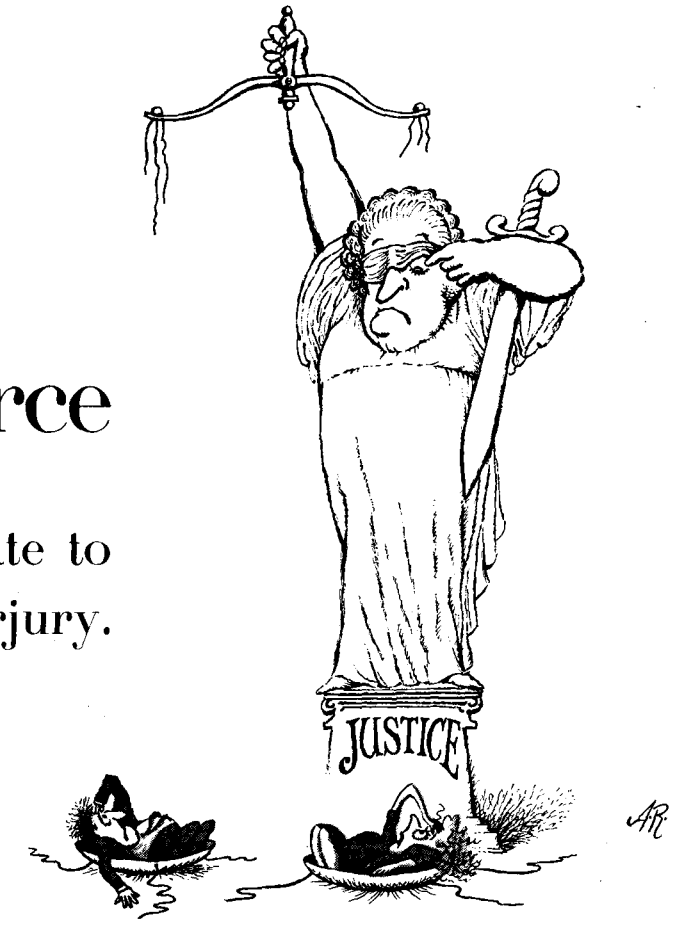
SPEAKING OUT



The Real Scandal of Divorce

Unjust and archaic laws, varying from state to state, force couples to commit fraud and perjury.

By VIVIAN F. GENTLEMAN

In matters of marriage and divorce, states' rights are supreme. American marriages are breaking up at the rate of two divorces a minute every day the courts are in session, yet the Federal Government has no control over where those divorces are granted, or on what grounds.

The result is as many divorce statutes as there are states, a mishmash of fifty sets of laws. This welter of disparate legislation has been described by the American Bar Association as "a mess." It is more than a mess. It is obsolete, unjust and corrupting.

On the wall of my office hangs a big chart showing the various grounds for annulment, separation and divorce in each state, the differing residence requirements and waiting periods, the authorized legal procedures. This chart, intended as a summary of our divorce laws in easy-to-read form, is a yard wide and almost a yard high. To read all its fine print and decipher all its symbols and footnotes requires infinite patience. But with a few hours' study, you can glean such useful bits of information as these:

- Although habitual drunkenness is a specified ground for divorce in 41 states, addiction to drugs is a ground in only 17; and most of these 17 are less populous states, such as North Dakota, Arizona and Maine, where drug addiction is rare.
- Only six states list as grounds a venereal disease contracted after marriage. Only two list homosexuality as a specific ground. Only one state, Minnesota, grants divorce for sterility as a specific ground, although 33 states, along with Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands grant it for impotence.
- As for man's inhumanity to woman and vice versa, the attempted murder of one spouse by the other is ground for divorce only in Illinois, Louisiana and Tennessee. Twelve states omit mental cruelty as a ground for divorce, seven omit physical cruelty and six omit desertion.
- While adultery constitutes ground for divorce in all 50 states, incompatibility—the real reason for most breakups—is a specific ground only in Alaska, New Mexico, Oklahoma and the Virgin Islands.

Some divorce statutes are too bizarre or long-winded to fit on the chart. Louisiana, for example, grants divorce for "public defamation of one spouse toward the other," Puerto Rico for "a proposal of the husband to prostitute his wife." In Missouri "vagrancy of the husband" is a valid ground, and in Hawaii leprosy is. In Kentucky and New Hampshire, divorce will be granted if either spouse joins a religious sect "requiring renunciation of the marriage covenant or forbidding cohabitation."

The variations in residency requirements run all the way from Alabama's somewhat oblique no-residency requirement to Connecticut's three years. Nevada and Idaho require only six weeks' residence, Wyoming 60 days, Arkansas and Utah three months, Florida six months. Most states insist on one to two years. (Alabama has recently lost favor as a "quickie" state because its decrees are subject to review.)

Why Leave It to the States?

Defenders of this scrambled system—if it can be called a system—claim that marriage and divorce should remain under the jurisdiction of the individual states, since a diversity of conditions underlies this diversity of law. In point of fact, it no longer does. Socially and economically, America is now as homogeneous a nation as France or England. It is preposterous that the United States should have no national legislation covering marriage and divorce, as almost every civilized nation in the world has. There might be a justification for the present patchwork of laws if they were curtailing the incidence of divorce. But they are doing no such thing. In 1906 there were 895,000 marriages and 67,976 divorces—in other words, the incidence of marriage was 13 times greater than the incidence of divorce. In 1956, half a century later, there were 1,585,076 marriages and 382,000 divorces, one divorce for every four marriages, and the rate is still climbing.

As matters stand, the only thing that keeps utter chaos from bursting out all over is "the full faith and credit" clause of the Federal Constitution, which requires each state to recognize the judicial proceedings of its sister states. The United States Supreme Court has held that, by virtue of this clause, a divorce decree valid in the state where it was handed down is valid in all the other states, residence requirements having been met and both parties having appeared in the action, one in person and one represented by an attorney. This constitutional guarantee of validity does not extend, however, to the out-of-state ex parte, or unilateral, divorce, in which only one party appears.

This, as I've said, is not quite utter chaos. But by inadvertently encouraging what we call the "migratory divorce," it has led to serious abuses. For it is now the accepted custom for those desiring a quick and quiet divorce to circumvent the laws of the domiciliary state by journeying to one of the divorce havens where a less rigid law will give them their freedom. A substantial percentage of the divorces granted to Americans are actually obtained outside the state in which the couple resided during their marriage. The very existence of this loophole—the out-of-state divorce—breeds confusion and often leads to perjury, blackmail or collusion. It has also persuaded many a disenchanted husband or wife who cannot get his or her partner's consent to dash off to another state for an ex parte divorce, which may not be worth the paper that it is written on.

In several cases, people who thought themselves divorced and free to remarry have discovered years later that they weren't divorced at all. In other cases the so-called "divisible divorce" has resulted, in which a divorce is valid for one purpose but not for another.

Cornelius Vanderbilt's 1953 divorce is a case in point. A bona fide resident of Nevada, Vanderbilt obtained a Nevada divorce from his wife, a resident of New York. A year later Mrs. Vanderbilt sued in New York for separation and was awarded separate maintenance, which is the prerogative of a wife, not a divorcée. In a sense the Vanderbilts were divorced in Nevada but not in New York.

Recently I was consulted by a client who had evidence that her husband was living in open adultery with another woman. I discovered that a year earlier she had flown to Reno and obtained an ex parte divorce which was, of course, invalid. Now, armed with all the evidence she needed, she wanted to sue him again, in New York State, this time to obtain a valid decree. I had to tell her that her home-state court would not permit this maneuver. By her own action in getting a divorce out of state, invalid as it was, she was barred from attacking her own decree. The husband was not bound by the divorce, but she was.

Degrading Side Effects

It is this sort of thing that has led the American Bar Association to call our divorce statutes "a mess." Yet the messiness is not the worst of it. The worst of it is that these laws yield, as Edmund Burke said in another context, "nothing but discontent, disorder, disobedience," a disobedience in which fraud, blackmail and perjury play large roles.

Many Americans condemn divorce, believing that marriages are sacrosanct and cannot be dissolved. But that is no reason why other Americans, unhappily married, should be kept in bondage by laws so rigid, unjust and contradictory that they invite dishonesty.

One injustice in the present system of multiple divorce laws is that they give one party an inordinately sharp weapon to use against the other. Since divorces obtained out of state without consent can be challenged, the partner who wants the divorce must often pay the other what amounts to a ransom for liberty.

One of my clients, a Washington girl of excellent family and some wealth, found she was married to a homosexual. When she asked him for a divorce, he set his price, a whopping $250,000. The girl pleaded with him, offered him as much as she could, got nowhere. Since the District of Columbia provides only five grounds for divorce—adultery, two years' desertion, five years' voluntary separation, conviction of a felony, and separation for two years after the obtaining of a

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Mrs. Gentleman, an authority on matrimonial law, is a New York lawyer who represents clients in many other states.

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SPEAKING OUT

decree of separation—she finally went off to Idaho, contrary to my advice, where she obtained an ex parte divorce. Returning home, she faced a suit by her husband for a declaratory judgment to set aside her Idaho decree. Today she is still married to the homosexual, still acutely unhappy, still trying to raise $250,000 to buy herself a ticket to a decent, normal life.

Worst of all, to my mind, is the way our present divorce laws tend to corrupt those who resort to them. Couples desiring to dissolve an intolerable marriage in the state of their residence often make degrading claims to obtain an annulment, charging impotence, false pregnancy at the time of marriage, or the like or practice flagrant fraud to obtain a divorce, by fabricating sham evidence of adultery attested to by paid witnesses and hired detectives. If they decide for dignity's sake to go to another state for their divorce, they have to engage in another type of hypocrisy—the trumping up of grounds to conform to the laws of that state.

This hypocrisy is so common that the average American divorce is handed down for reasons that had nothing to do with the breakup of the marriage. The wife may be a nymphomaniac, the husband a confirmed sadist; the divorce is likely to be granted for anything from desertion to mental cruelty.

In 1940, the Mexican border city of Juárez had 60,000 inhabitants who had little to do but snooze in the sun. Today Juárez is a thriving metropolis of 300,000 enriched in part by one great enterprise—the divorcing of Americans. Lawyers in Juárez are making as much as $10,000 a week in divorce fees, spending it on convertibles and luxurious haciendas. The municipal courthouse takes in more than $1,000,000 a year solely from the stamps it affixes to decrees.

As usual, there is a reason for this popularity, and the reason is perjury. Whatever one has to go through to get a divorce in Mexico, at least no question of perjury is involved. In the migratory divorce in an American state, a form of perjury *is* frequently involved in establishing jurisdiction.

The ritual observed, risks taken and doubts raised in migratory divorces are illustrated by the Nevada divorce obtained by Mrs. Nelson A. Rockefeller, wife of the governor of New York State, and a resident of New York for more than 30 years. Under the terms of their separation agreement, Governor Rockefeller had given his wife occupancy of their home at 810 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and a residence on the Rockefeller estate near Tarrytown, New York. Yet to get a divorce Mrs. Rockefeller established "residence" at a ranch motel in Nevada, where she stayed for six weeks. Within a half hour of her court appearance in Nevada she was reportedly en route to the airport with her two sons, Steven and Rodman, who had arrived the previous evening to escort their mother home. According to newspaper reports, they enplaned immediately for San Francisco, where they boarded a flight back East, departing from the state of Nevada shortly after the signature on the judgment was dry.

Under standard procedure, plaintiffs in such actions are usually required to swear: (1) when they came to Nevada it was their intention to live there indefinitely; (2) this intention abided with them while they were in Nevada, and (3) it is still their present intention. At the time of making such declarations under oath, plans for the return trip to the home state have generally been made, bags are packed and plane tickets in hand. Little thought is given to the fact that under such circumstances perjury may be involved. For this is the accepted procedure to circumvent an unrealistically stringent divorce law in the home state.

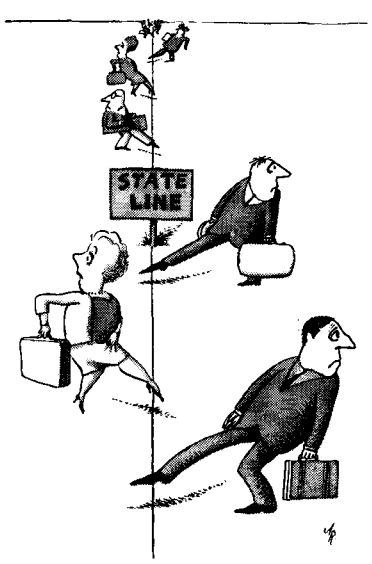
A Federal divorce law, preserving the marriage relation by eliminating lax and fraudulent practices, and permitting the termination of an unhappy marriage without blackmail, hypocrisy or perjury, is not only feasible; it is indispensable to the public good. Efforts on behalf of such legislation have been made since 1884, when the first uniform divorce law was introduced in Congress. Although bill after bill has been presented, none has ever emerged from committee docket. Jurist after jurist, including former Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter, has risen to protest in ringing terms our unrealistic sweep-it-under-the-rug attitude toward divorce, but still Federal legislation lags. Too many of our legislators, for religious, moralistic or pecuniary reasons, regard the subject of divorce reform as a kind of political time bomb, and so perpetuate the status quo.

Needed: Consistency, Honesty

Such a Federal divorce statute would require a Constitutional amendment, transferring the power to regulate divorce from the states to the Federal Government.

Once on the books, such a law would bring consistency and honesty where today there is only confusion and fraud. Divorce cases would then be heard by Federal courts rather than state courts, without variation in procedure from state to state. Grounds for divorce would, as defined by Congress, be the same in all states and would represent a compromise of the divorce codes of the progressive and backward states. And the divorces obtained in compliance with the requirements of Congress would be uniformly valid throughout the nation.

One thing is clear: As long as we go on encouraging connivance and fraud through our present divorce laws, we are by extension encouraging public contempt for all law. To quote New York Supreme Court Justice Benjamin Brenner, our divorce statutes "promote all manner of sordid arrangements both in and out of state. They promote perjurious testimony. Hence they foster disrespect for the law which the courts are powerless to halt." Mr. Justice Brenner was speaking of the divorce laws of the state of New York, but he could just as well have been speaking of them all.



Meanwhile, until we straighten up and write a realistic uniform divorce law, the social phenomenon that Benjamin Trumbull in 1788 called "this great wickedness of putting away" will go on and on, dragging in its train worse evils than itself. **THE END**

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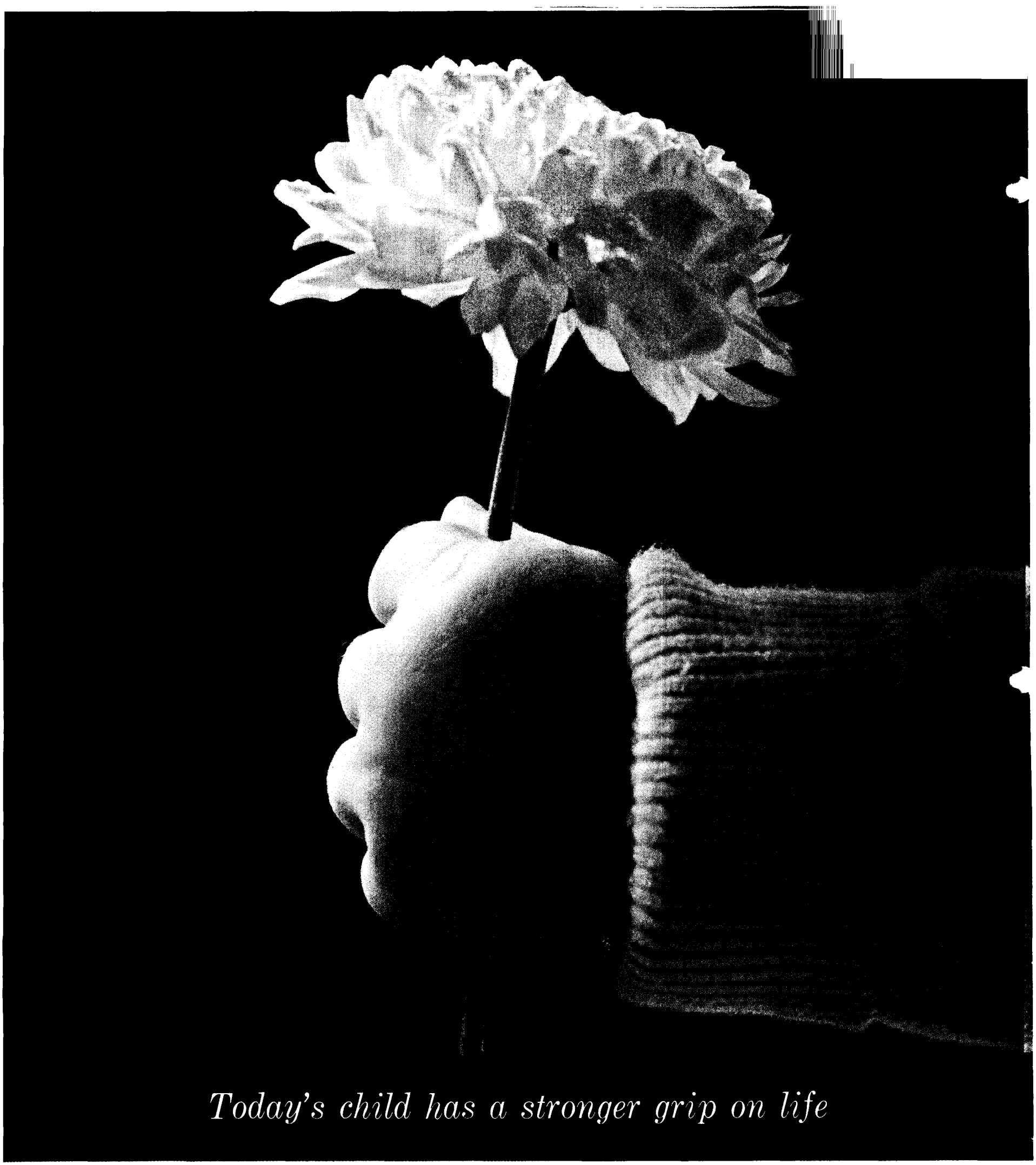

Today's child has a stronger grip on life

Tomorrow, it will be even stronger. Because, from birth on, modern medicine brings our youngsters through many of the illnesses that were once so full of peril.

Pneumonia, for example. It was our number one killer not too many years ago. You measured its cost in heartache, anxiety, prayer—and a money cost that often ran into hundreds.

Today your doctor, with less than $20 worth of antibiotic drugs, is likely to have a child up and around after a week at home in bed.

What of meningitis? Rheumatic fever? Mastoiditis? Scarlet fever? Potential killers or disablers, a scant few years ago. Now each of these diseases, and many others once so feared by parents, can be treated successfully by modern drugs—at a fraction of the former time and cost!

Such achievements in medicine stem from the efforts not only of doctors but of research scientists in drug company laboratories. The contributions of these men and women will help our children to live longer, and in better health.

This is the value of modern drugs—protecting health and reducing the costs of illness.

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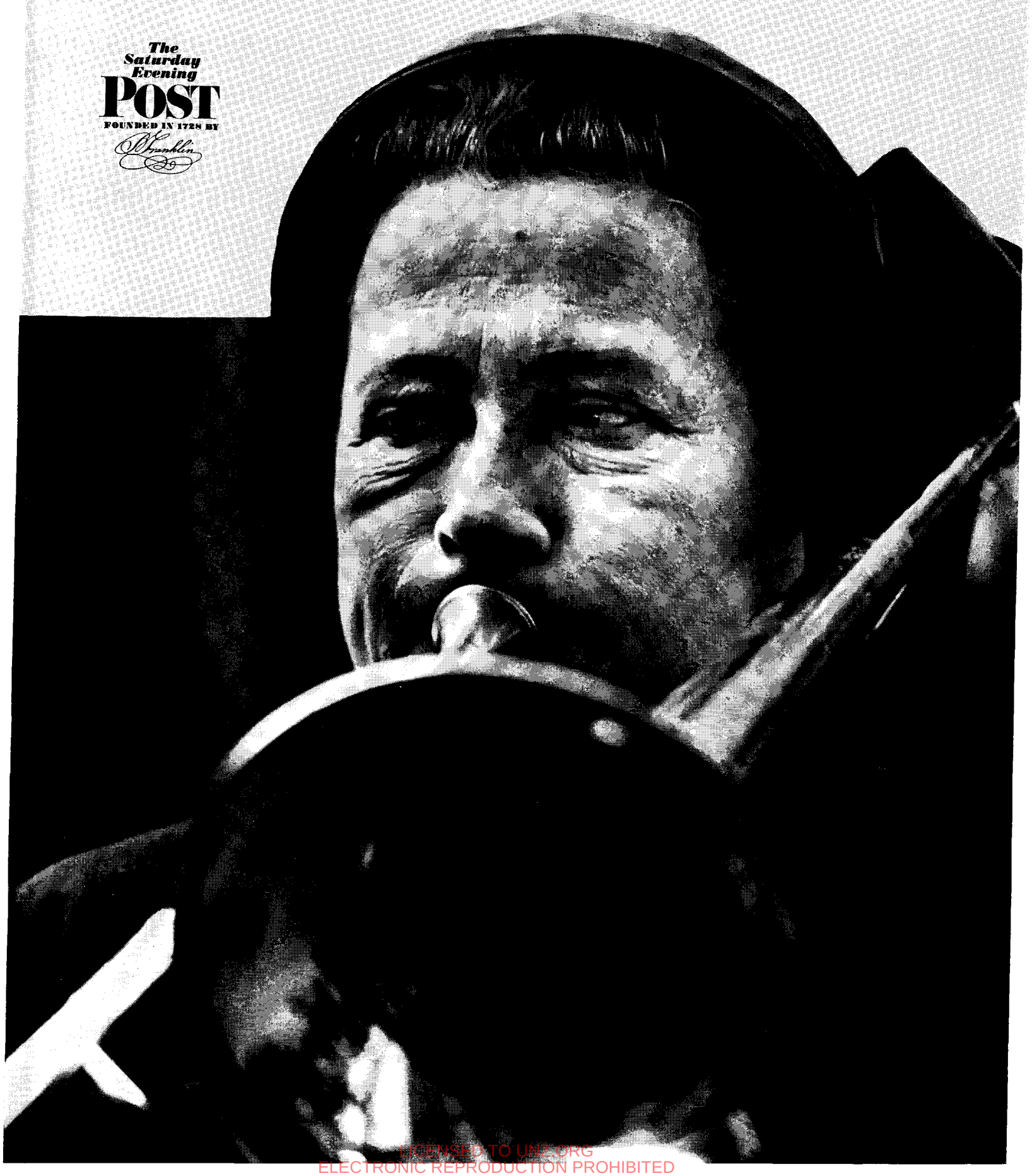
AN ARMY OF GENTLE WARRIORS

With the coins collected in its kettles, the Salvation Army spreads its good works worldwide. • By RICHARD ARMSTRONG

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin



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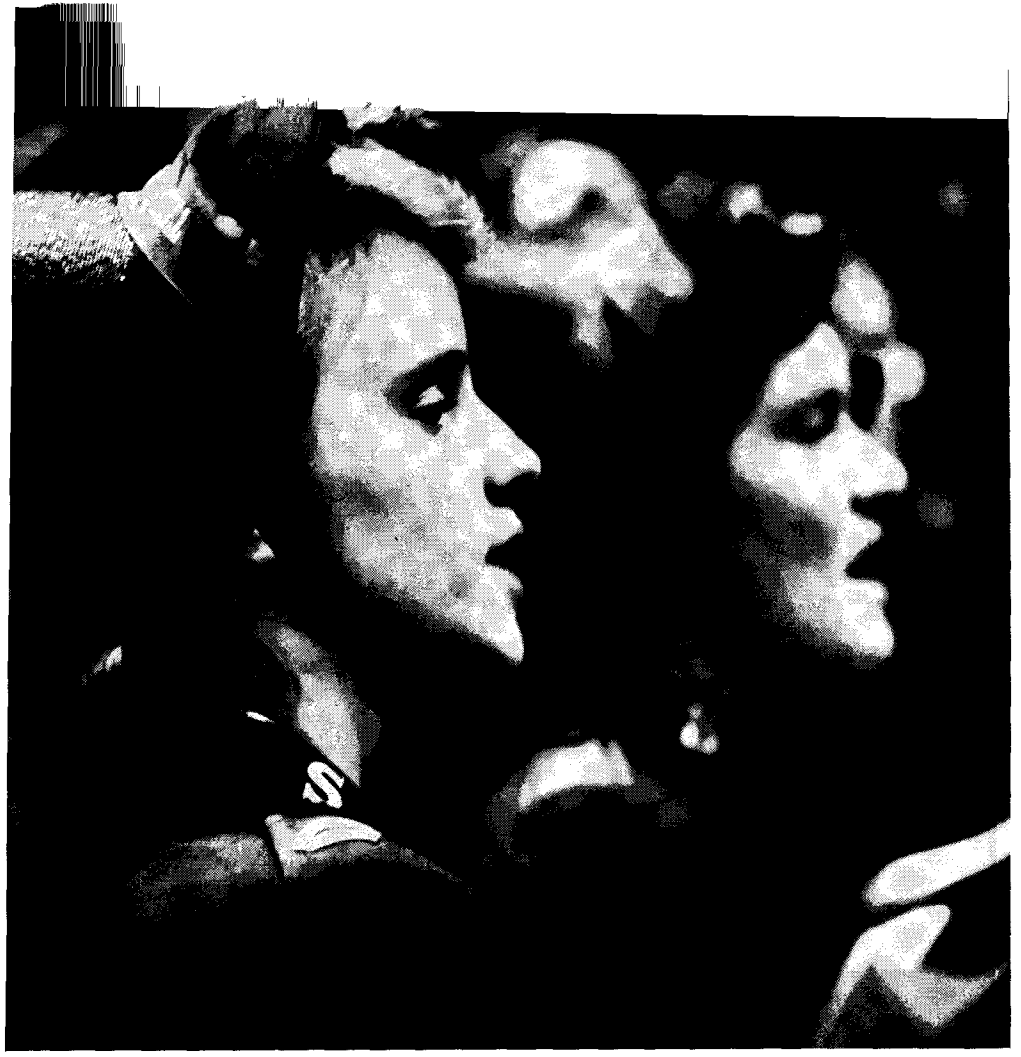

Eager Army singers exhort strayed sheep to return to the fold.

Photographs by Larry Fried

"In the chapel is a smell compounded of wine and sweat. Old men shuffle in as the music starts."

The sight and the sound were comfortably familiar, an unfailing sign of the season. The black kettles and the red-piped uniforms decorated busy street corners, and the cornet and euphonium were heard again in the land. At Times Square in Manhattan "the largest kettle in the world" hung on a 20-foot-high tripod under a banner reading SHARE WITH THE WORLD. In St. Louis the traditional "Tree of Lights" grew brighter every day to hail new donations. To the lads and lassies of the Salvation Army who manned the 150 Chicago kettles, prediction had become a science. Where men are on duty, the donations come three-to-one from women. Where the lassies are out, the donations come three-to-one from men.

The kettles, and the lads and lassies behind them, are the image of the Salvation Army in America. Yet just last September the prosperous strollers on New York's Park Avenue were treated to a different view. Down the avenue marched 2,000 Salvationists behind one of the world's best brass bands. At the head of it all strode Gen. Wilfred Kitching, 69, a stern and martial Britisher who, like Pope John XXIII, had been elected to supreme authority in a closed conclave of top lieutenants from around the globe. Along the flanks of the parade, weaving in and out of the crowd, came the "compellers," crying over battery-powered loud-hailers, "Wouldn't you like to come?"

So many of the Park Avenue crowd wheeled with the Salvationists into the grandeur of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel that the Grand Ballroom overflowed with 3,700 people.

What awaited the marchers inside was not a banquet but an old-style evangelistic meeting. "This is a day the founder would have liked," said General Kitching later. "Let there be more parades! Let there be more music! Let there be more testifying to salvation!"

The Army is already laying plans for its centennial celebration in 1965, and it has long since become a Christian brigade unique in the modern world. Operating under 50 territorial commanders around the world, 26,000 Army officers and 1,000,000 lay members now preach the Gospel in 86 countries and 140 languages.

In the United States alone, its officer corps totals almost 5,000 men and women, manning 1,300 evangelical centers and more than 800 institutions and services. Every officer has dedicated his life to service; all are ordained ministers. They live in Army-owned houses and can marry only within the service. Regardless of rank, they are paid no more than $75 a week per couple. Their children grow up as "Army brats," and, as in any army, some of the kids follow the family calling.

From Skid Row to Suburbia

The Army still preaches old-time religion. Its officers abstain from liquor, tobacco, lipstick and movies—but television is permitted. They are enormously cheerful. "Why should a Christian be gloomy?" Cadet Officer Juanita Russell of Atlanta asks. "Her witness for Christ should shine through." The Army is practical. Its missions range from skid-row corps, operating in a Dickensian atmosphere little changed since the Army's founding days in the slums of London, to sparkling new centers in middle-class, suburban America. "We never try to impose a program from above," says Commissioner Norman Marshall, the present United States commander. "We ask what the community needs."

From this attitude has grown the Army's enormous grass-roots support in America. Says a Chicago newspaperman, "Without seeking it, the Army gets more publicity than other outfits that try to get their names in the paper."

From the grass roots this respect has been translated into support from business and community leaders throughout the United States. The Army's lay advisory boards now count 50,000 members. They are called "the Army behind the Army." On the West Coast one of the most active is Philip Chandler, vice president of the Los Angeles *Times*. In New York Frederick R. Kappel, chairman of the board of A.T.&T., Tiffany board chairman Walter Hoving and Sherman Fairchild of Fairchild Camera consult with Salvationists about the Army's programs. Says Robert E. Lusk, board chairman of the high-powered Manhattan advertising agency, Benton & Bowles, and one of the Army's most loyal supporters in the New York area, "I used to think that the Salvation Army was like having dinner with your old-maid aunt, pleasant but not very exciting. Now I think of the work it does, and the work I do with it, as one of the most interesting parts of my life."

Army supporters generally remember the Army in their wills. "Often it's just $100 and a 'God bless you'," says National Commander Marshall. "But the legacies are coming from more and more people and in larger amounts." Out of the blue a widow named Mrs. Lyndon Perkins Williams, living alone in the Waldorf Towers, had her lawyers notify the Army that she wanted to give more than $2,000,000 to build and maintain a home for aging women; the residence is now

An Army brigadier holds sidewalk chat with one of his Bowery flock

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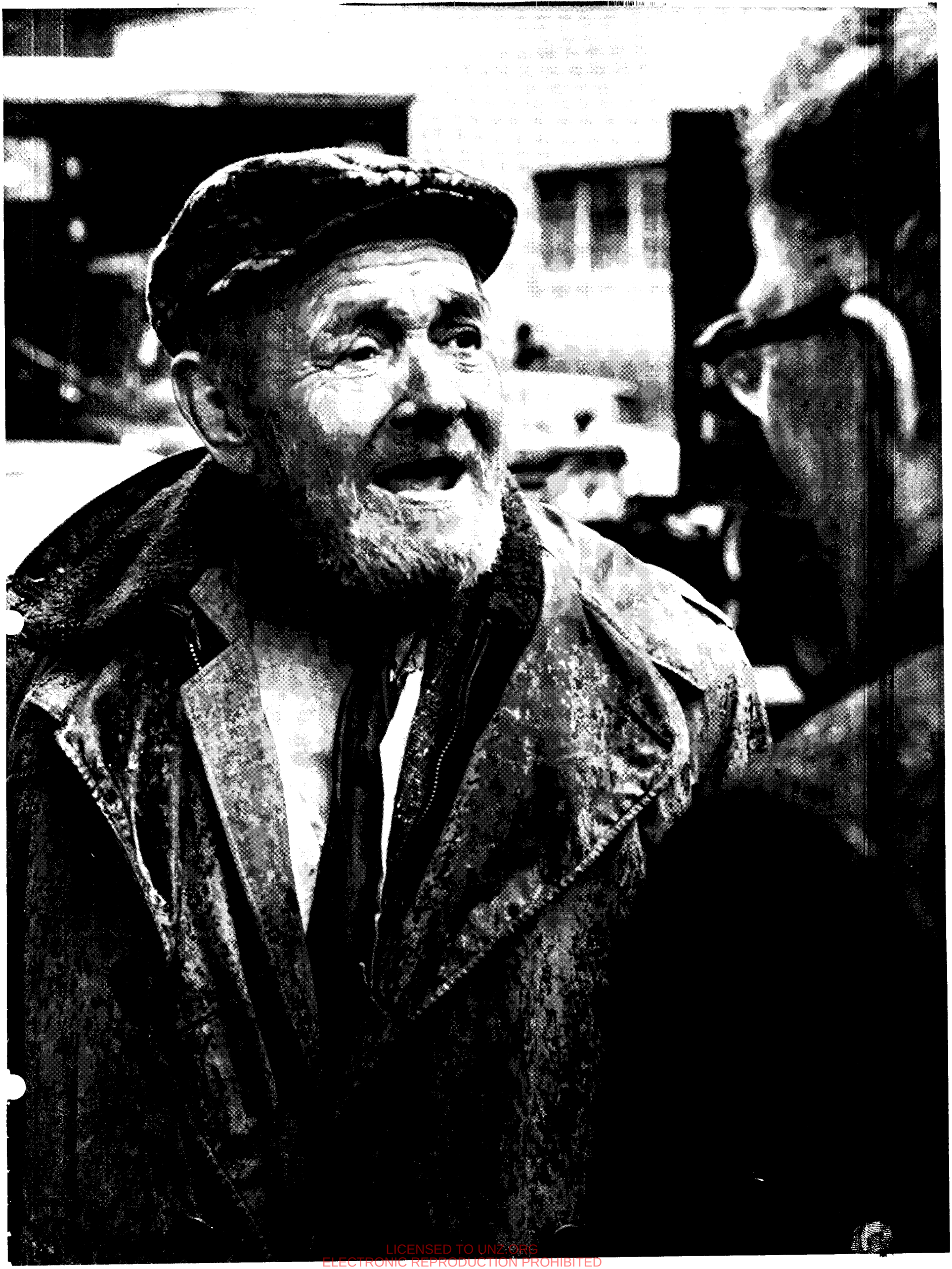

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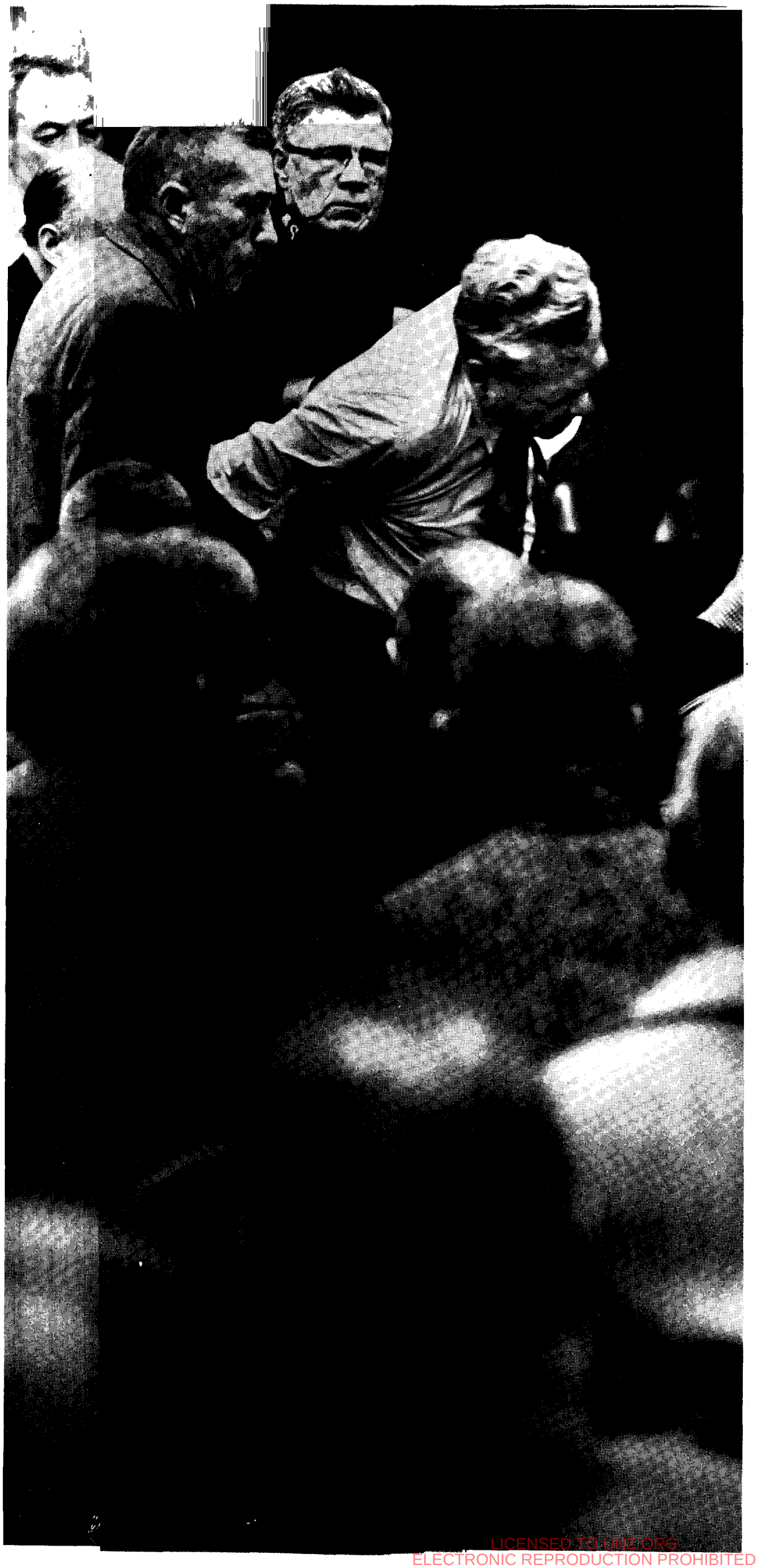

going up in Flushing, Long Island. A few years ago, in Oklahoma, an old man living in a shack, and thought to be penniless, died and left the Army an estate of $1,500,000.

This formidable Army is an offshoot of John Wesley's evangelical Methodist movement, which swept England in the grimy days of the industrial revolution. It was in a bare Wesleyan chapel in Nottingham in 1844 that an impoverished pawnbroker's apprentice knelt down at age 15 and promised that God should have "all there is of William Booth." "The Founder," whose countenance glowers from the walls of every Army installation, became a Methodist minister, then a free-lance evangelist in London's East End.

He set up headquarters in tents, a woodshed, a saloon named the Eastern Star. He was a compelling preacher, and the movement, then called the Christian Mission, grew and spread. In 1878, when editing a Mission report, Booth wrote in the felicitous phrase, "a Salvation Army." The name stuck, and the uniforms and Army titles followed.

From his years of work in the slums, the man who was now General Booth had formed clear ideas. One was that the poor and downtrodden could not feel at home in a regular church—hence the open-air meetings, the cheerful brass bands. Another was that preaching the Gospel to a starving man was foolish. "I propose," said the general, "to take any man who comes to us, put an arm around him and extricate him from the mire into which he has fallen. You are hungry, here is food. You are homeless, here is shelter."

The Army met opposition both high and low. Queen Victoria was alarmed that this evangelistic "general" had raised a private army in her kingdom. The gin makers and brothel owners organized a so-called Skeleton Army, composed, according to a newspaper of the day, "of the most consummate loafers and unmitigated blackguards London can produce." On one occasion a horse and cart were raced deliberately through the midst of an open-air meeting, and a Salvation Army girl was trampled to death.

The Army's early days in the United States were no easier. Down the gangplank of the steamer *Australia* in New York on March 10, 1880, marched Commissioner George Scott Railton and seven Army lassies, coming, as they said, to "open fire" in America. Reporters covering the arrival found the lassies to be "English peasant women of very limited intelligence." The reporters added that "none of them can aspirate the letter *h*." But they spread the city with placards announcing that "The Salvation Army will attack the Kingdom of the Devil at Harry Hill's Variety Theatre on Sunday, March 14, 1880, commencing at 6:30 P.M. sharp." They moved on after that to a former brothel at 44 Baxter Street, where, according to a reporter, "a more motley, vice-smitten, pestilence-breeding congregation could seldom be found in a house of worship. There were dancing girls, prostitutes and station-house tramps."

Obstreperous visitor gets firm response.

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Invading the U.S., it attacked the Devil's Kingdom and won followers: "dancing girls and station-house tramps."

But in frontier America, as in slum-ridden England, the message was compelling. By 1886, only six years after the landing of the first little band, the Army had spread all about the country.

The founder was a thorough autocrat. His eight sons and daughters tended to be as headstrong as he, and family squabbles shook the Army. But the children were formidable leaders as well, none more so than the flamboyant daughter who personified the Salvation Army to two generations of Americans.

Evangeline Booth assumed the United States command in 1904 at the age of 38. She was tall—five feet, ten inches—a slender and strikingly handsome woman whose voice and presence reminded listeners of Sarah Bernhardt. It was Evangeline who dispatched the "Hallelujah Lassies" to France with the American soldiers in 1917, a turning point in Army history.

"A wonderful time," recalls Col. Florence Turkington, one of the surviving members of the little band of 250 American Salvationists who went to war. "A lot of the girls were good Hoosiers and they said, 'Let's make doughnuts.' All you need is flour and lard and sugar, and we could usually get those."

Colonel Turkington crawled under shellfire through the muddy trenches, handing out the doughnuts and coffee. Letters full of praise poured home from the troops, now nicknamed "doughboys," and all of a sudden the lassies were heroines. In no time at all the Army raised $1,000,000 for its war effort.

"Some say World War I *made* the Salvation Army," declares Commissioner Marshall. "We insist that it *found* the Salvation Army, ready for service." But he adds with a chuckle: "That old doughnut has paid more dividends than anything we ever had."

Evangeline Booth and Reform

It was Evangeline Booth who also set off the last big family fight—and the democratization of the Army. The founder had passed on the generalship and complete power to his favorite son, Bramwell. In 1929 Evangeline called a High Council of Army Commissioners that stripped Bramwell of the generalship by a vote of 52 to 5. Then she put through a revision of the constitution providing for election of generals by a two thirds vote in the High Council. Evangeline was elected general herself in 1934 and finally retired in 1939, having been received and praised by every United States President from Teddy Roosevelt to F.D.R. She died—or, as the Army terms it, was "promoted to glory"—in 1950.

Salvationists believe in the Trinity, in the salvation of all believers "by faith through grace," in "the immortality of the soul, in the resurrection of the body, in the general judgment at the end of the world." They believe in the doctrine of "personal holiness," a kind of second and deeper sanctification through which even the desire to sin is washed away. They believe that the Bible was divinely inspired. "But as to whether every word in the Bible has equal weight," one officer explained, "most modern Salvationists would say no. We're pragmatic Christians, God's words meeting today's needs."

The needs are remarkably unchanging on the lower rungs of American life. At the Army's Bowery Corps in New York the air is replaced every six minutes by powerful blowers. But in the chapel the smell is sour nonetheless, a compound of wine, sweat, filth and urine. Old men with vacant faces shuffle in as the music starts.

The call goes out to accept Christ, and four men stumble up. "We tell them to come back in the morning," says Brigadier Franklin W. Hoffman, the officer in charge, and about half do. About 200 men quit the bottle permanently every year through the work of this center."

Three Good Meals a Day

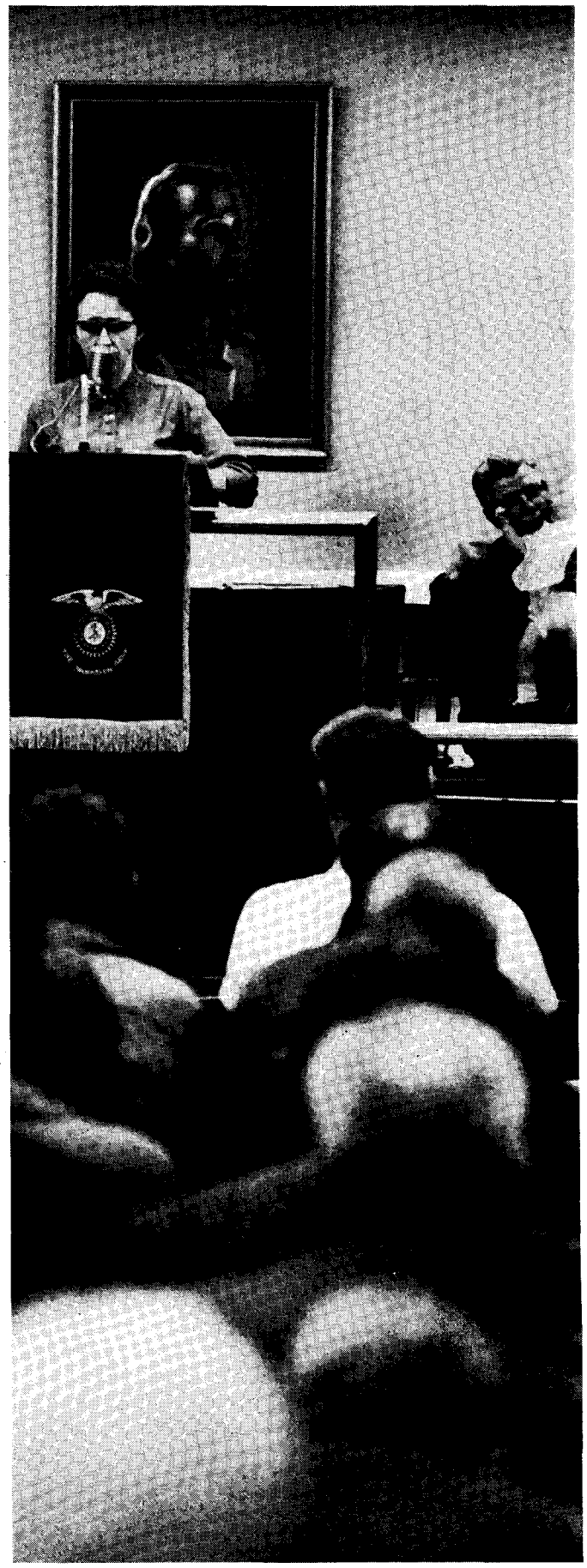
The next step up from skid row is to one of the men's social-service centers, where derelicts on the mend get spotless quarters, three good meals a day and two dollars a week or so for collecting rags, paper, clothes and furniture, and preparing them for sale. Maj. Eugene Gesner, who runs the Army Center at 746 Marietta Street Northwest in Atlanta, finds a half dozen men sleeping on the doorstep every morning, waiting for admittance. His 96 beds are constantly filled. "Some of these men keep coming back, time and again. You just can't give up. Who knows but what the fifth or sixth time won't do it."

Unwed mothers seek out the Army too. "*Dear Abby* is our biggest referrer," said a caseworker. "We have to remind her every now and then that there are other such homes around." The Army homes, in fact, are so popular that a girl wanting to be admitted at the sixth month of pregnancy must apply two months in advance to get in.

Army service to the distressed covers an incredible range, from its missing persons' bureau to marital counseling, from rooms for evicted slum dwellers to free soup kitchens and medical and dental care.

But the Army's work stretches far beyond slums—for instance to the modern $500,000 corps and neighborhood center opened last year in suburban Hempstead, Long Island. The Army is indeed sometimes embarrassed by the popular notion that it never gets out of the slums. A young secretary from the Midwest who had settled into a comfortable room at the Army's Evangeline Residence for young single women on 13th Street in Manhattan, and who notified her parents of her new address, got the anguished reply: "Come home at once. Whatever trouble you're in we'll help you out."

"We try to make the Army a church plus," says Capt. Robert Watson, who commands a corps in downtown Brooklyn, with a handsome new center. The neighborhood is thoroughly mixed—



Order restored, Brig. Franklin Hoffman holds his grandson while his daughter-in-law preaches.

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Brigadier Hoffman comforts a repenter who has come forward to pray at the Bowery mission's Mercy Bench.

"The poor could not feel at home inside a church—hence meetings in the open air."

prosperous politicians and businessmen in comfortable apartments along tree-lined streets, Negroes and Puerto Ricans in the nearby Fort Greene housing project. The corps has 144 "soldiers"—what would be called the congregation in other churches—and though none is well off they contribute $15,000 of the $45,000 it costs to run the center each year. They help man the street-corner kettles that bring in another $20,000, about a quarter of that sum during the Christmas season. Thus the center needs only $10,000 a year from higher headquarters. On this budget it is both a church to its soldiers and a social center for 500 children and adults in downtown Brooklyn. For the children of the congregation, called junior soldiers, the center offers an absorbing week-long schedule from basketball to the tambourine brigade.

A big night for young and old is "Friday Evening at the Temple," when Salvationists from all over the New York area converge on National Headquarters at 14th Street in Manhattan. It is a trip well worth the taking.

The atmosphere is gay, informal. The big brass band—now said by American Salvationists to be "better than London's, the best in the world"—plays anything from Bach to music-hall tunes straight out of the 19th century, outfitted with Christian lyrics. These Salvationists have been singing in harmony since childhood, and they raise the rafters. One favorite is *I'll Serve the Lord.* The cadet corps, the future officers, rise in mass to roar out their dedication:

I am determined!
I've made up my mind!
I'll serve the Lord!

After the sermon, the call goes out to all who would like the Army's prayers. A dozen hands go up, and the officers beeline toward them. "We call this fishing," explains a major as he slips away toward an upraised hand. Through chorus after chorus of the final hymn, the sinners are urged forward toward the Mercy Bench up front. Two of them go.

The major returns. His man had not gone up, but the major is chuckling.

"You know what he said? He said, 'It's too late, Cap'n. You go from 25 to 50 mighty fast. It's too late to change.' It's never too late, but that puts it pretty well, doesn't it? From 25 to 50 mighty fast. You know, I'm going to use that in a sermon sometime."

The Army urges the best and brightest of its young soldiers toward the ministry, by way of i cadet-training centers in the four United States territorial headquarters, New York, Atlanta, Chicago and San Francisco. "There are two schools of thought," a colonel explained. "One is

Buttoned against winter wind, bandsman Bill Schofield asks passersby to "come around the corn

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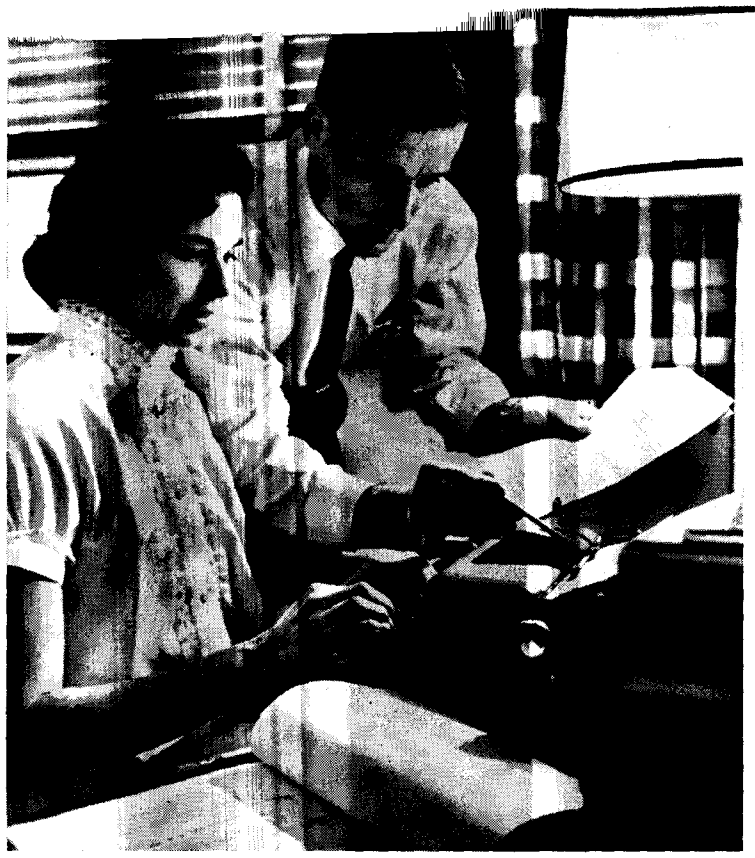

*Ex-barkeep **Charles** Lang and **wife Alma do** Army homework.*

It's a thin life, with long hours, slow advancement, and maximum pay is only $75 per week.

that the kids should get a college education and then go on to training. The other is that they should become officers first and complete their education afterwards." But in practice, young soldiers who go away to secular colleges for four years are apt to stray off to other vocations. About 85 percent of the cadets come to the Army out of high school. Training school is a two-year cram course, light on the liberal arts and heavy on such tools of the ministry as Bible courses, the preparation of sermons, Army doctrine, music, and pastoral counseling.

Since more single girls than boys become cadets—the ratio in New York now is 79 to 37—about half the girls are destined to become Army spinsters. They must forego the vanity of lipstick and jewelry. "Extreme" hair styles are prohibited, and the cadet manual warns that "skirts should never be shorter than two inches below the lower part of the knee."

Cadet Diane Naffziger, 19, daughter of an Air Force sergeant and brought up as a stanch Southern Baptist, has thought all this out. "When I first went to an Army meeting I didn't know if I could stand uniforms and no makeup." Now she says: "I had to go. I know that I was called by God to be an officer."

Cadet Esther Jacobs, 19, got to know the Army as a child in Massillon, Ohio, when "a nice young officer and his wife gave my sister and me some bubble gum and said, 'Come to the Salvation Army Sunday School.'" The supreme test for Esther Jacobs, as it is for many junior soldiers, was the open-air meetings at night. "The corps was near the high school. My friends would come by. They didn't make fun, but they looked. At first I tried to hide behind my old cornet. But then I realized that I had something they didn't have. Why should I hide?"

And Alma Salzmann, a pretty brunette, is living proof that a girl can beat the odds. Until last year Alma was a Salvation Army lieutenant, stationed in Middletown, Ohio. As part of her regular rounds, and in a scene that might have been right out of a Midwestern *Guys and Dolls*, Alma dropped in on the Loghouse Tavern in nearby Hamilton every week to pass the plate. The weekend bartender there was a handsome young fellow named Charlie Lang. "I was drinking a lot," he recalls, "and I did some of the other things you do when you're drinking a lot." But soon the most important weekly event to Charlie Lang was Alma's regular visit. He drove her home and went to Army meetings. On May 3, 1960 ("It was a Wednesday at nine P.M. How could you forget something like that?") he went up to the Mercy Bench at an Army meeting. He and Alma were married that October; this fall, Charlie Lang entered the training school.

Thirty Years of Getting Ahead

Once graduated from training school as an ordained minister of the Army, the Salvation Army lieutenant has a rugged life ahead, advancing by rigid seniority for the first 30 years. He is expected to complete Army correspondence courses on a variety of subjects, and he is actively encouraged to get a college degree at Army expense—if he can manage it on top of a demandingly full Army schedule. The best of them do. For instance, the director of metropolitan New York operations, Col. Edward Carey, who runs a program with an $8,000,000 annual budget, became a cadet at 18, right out of a high school in Cleveland, Ohio. In his spare time, he studied at New York University, graduating *magna cum laude*.

"I wonder," says a fellow officer, "whether that education would have had as much meaning to young Ted Carey from high school. Frankly I doubt it."

While the Army's endowment and its responsibilities grow steadily, its officer corps in the United States has actually declined slightly, from 5,047 in 1951 to 4,902 last year. Lesser chores are handed over to "civilian," or non-Army, employees, whose ranks have almost doubled, from 7,307 in 1951 to 13,015 last year.

Among these civilians who know the Army best, admiration for it is universal. "Did you ever notice?" asked one. "Army officers look about ten years younger than they really are."

They do. And it is because of the spirit and dedication of its officer corps that the Army keeps growing in service and esteem. Typical of the 5,000 officers who are manning the kettles this season is a major from Cleveland. He has moved about the country time and again. He earns the Army's maximum wage of $75 a week, out of which he gives a tithe back to the church and supports a family of four children. He lives rent-free in a frame house owned by the Army in Englewood, New Jersey, and drives a small black sedan, toward the upkeep of which the Army pays him $30 a month.

"Everyone knows that a red car doesn't cost a penny more than a black one," he says. "But the Army likes things subdued. We don't want anybody to look at a flashy car and say, 'There goes my donation.'"

How does he support a family?

"Well, we don't drink and we don't smoke—that's a start—and we watch our pennies." The Army will give him a grant of $1,000 for each child who goes on to college; 80 percent of the Army brats do.

A few months ago this major was invited in for an interview by the president of an old and august New York City bank. He was offered a position as vice president of the bank and a salary of $35,000 a year. Surprised and flattered, he turned down the offer.

After a recent day's work was ended, he led a little band of Salvationists to the corner of 49th Street and Seventh Avenue, just north of Times Square. Young girls in skittish dress clicked by on the arms of their boy friends. Old men stopped and listened awhile. From down the street, at the Metropole, the clarinet notes of Woody Herman drifted up to mingle with the brass notes of the little Army band.

"There is a thrill in being a Christian," said the major. "God through Christ can speak love to your heart. Come to our meeting around the corner." **THE END**

Amid gaudy Broadway competition, Army workers try to attract donors.

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Oberndorf, Austria: birthplace of Christmastide's best-loved carol.

Silent Night

The story of a marvelous misfortune which inspired two young Austrians to write the immortal hymn of joy.

By PAUL GALLICO

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse...
CLEMENT C. MOORE

But on the night of December 23 in the year 1818, in the little Austrian village of Oberndorf by Salzburg, on the banks of the frozen River Salzach, a mouse did stir.

He not only stirred; he invaded the organ loft of the old church of St. Nicholas, and there, because he was a cold mouse and a hungry one, he perpetrated a deed and initiated a chain of events that were to resound to the farthest corners of the earth.

It was the following morning, crisp, cold and clear, that an important gentleman in a black frock coat and stock let himself into the church of St. Nicholas and sat down at the organ.

His name was Franz Gruber, and he was a dark-haired, pleasant-faced man 31 years of age, with a longish nose, cleft chin and friendly eyes. The world never heard of him, but in the small ponds of the neighboring villages of Oberndorf and Arnsdorf he was a very large frog indeed. For in Arnsdorf he was the schoolmaster and in Oberndorf he was the organist of the church.

Now he flicked his long coattails out of the way, adjusted the organ bench, trod the pedals and pressed the keys. But no music issued from the pipes—only a soft, breathy sigh.

Before Herr Gruber had time to investigate this unhappy phenomenon he heard a sound by the door and turned to see his friend, Joseph Mohr, himself a musician and utility priest, who had been sent to Oberndorf on a temporary basis until a permanent pastor for the church could be found. Gruber cried, "*Grüss Gott*, Joseph. What has happened?"

The young priest—he was then 26, with merry eyes and a gay air—raised his arms in a helpless gesture and beckoned for his friend to follow.

He took Gruber to the loft behind the keyboard, where the leather bellows supplied the wind for the instrument, and pointed to the hole in the worn fabric of the leather. "I discovered it this morning. A mouse must have gnawed it, and at the first tread the whole thing gave way."

Gruber inspected the damage. A Christmas Eve Mass without music was unthinkable. He cried, "*Donnerwetter!* Here is a fine fix. What is to be done?"

"Well," Father Mohr said somewhat shyly, "I have written a little poem." He coughed and corrected himself. "Actually some words for a song."

The schoolteacher smiled at his friend and said, "I'll wager you have. You were always more of a poet than priest. I can't imagine why you ever chose the cloth."

Father Mohr replied with some asperity, "It isn't *that* kind of song."

Herr Gruber smiled again at the vehemence of his friend, for it was known that Father Mohr did enjoy *that* kind of song, the kind of song you sang with the peasants and rough rivermen when the new wine flowed and the zithers twanged. This was what caused grumbling among the more pious parishioners and brought frowns to the brows of the church fathers.

Candlelit Christmas pilgrimage each year brings students to Arnsdorf school, where Franz Gruber once taught.

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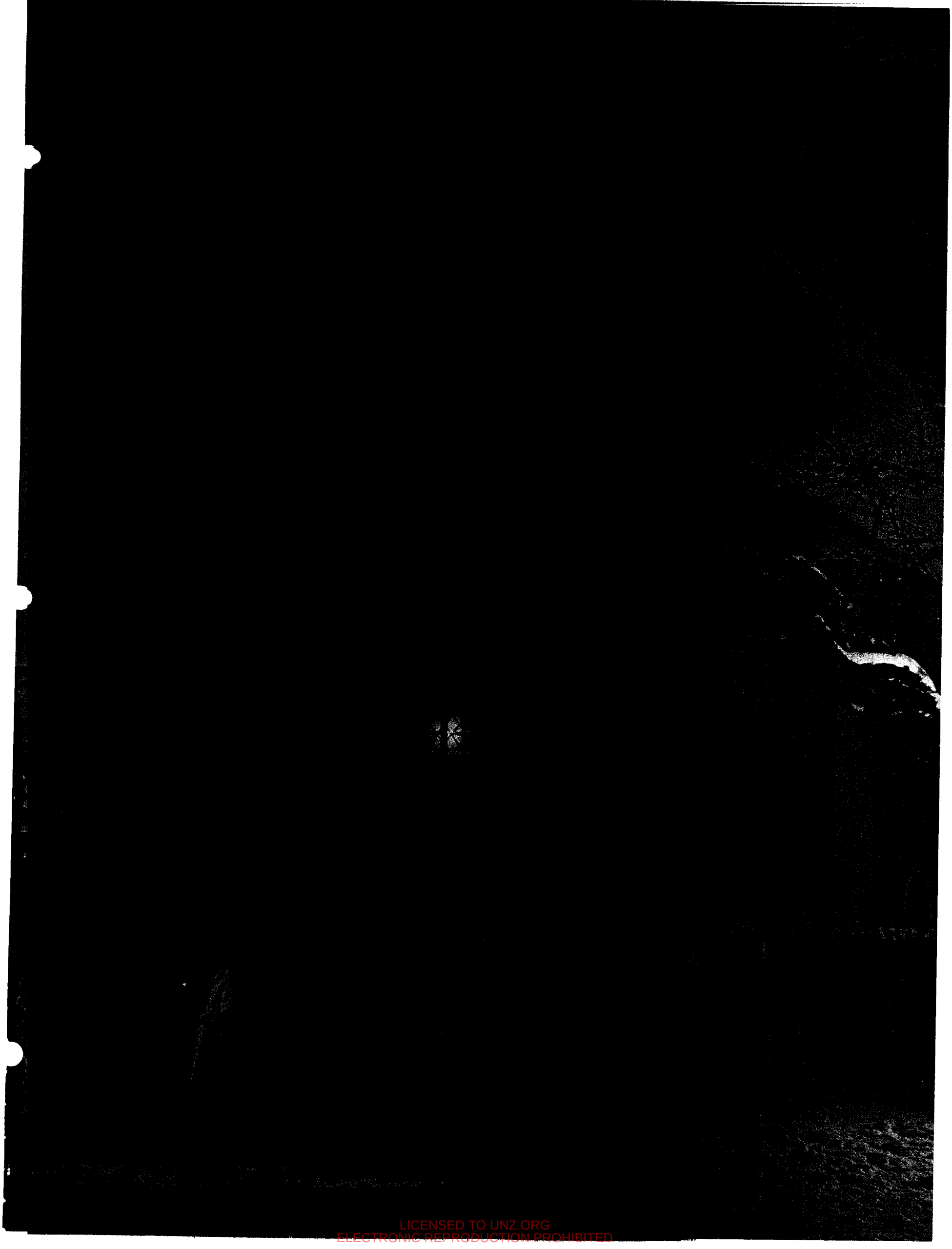

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"Genius burned for a few hours in two simple men who never would be heard from again."

Schoolchildren portray the Magi in Arnsdorf's traditional celebration.

It was no wonder, Gruber thought, that his young friend was a bit wild. His mother had been a poor seamstress of Salzburg, abandoned by her husband, and she had no one to sponsor her infant boy Joseph for his baptism. Eventually it was the public hangman who agreed to stand up for the child. Later one of the cathedral monsignors had the boy educated and inducted into holy orders.

Gruber glanced down at the poem and read the first stanzas. A strange chill ran down his spine. It was indeed not *that* kind of song. It seemed to lay its hand upon his heart and speak to him gently, simply and movingly. Gruber was stirred by the words as he had never been before. Already he was beginning to listen to distant music waiting to be born.

Father Mohr said almost apologetically, "I only thought, since there is not a tone to be had from the organ, that you might be able to arrange something for our guitars with perhaps a simple chorus for the children."

Gruber said, "Yes, yes, perhaps we could. Let me have it; I will take it home and see what I can do."

All through the hour-long trudge homeward through the snow to Arnsdorf, Gruber was composing. He passed three Christmas mummers in the guise of the Three Kings and didn't even see them. Words and music were already beginning to blend.

Silent night, holy night;
All is calm, all is bright.

Like deaf Beethoven he was hearing all of the notes inside himself.

Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

The chorus he would write for the children's voices rang through his brain.

He sat at his spinet in his simple room with its scrubbed light pine floor, porcelain stove, few pieces of furniture of painted pine, and crucifix on the wall. The words unlocked melodies, and the music flowed forth.

That afternoon there were collected in the priest's study, beneath the wreaths and garlands of evergreen, 12 little boys and girls, scrubbed and shining in their warm woolen stockings, jackets and pinafores. The two men strummed their guitars and rehearsed their charges.

"So, now, Hannes, Eva, Peterli, you sing like this—'ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta!' And you, Gretel, Liesel and Johann, you sing, 'da di, da di da, da.'"

The two men looked at one another with satisfaction. A little rough. A bit of trouble in the third section, but easily remedied. It was going to work.

Christmas Eve! There was a crust on the snow. Beneath, it was so dry that it crunched and squeaked under the heavy boots of the churchgoers. Their cheery "*Grüss Gotts*" rang through the still night. The air was sharp and crystal-clear and hurt the nostrils when inhaled. The stars seemed to hang from the sky and glitter like Christmas-tree ornaments.

Bells pealed from the tall, whitewashed tower of St. Nicholas's church. Within, hundreds of tapers and candles reflected from the golden plates and chalices, softening the stiff, Gothic-carved Madonnas and endowing them, for all their woodenness, with gentle grace. The church was decorated with pine boughs, evergreen and holly berries. The congregation sat packed on the hard benches, the men in their lumpy woolen garments, the women in bright aprons and colored shawls.

There was a rustle of surprise as the 12 children, with Mohr and Gruber carrying their guitars, appeared before the altar. The sour-mouthed pious noticed with disfavor the gay streamers of red and green hanging from the necks of the instruments. Ribbons of the same colors were woven into the corn-colored plaits of the little girls and tied to the stockings of the boys.

Gruber nodded. The strings vibrated, and the tenor of Father Mohr and the basso of schoolmaster Gruber filled the old church.

Thus the Christmas hymn *Silent Night* was heard for the first time—and the next day it was forgotten. No single, solitary soul of that congregation, least of all the minor poet and the minor musician who had put it together, could guess that it was to sweep the world. No one dreamed that genius had burned for a few hours in two simple men who never after would be heard from again, and that through the magic of their collaboration on a Christmas Eve in a tiny Austrian village something deathless had been born.

Masterpiece Saved by Accident

It was an accident that saved the masterpiece from oblivion. The master organ repairer, Karl Mauracher, who came up from the Zillertal that spring to repair the damaged bellows, asked what they had done without music for the Christmas Mass.

Gruber told him. "It was just a trifle," he said. "I wouldn't even know where to lay my hands on it. Mohr is not here any longer. Wait . . . if it were anywhere it would be ——"

There was a small cupboard at the rear of the church, and there, crumpled and dusty amidst old papers and records, he found the song.

The organ repairer's lips moved as he read the score, and a deep humming of the melody came from his massive chest. "It has something," he said softly. "Do you mind if I take this home with me?"

Gruber laughed, pleased that their little effort had this belated moment of approval. "By all means have it for no one will have any further use for it once you have mended our organ."

Herr Mauracher shouldered his bag of tools and leather patches and departed. Franz Gruber forgot the incident. And in this manner the words and music of *Silent Night* journeyed to the lovely Zillertal Valley, thus beginning its never-ending encirclement of the world.

The song spread from Austria to Germany as folk music. Only in later years were Mohr and Gruber acknowledged the creators, though not a penny did they ever earn. It crossed borders; it went to sea with German emigrants.

Mohr and Gruber died as poor as they were born. But Gruber's old guitar still sings for him, for it was preserved and handed down in the family. Now each Christmas Eve it is brought to Oberndorf and the children's chorus gathers around the Christmas trees in the snow before the memorial chapel which stands on the site of the old St. Nicholas church, erected to the memory of the two men. There once more it sounds forth the background melody of one of the most famous and best-loved songs in all the world. **THE END**

At the church in Franz Gruber's Arnsdorf, descendants of those who heard the first Silent Night *welcome another Noel.*

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My Morning in America

A distinguished elder statesman vividly recalls what he learned from a boyhood that ended too quickly.

By DEAN ACHESON

The golden age of childhood can be quite accurately fixed in time and place. It reached its apex in the last decade of the 19th century and the first few years of the 20th, before the plunge into a motor age and city life swept away the freedom of children and dogs, put them both on leashes and made them the organized prisoners of an adult world. As for the Athens of this golden age, it lay, of course, in the Connecticut Valley, just where the river leaves fields of shade-grown tobacco, and enters the gorge channeling it past Haddam and Deep River, to broaden again at Hadlyme and Essex, before its journey's end in the Sound.

Here a town, in the center of the state and appropriately called Middletown, once the head of navigation on the Connecticut and an entrepot for trade to the northern frontier, flowered briefly when clipper ships dropped anchor, home round the Horn from China. This boom left imposing houses on High Street at the top of the hill, with its four rows of great elms. Now the university owns them all; but in the golden age the last of the barons still lived there—the Russells, the Hubbards, the Alsops, Governor Weeks, Mr. Richard DeZeng with his gray derby, who put a plate-glass window between his horse and cow to permit companionship.

In the 1890's Middletown was a market town with a few small factories—textile, silver, marine hardware and, some years later, a venture which soon failed: the Eisenhuth Horseless Vehicle Company. Nothing presented a visible hazard to children. No one was run over. No one was kidnapped. No one had teeth straightened. No one worried about children, except occasionally my mother, when she saw us riding on the back step of the ice wagon and believed, fleetingly, that one of the great blocks of Pamecha Pond ice would fall on us. But none ever did. Unharmed, in hot weather we sucked gallons of chips from what was doubtless polluted ice.

We lived near the bottom of the hill in the rectory on Broad Street arched by elms. Farther down ran Main Street, on which the church faced, and then Water Street, with the railroad, the docks, warehouses and the river. Main Street teemed with life. Down its dusty length came parades: the circus heralded by distant tooting of a steam calliope; the Civil War Veterans with blue frockcoats and wide blue felt hats, often escorted by the Governor's Foot Guards and band from Hartford in colonial uniforms; Masonic parades; religious parades; Fourth of July parades with floats; visiting-fire-department parades; and sometimes from Water Street one could see river parades with a fireboat from New London making a moving cascade.

But the center of the golden age was just short of Main Street. Between the back of the church and adjoining Divinity School on one side, and three houses, of which ours was one, on the other, stretched an open field of perhaps three acres; an Elysian field where heroes met for converse, council and the games of heroes. Most of the battles of the Boer and Spanish-American wars were fought here. T.R.'s Rough Riders, dismounted for the purpose since our pony had no martial spirit, stormed San Juan Hill, the terrace rising from the field to where our washing was hung out, only to be repulsed with heavy loss by an infuriated laundress. And many a beleaguered fort in the apple trees along our side of the field was saved from howling Indians below by the arrival of the U. S. Cavalry led by Buffalo Bill.

A prime source of bliss was a livery stable equipped with a blacksmith's shop, on the north side of the field and opening onto Washington Street. There lived the family horse and our pony. At least, the pony slept there. His headquarters on summer days was under our veranda, a latticed and spacious enough place for small creatures. There, too, were his harness and express wagon, which served as fire engine with the addition of the garden hose and reel, and as stagecoach when made precariously top-heavy by a sizable packing box. The wagon was infinitely better adapted to these roles than the pony, who never wanted to do anything thought of by anyone else.

The Men's Talk Was Not Nice

Worthless as he was, the pony was our passport to the livery stable; and, strangely enough, my mother, who rarely made trouble for anyone, was the chief opponent of our going there. The men's talk, she said, was not nice. Here she was quite right; but with so much to see, one could not be bothered to listen. So we went and said nothing about it.

The blacksmith's shop held first place. Around the bright, wide entrance, horses waited their turn, stamping and whisking flies lazily. In the dim and smoky interior the current customer stood rump to the light. Beyond him were the coal fire with overhanging hood; the bellows, which one would sometimes be allowed to pump and drive the dull fire into incandescence; and horseshoes ranged on rods projecting from the wall. Against this Rembrandt background the glow from the fire picked out the blacksmith's streaked face, arms and undershirt, and the tawny richness of his leather apron.

We knew each step in the ritual. Off came the old shoe with a quick wrench from curved, long-handled pliers. Then a wicked knife trimmed the hoof. We shivered, but the horse seemed asleep. A shoe was selected, tried for size, and thrust with tongs into the fierce fire, followed by a squirt of tobacco juice. Time now for pause and banter with men leaning and squatting around the entrance. This doubtless was the talk my mother had in mind. But we were mesmerized by the horseshoe as it turned from black to brightest scarlet. The climax approached. Out came the shoe sparkling and incandescent. With a few preliminary taps on the anvil, like an orchestra tuning up, the blacksmith began a crescendo of hammer blows, turning the shoe from one side to the other and on edge. Sparks flew against the apron and around the shop; the noise was very satisfying. Then he shaped a prow on the front of the shoe to keep it from being knocked off by a stumble, opened the nail holes, heated it again and put it with a sizzle and acrid smell against the hoof to make a perfect fit. Finally came a hissing plunge into the water barrel and the almost anticlimactic nailing and clinching-on.

The stable housed far more rats than horses, and colonies grew up in all the neighboring houses, not least in ours. The stable and surrounding houses set good-sized wire traps, built on the principle of a lobster pot. Once the traps were full, the scene shifted to the stableyard, where the blacksmith shook the rats out one by one for his terrier, almost mad with excitement. The rat reached the ground running; but the terrier had him within a yard, gave one lightning shake, and was back crouching and barking under the trap. Doubtless this was all very bad, but no one seemed to think so; we were never forbidden to attend these Roman holidays.

Those whose memories go back to the golden age speak of the "old" rectory and the "new" rectory. The old one was torn down a few years after the turn of the century; and the new one wasn't finished until the eve of my long exile to school and beyond, forever.

Within the rectory the foreign element topped the American, two to one; in influence the disparity was far greater. My sister and I were by constitutional right citizens of the United States, while the other five were subjects of the Queen-Empress Victoria, Defender of the Faith, though Cazzie, the cook, and her niece Maggie, the maid, would have hotly denied allegiance to either queen or faith. They were Irish, direct from the Auld Sod, and their opinion of the British was unfavorable.

Cazzie did the cooking, but she was herself, a powerful and endearing self. Mrs. Carrell was her proper name, a widow with two boys about our age, who were often around the kitchen or playing with us. Cazzie was ample, articulate, affectionate and quick-tempered. She also suffered from "nerves." "Nervous?" she replied to a solicitous inquiry by my mother. "I'm that nervous I could jump up on them swill barrels and scream."

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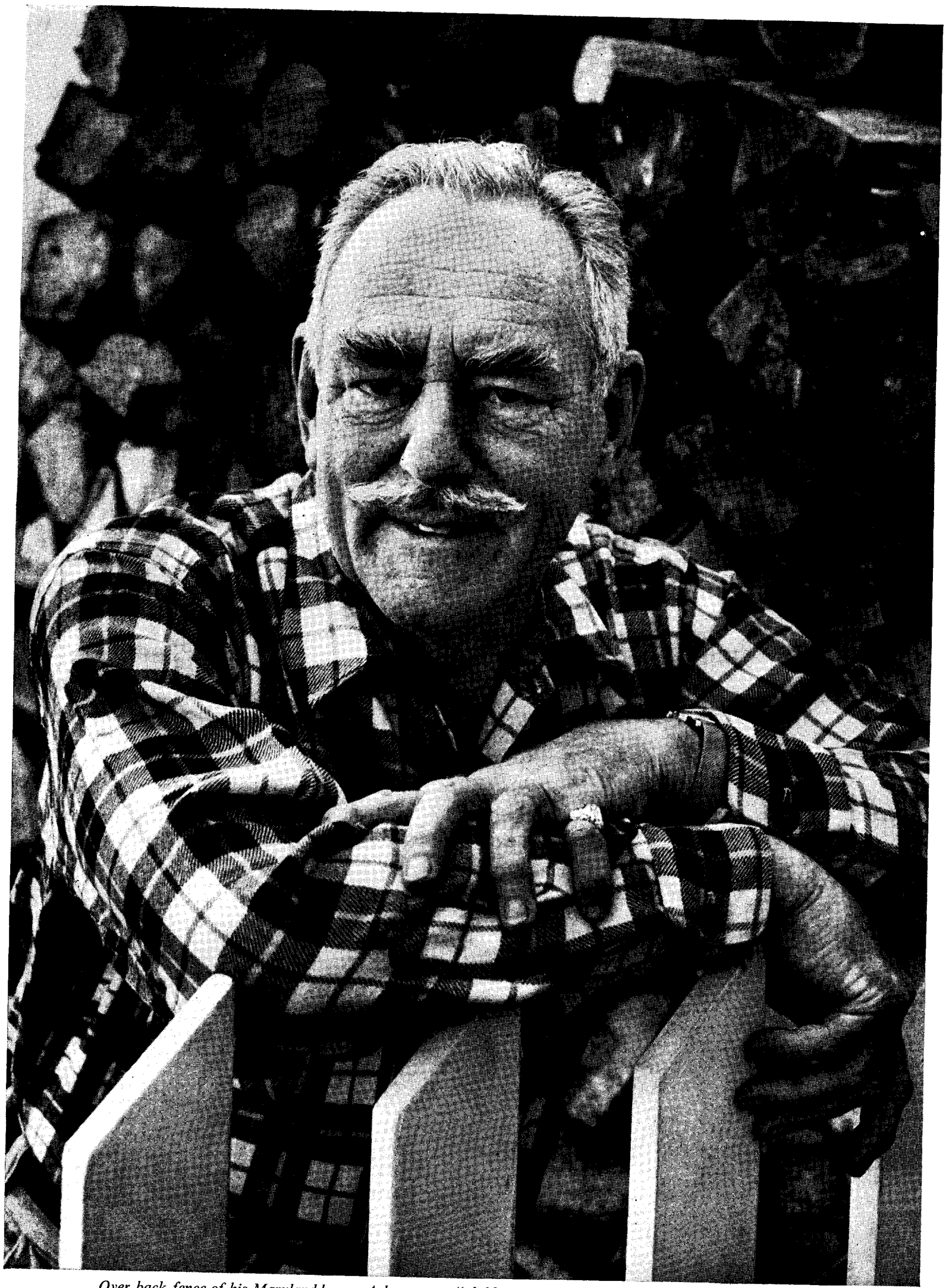

Over back fence of his Maryland home, Acheson says "children are the organized prisoners of an adult world."

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"Nothing presented a visible hazard to children. No one was run over. No one was kidnapped. No one worried about children."

The descriptive word for Maggie was one much in use then, "green," just out from Ireland. My mother used to tell of a dinner to which she had invited some of the town notables and which progressed well enough until dessert failed to appear. After much ringing of the handbell, a distraught Maggie announced, "Please, mum, the puddin' has fell on Aunt Jane."

"Himself," as Cazzie called my father, was the son of an Ulster-born Scotch-Irish professional British soldier and a South-Irish mother from Cork, descendant of English settlers brought there by Henry II to live "within the pale." My father had come to Canada in his teens on his mother's death and his father's second marriage, and put himself through school and the University of Toronto. During his university years the Queen's Own Rifles, a militia regiment to which he belonged, was sent to Saskatchewan with the force raised to subdue an Indian uprising in 1885, under one Louis Riel, subsequently hanged. At Cut Knife Creek the Indians surprised the Queen's Own in a sharp engagement. My father became a national hero overnight by being "mentioned in dispatches" for rescuing a wounded comrade under fire. Not unnaturally, then, the dominant influence in the rectory was a loyal British subject with deep affection for Ireland, where he had spent long periods with his mother's people.

Old Allegiances Were Strong

My mother's loyalties were clear too. Her grandfather, a prosperous miller of Norfolk, England, with a strong urge to adventure, had, in 1832, brought out his family and relatives, 54 strong, to Upper Canada and settled in Toronto. One of my mother's brothers became mayor of Toronto; another took the Queen's Own, of which he became colonel, to the coronation of King George V and returned a knight. Later on, both my mother and father became American citizens, and while the old allegiance was sincerely renounced, the new devotion was superimposed upon, not substituted for, the old.

The seventh dweller in the rectory held a place in our lives unique and important. Her name was Sin, short for gay, petite, rattlebrained, endlessly kind and good-natured Marie Sinclair, a Toronto girlhood friend of my mother whose family had met reverses which were not discussed. After my sister and I were born, our mother's health was not good, and we were soon quite too much for her. Then it was that Sin came to live with us, as friend to my mother, executive officer of the house, elder sister to us and English nannie, rolled into one. Sin, too, was a loyal British subject.

To the American minority in the rectory in those days, nationality was not a divisive notion. In the course of the year we joyfully celebrated each national festival. Cazzie's came first on March 17th. My father hung on the flagpole over our front door a great green flag with a golden harp on it, and all the local Irishmen would go by the house to take off their hats to it. My sister and I stood on the front steps and shouted "*Erin go brath!*" which was well received. Whatever our hearers thought it meant, it was, to us, the end of an incantation which we had to recite in unison before my father would produce from behind his back presents which he had brought us from some journey. The whole mystic utterance (as delivered) went: "*E pluribus unum! Sic semper* McGuiness! *Erin go brath!* Whoop!" The "whoop" produced the presents.

The queen's birthday, the 24th of May, was a very quiet affair. The Union Jack flew from the flagpole, and at dinner we were given a few drops of diluted claret with which we stood solemnly while my father said, "The queen," at which we all said, "The queen," too, and drank our claret, which was not very good.

Only Christmas rivaled the Fourth of July on our calendar, a day by which preceding days were numbered ("only two more days before the Fourth," etc.), a fitting climax to weeks of purchases, comparisons and harassments of parents—"Why can't I have cannon crackers? I'm older'n Joe, and he can," etc. Dawn came early in July, and everyone took oath that first up would fire salutes under the windows of sleeping friends. Broad Street was soon an embattled front, steady artillery fire interspersed with machine-gun fire—the word then was Gatling gun, out of Kipling—as one of us, with reckless extravagance, put off a whole package of firecrackers at once.

At noon brief peace and sanity returned as my father performed his one child-chore of the year, and a noble one it was. The eight children of our block on Broad Street climbed into an express wagon, with the rest of their explosive equipment and a picnic lunch, to be carried off by him to a pond on the edge of town, too muddy and choked for bathing and appropriately called by us "Polliwog Pool." It lent itself, however, to such absorbing spectacles as blowing up the battleship *Maine*, an ancient toy boat wound up and started across the pond with a lethal cargo of a cannon cracker. At lunch my father aided digestion by telling Indian stories, of which he was a master. At length, tired, hot and replete, we jogged home ready to review the parade from the church steps and, after bath, bread, jam and milk, and the briefest pinwheels and Roman candles—bed.

The Fourth lacked only one joy. It was not Bob's day. With the first firecracker he retired under the veranda. No inducement would coax him out. This was distressing since he was my closest companion of these years.

The Collie Is a Gentleman

Bob, named for the famous Son of Battle, belonged to the pre-Albert Payson Terhune species of collie in which space for brains is bred out in favor of a narrow, elongated face and too much hair. His strong points were character and an inexhaustible capacity for love. "Bob," my father used to say, "is a gentleman." Undoubtedly a sorcerer had changed him from human into canine form; for, while enjoying fetching balls or tug-of-war, conducted with great vigor and fierce growls, his main interests were ours. No dog food for him; he wanted our food; and our plan for the day was his also. But his moments of ecstatic joy were brought on by preparations for an expedition.

The usual expedition was to spend a night in the hills west of the town, where little valleys ran parallel to the main rise of ground, each with its clear stream and a cave or more on its steep sides. The wagon train which hit this Oregon Trail contained two or three pony carts to carry the gear, and a dozen boys, some on ponies, some on bicycles, with Bob in the lead. As soon as streets ended and the open road wound uphill, Bob covered three times the distance we did, always at his tireless canter, investigating everything for a quarter of a mile on either side of the road, flushing birds and chasing anything that ran, except chickens.

The moment one knew Bob's true worth came later on, when, with food cooked and eaten, a few final games over and talk exhausted, we crawled between blankets on the hard cave floor. Whispering died away; the fire at the cave mouth sank, consumed by the blackness beyond. An owl hooted; something rustled in the bushes. Then with Bob beside one, under the same blanket, firmly locked by an arm, one could doze off in dreamless security.

For a month in the summer the whole family went farther afield, first to the Montowese House at Indian Neck on the Sound near Branford. Preparations for this expedition, a 25-mile all-day affair, rivaled those of the Children of Israel getting ready to leave Egypt and nearly drove Bob crazy. Trunks, bags and impedimenta went off in a two-horse express wagon the day before we did. Bob had to be forceably restrained from accompanying it. Early next morning the pony cart, with Bob and my next-door friend as company for me, was given a two-hour start. My sister went with the family and the lunch, since we were not trusted to spend a whole day together in amity; and, furthermore, every form of conveyance after the baby carriage made her carsick. Twenty-five miles was nothing to Bob, but the pony and his passengers had had enough by the end of that day.

Father Was a Teacher

Except for the journey itself, the seaside was for us a tame affair. There was nothing tame, however, about summers that followed at Round Mountain Lake. Round Mountain is in west-central Maine, near the Rangeley Lakes. A car dropped off the Bar Harbor Express took us to the town of Farmington; there we got our first long breath of Maine mountain air and breakfast. A short ride to the end of a narrow-gauge, logging railroad left us on a platform in the woods, where buckboards waited for the last excruciating trek to camp.

A clearing edged by log cabins sloped down to an oval lake. A mile across it Round Mountain rose steeply; to the right the lake stretched off four or five miles to dark hills of spruce and hemlock rolling away without a break. Ducks bobbed on the bright water and a pair of loons farther off. On either side of the clearing, and at a half dozen points along the shore, trails led into woods—silent woods, damp and cool, where an occasional red squirrel dashed up a tree to scold angrily overhead.

At Round Mountain it is my father who stands out. In the woods or on the water there was no better performer or more knowledgeable teacher though his methods were incisive and his patience not without end. We began with the canoe—what not to do, first of all, not to fool in one; then how to handle it, including an upset, inevitable in the long run. Fly-casting came next, an agonizing ordeal unless one understands the

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"The years which stretch ahead are collapsible. Take your eye off them for a moment, and the future is yesterday."

basic propositions of physics involved, that a slack line suddenly jerked back will be aimed for the caster's face, a poor target for a fishhook, and that, unless the caster pauses on the backcast for the line to straighten, the fly will be snapped off.

After we moved through the novitiate of the woods to serious business, my father came to deeper and more lasting lessons. As a prelate he was a baffling man, widely read in theology and Christian doctrine, yet rarely speaking of either, privately or, so far as I can remember, in his sermons. But no conviction could have been deeper than his in a code of conduct, not founded—certainly not directly founded—in specific religious teachings or ethical principles, but in more subtle and inarticulate perceptions of what was decent and civilized behavior for man inextricably caught up in social relationships. If his goal was the salvation of his soul, it was a salvation by works, performed with decency and humor as well as zeal. Through this mixture of belief ran a strong strain of stoicism. Much in life could not be affected or mitigated and, hence, must be borne. Borne without complaint, because complaints were a bore and nuisance to others and undermined the serenity essential to endurance.

An Obligation to Entertain

These impressions came much later, of course, but his code was instilled on the trails of our camping trips. There one learned that everyone else was tired, thirsty and wondered how much farther we had to go; that everyone else's pack was heavy too. A tendency to whine or grouse resulted in ignominious dismissal to the end of the line. This was good medicine. So was the drill, on making camp, in finding a job to do and doing it, not flopping down and waiting to be told. So was the next lesson that, just as there was an obligation to do one's share of the work, there was an obligation to do one's share of the entertaining.

Around the campfire after supper he told endless stories, but the favorites were of the Northwest Rebellion—the herds of buffalo on the prairie; the Indians, friendly and unfriendly; the sergeant major who sounded his own reveille by walking along the rows of sleeping men, hitting the soles of their feet with a blackthorn stick and calling, "Up, up, up and hear the little birds sing! There ain't no little birds, but the principle's all the same." This became our camp reveille also. The storyteller was master of ceremonies too, drawing all, campers and guides alike, into making their contributions. My most successful one was:

A capital ship for an ocean trip
Was "The Walloping Window-blind."

Some golden hours of those far-off days came toward their close. At home, once supper was over we could choose between meeting the night boat from Hartford to New York, and watching the evening drill at the firehouse. The fire drill struck with hard, blunt impact. The riverboat moved in mystery, quickening the heart, bringing a catch in the breath, as always happens to me when a ship's lines are cast off, a gap widens between ship and dock, and handkerchiefs flutter. A ship sailing does not seem a conveyance going from one place to another, but something going out of one's life to an unknowable bourne.

The boat came like a scene on the stage of the McDonough Opera House. First, one saw the masts and funnel above the trees on the island in the river, and a dull glow through them; then a plume of steam followed by the deep demand for the bridge to open. She came through the draw, a floating island of light and shimmering white. Sounds and movements seemed to merge—bells, shouts, the rattle of winches, people and hand trucks coming off and going on, all in a glare of light. This movement ended with the signal to cast off the lines, the widening gap of water, fainter bells and fading lights.

The river steamer was our spectacle. We had no ballet or music; the theoretically forbidden nickelodeon was a flicker of banalities, silent except for the tinkle of a piano. Occasionally at the Opera House a tired road company presented *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or *Peter Pan;* or the college dramatic club, *The Rivals* or *Charley's Aunt*. But none of these excited the imagination. The steamer did, appearing and disappearing like a vision, and a portent of some Cathay, far beyond the bend which extinguished its lights.

The drill at the firehouse took place at 7:30 every evening except Sunday. The wide, two-story brick building on Main Street housed, on the ground floor, a chunky brass pumping engine and a long hook-and-ladder, each drawn by two heavy horses, with the firemen's quarters above. Through a hole in the ceiling a brass pole permitted spectacular descent. As 7:30 approached, high arched doors were folded back, a chain was stretched across each entrance. Firemen kept the inquisitive out of harm's way.

Light Fades on the Golden Age

We held our breath. Then came, on the dot, a deafening roar from the horn on the roof; bells clanged; the doors of the horses' stalls behind the engines banged open, and the huge horses clattered out, headed straight for the watchers at the doors. The more timid spectators, unnerved by all the noise, shrank back. But we old hands knew better. The horses stopped in their tracks under the harness hanging from ropes above them. Waiting firemen snapped on bridles, collars, girths and traces. Drivers leaned forward in their seats, reins in hand. As the last man sprang aside, the horses plunged forward, the firemen leaping for the running boards and handholds of the machines. With bells ringing, smoke pouring from the engine's funnel, and the navigator of the back wheels of the hook-and-ladder making his broad swing into the street, they dashed past us at full gallop.

A brave show! Some real *aficionados* waited for the return, the tricky backing-in, the unharnessing and rubbing down. But the light was fading fast, and one of the few rules laid upon us was to be home when taps sounded.

The light was fading, too, on the golden age, on what was for me the morn of creation. The day, set so lightheartedly more than a decade before, when I should go away to school, was just ahead. All my life I have tried to hold off the future by saying to myself that time is a fraud, that weeks, months, years which seem to stretch ahead forever are collapsible. Take your eye off them for a moment and the future is yesterday.

Only when one looks back is the true nature of time's fraud plain. The victim is bemused into the belief that it is standing still, motionless, that the moment of joy is preserved in sunlight like a Renoir picnic, while, in truth, termite jaws are eating everything behind the paint. So time was destroying the very stuff of rural New England which made our lives the way they were. I did not understand that life in the golden age was the very distillation of that place and time, until both place and time were left behind.

Then the fact of change was plain enough; understanding of its nature came more slowly. Our life in our valley was wholly unorganized, wholly free, with the freedom of wild things, whose discipline came from pains and penalties externally and impersonally imposed, not penalties devised and inflicted by one's own kind with connotations of personal disapproval. The penalty for falling out of a tree was to get hurt. The penalty for falling out with my father was likely to be the same thing. Result followed cause in a rational and hence predictable way but left no spiritual wound. The judgment of nature upon error is harsh and painful, but it is not a lecture or a verdict of moral or social obloquy.

A Song of the Passing Morn

After the golden age, life lost this pristine, unorganized, amoral freedom. The organization of boarding school, like the wolf in Icelandic saga which ran up the sky and devoured the sun, devoured my early freedom. School life was organized from the wakening bell to the policed silence which followed lights-out. All was organized—eating, studying, games, so-called free time, the whole thing. One could understand and accept rendering unto Caesar the things which were Caesar's, the control of one's external life. But the mind and spirit were not Caesar's; yet these were demanded too. And I, for one, found it necessary to erect defenses for the last citadel of spiritual freedom.

But all of this was still ahead.

On Sunday evening there were no games, night boats or fire drills. Our parents went early to the church on missions preparatory to evensong. Then I would lie on the terrace in back of the rectory, concentrating on the sky over the Divinity School. There, high up, swallows circled above the chimney. As the evening deepened, the circle thinned; yet one could never see a swallow leave it. Rumor had it that they disappeared down the chimney of the school, but the keenest eyes could not see them do it. A voice from the house called me to bed. Soon the katydids and cicadas took over the night, the rise and fall of their pulsing giving the illusion that the world hummed as it spun like the great wheel in the hardware-factory powerhouse. One sank into drowsiness. Faintly from the church, growing a little louder as the choir passed from the church into the vestry-room, came the music of the recessional, probably a favorite of my father:

The radiant morn hath passed away;
And spent, too soon, her golden store.
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more. **THE END**

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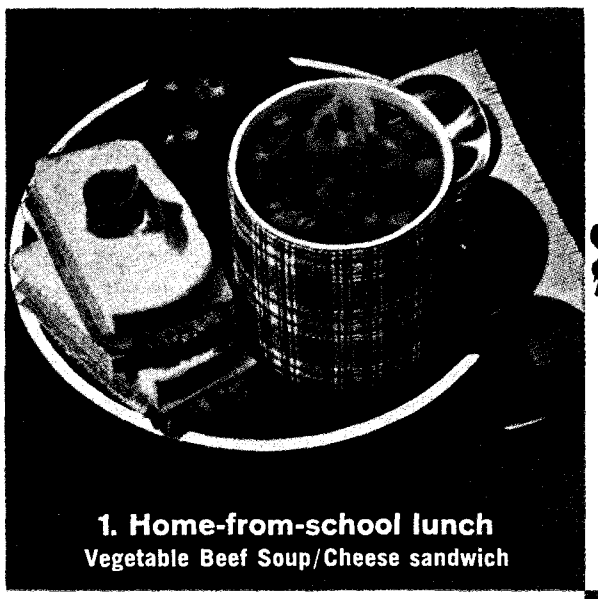
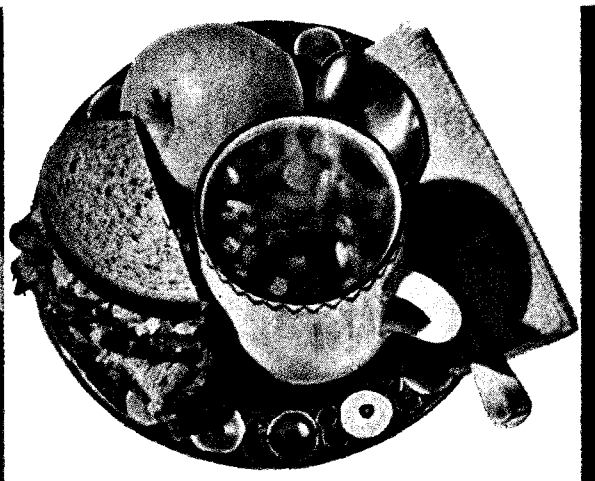
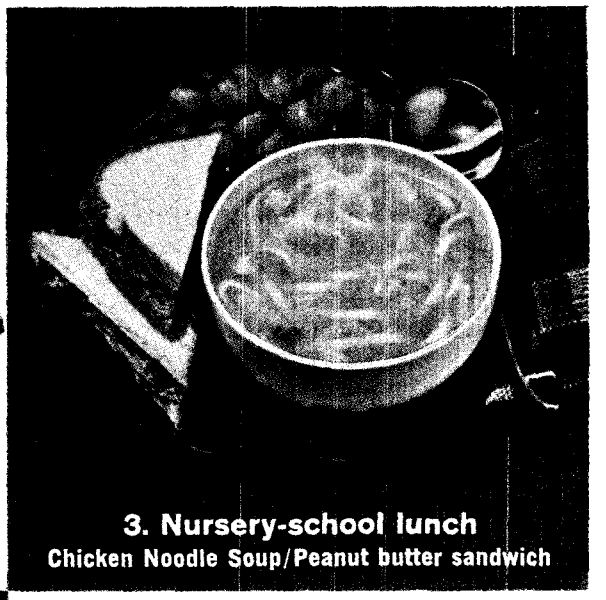


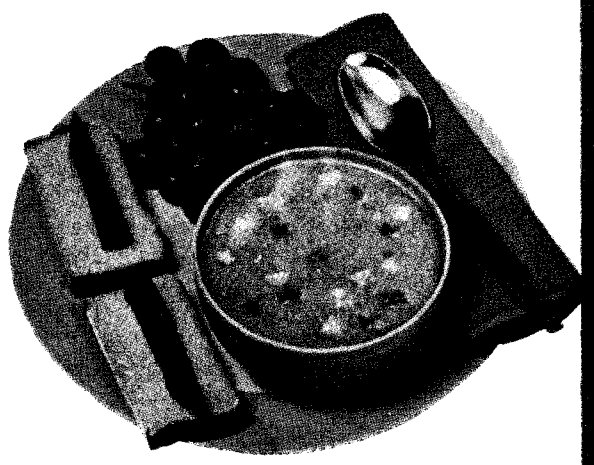
1. Home-from-school lunch
Vegetable Beef Soup/Cheese sandwich



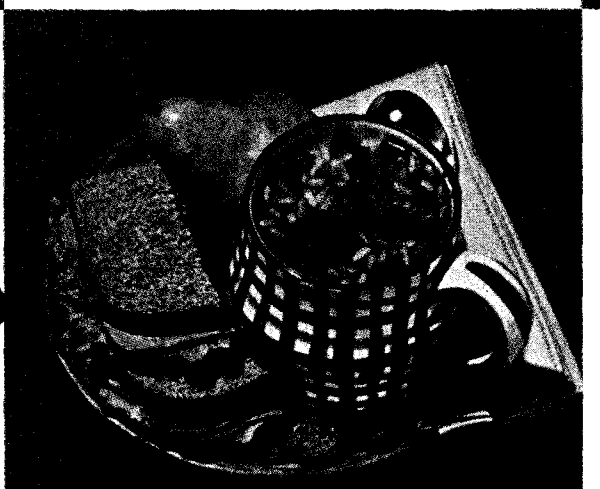
2. Saturday lunch
Vegetable Soup/Tuna salad sandwich



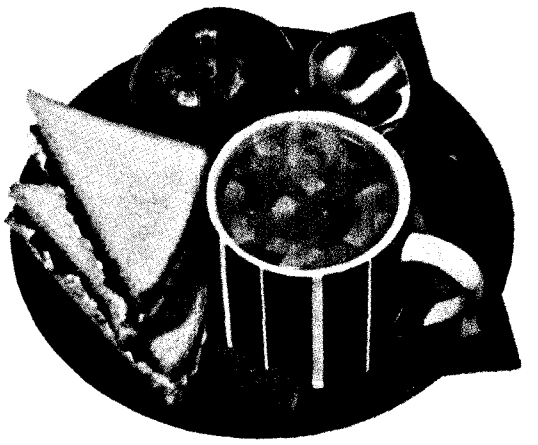
3. Nursery-school lunch
Chicken Noodle Soup/Peanut butter sandwich



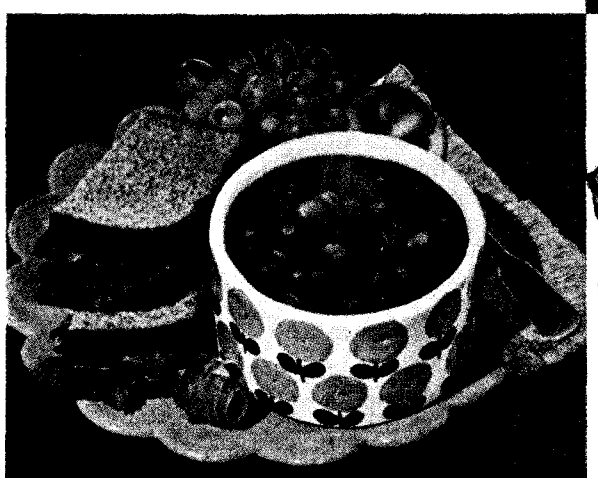
4. Meatless supper
Clam Chowder/Grilled cheese sandwich



5. Sunday supper
Tomato Rice Soup/Ham sandwich

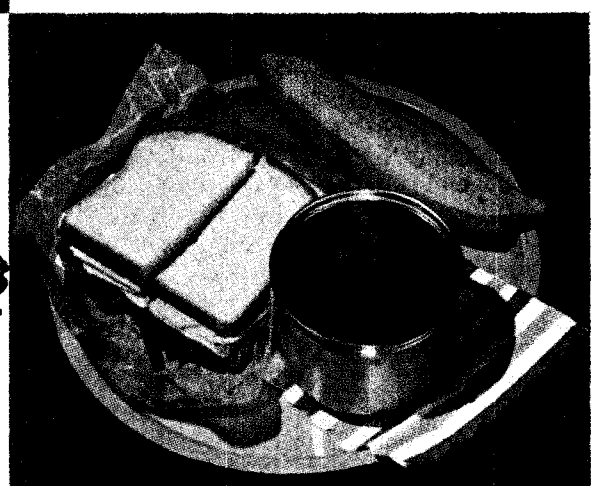


6. Committee lunch
Chicken Vegetable Soup/Cream cheese sandwich



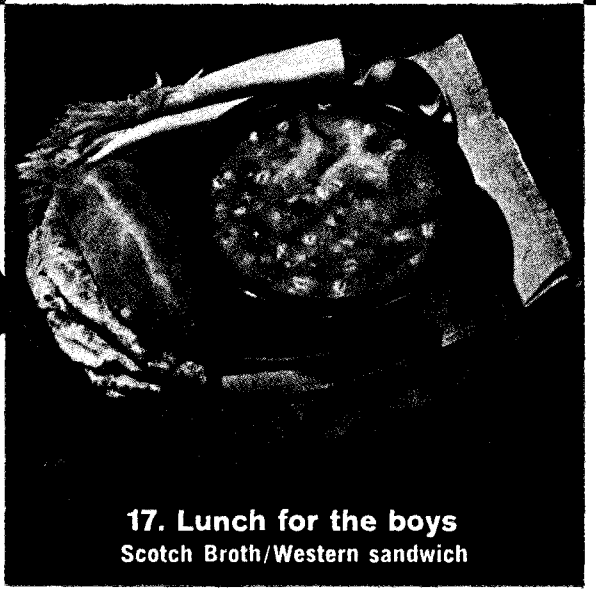
10. After-the-game supper
Beef Soup/Bacon and tomato sandwich

11. Baby-sitter's supper
Chicken with Rice Soup/Ham-cheese sandwich



12. Take-to-school lunch
Tomato Soup/Chicken and lettuce sandwich

16. Teen-age special
Bean with Bacon Soup/Hamburger



17. Lunch for the boys
Scotch Broth/Western sandwich

18. Home-from-work lunch
Minestrone Soup/Bologna sandwich

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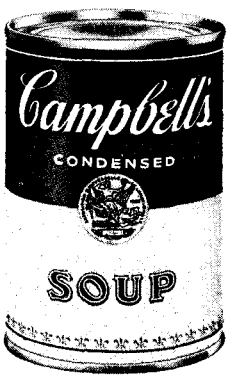
Soup 'n sandwich–4-minute magic

21 delicious nutritious meals—'cause the soups are Campbell's



For goodness you can see... goodness you can taste... make the soup with your sandwich Campbell's. In 4 minutes, it's hot and ready. And see what it adds to a sandwich meal. Sun-ripe vegetables, when it's one of Campbell's great vegetable soups. Nourishing chicken or beef, when it's one of Campbell's great meat stock soups. Wholesome milk, when it's one of Campbell's great cream soups. Here are 21 soup 'n sandwich plates—each one easy, each one nutritious, each one with a different Campbell's Soup to make it extra-delicious. Save these two pages... let them help you plan your daily soup 'n sandwich meals the whole year round.

Campbell puts more goodness in... so you get more goodness out

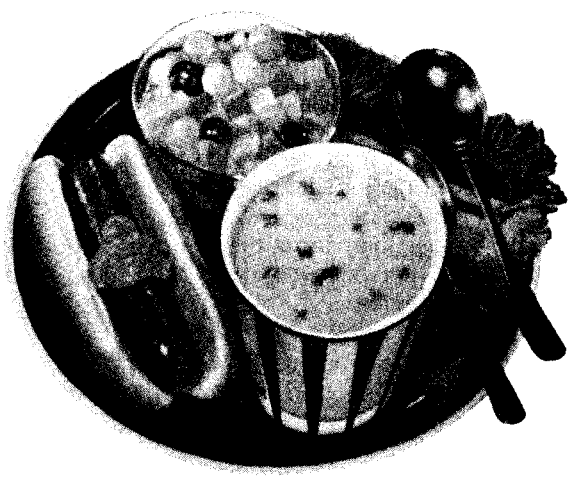
7. Friday lunch
Vegetarian Vegetable Soup/Salmon sandwich

8. Shopping-night supper
Cream of Mushroom Soup/Roast beef sandwich

9. Sunday brunch
Chicken Gumbo Soup/Luncheon meat sandwich

13. Midnight supper
Green Pea Soup/Sliced egg sandwich

14. Weight-watcher's lunch
Beef Broth/Open turkey sandwich



15. Meeting-night supper
Cream of Vegetable Soup/Hot dog

19. Picnic lunch
Cream of Celery Soup/Chicken sandwich

20. After-school snack
Turkey Noodle Soup/Bacon-tomato sandwich

21. High-chair lunch
Cream of Chicken Soup/Peanut butter sandwich

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The old man remembered a war when Christmas brought battle to a halt.

Wave No Banners

BY ROBERT GRAVES

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT HANDVILLE

Young Stan came around yesterday about teatime—you know my grandson Stan? He's a Polytechnic student, just turned twenty, all out to be a commercial artist and do them big colored posters. Stan's got a bagful of big, noble ideas, all schemed out carefully.

Well, I can't say nothing against big, noble ideas. I was a red-hot Labour man myself for a time, forty years ago now, when the Kaiser's war ended and the war profiteers began treading us ex-heroes into the mud. But that's all over long ago—in fact, Labour's got a sight too respectable for my taste!

Anyhow, yesterday Stan came around, about a big Ban-the-Bomb march all the way across England to Trafalgar Square. And couldn't I persuade a few of my old comrades to form a special squad, with a banner marked "First World War Veterans Protest Against the Bomb"? He wanted us to head the parade, ribbons, crutches, wheelchairs and all.

I put my foot down pretty hard. "No, Mr. Stanley," I said politely, "I regret as I can't accept your kind invitation."

"But why?" says he. "You don't want another war, Grandfather, do you? You don't want mankind to be annihilated? This time it won't be just a few unlucky chaps killed, like Uncle Arthur in the First War, and Dad in the Second. . . ."

"Listen, young 'un," I said. "I don't trust nobody who talks about mankind. There ain't no such thing as 'mankind,' not practically speaking there ain't."

"Practically speaking, Grandfather," says young Stan, "there *is*. Mankind means all the different nations lumped together. If the bomb goes off, everyone's finished."

"It's not going off," I says.

"But it's gone off twice already, at Hiroshima and Nagasaki," he argues, "so why not again?"

I wouldn't let Stan have the last word. "In the crazy, old-fashioned war in which I lost my foot," I said a bit sternly, "the Fritzes used poison gas. They thought it would help 'em to break through at Wipers. But somehow the line held, and soon our factories were churning out the same stinking stuff for us to use on them.

"Everyone in England was issued an expensive mask against poison-gas bombs dropped from the air. But how many poison-gas bombs were dropped on London, or on Berlin? Not a damned one! Both sides were scared stiff. Poison gas had got too deadly. No mask in the market could keep the new sorts out. So there's not going to be no atom bombs dropped neither, I tell you, Stanley my lad; not this side of the Hereafter! Everyone's scared stiff again."

"Then why do both sides manufacture quantities of atom bombs and pile them up?" he asks.

"Search me," I said, "unless it's a clever way of keeping up full employment by making believe there's a war on. What with bombs and fallout shelters, and radar equipment, and unsinkable aircraft carriers, and satellites, and shooting rockets at the moon and keeping up big armies—there's full employment assured for everyone, and businessmen are rubbing their hands."

"Your argument has a bad flaw, Grandfather. The Russians don't need to worry about full employment."

"No," said I, "perhaps they don't. But their politicians and commissars have to keep up the notion of a wicked capitalist plot to wipe out the poor workers. And they have to show that they're well ahead in the arms race. Forget it, lad, forget it! Mankind ain't going to be annihilated by no atom bomb."

Stan changed his tactics. "Nevertheless, Grandfather," he says, "we British want to show the Russians that we're not engaged in any capitalist plot. This protest march is the only way I can show my dislike of organized propaganda."

"But Ivan Orfalitch ain't here to watch you march; nor the Russian telly ain't going to show him no picture of it. If Ivan thinks you're a bleeding capitalist, then he'll go on thinking you're a bleeding capitalist; and he won't be so far out, in my opinion. No, Stan, you can't fight organized propaganda with amachoor propaganda."

"Oh, can it, Grandfather!" says Stan. "You're a professional pessimist. And *you* didn't hate the Germans even when you were fighting them—what about that Christmas Truce?"

Well, I'd mentioned it to him one day, I own; but it seems he'd drawn the wrong conclusions and didn't want to be put straight. However, I'm a lucky bloke—always being saved by what other blokes call "coincidences." So, of course, we hear

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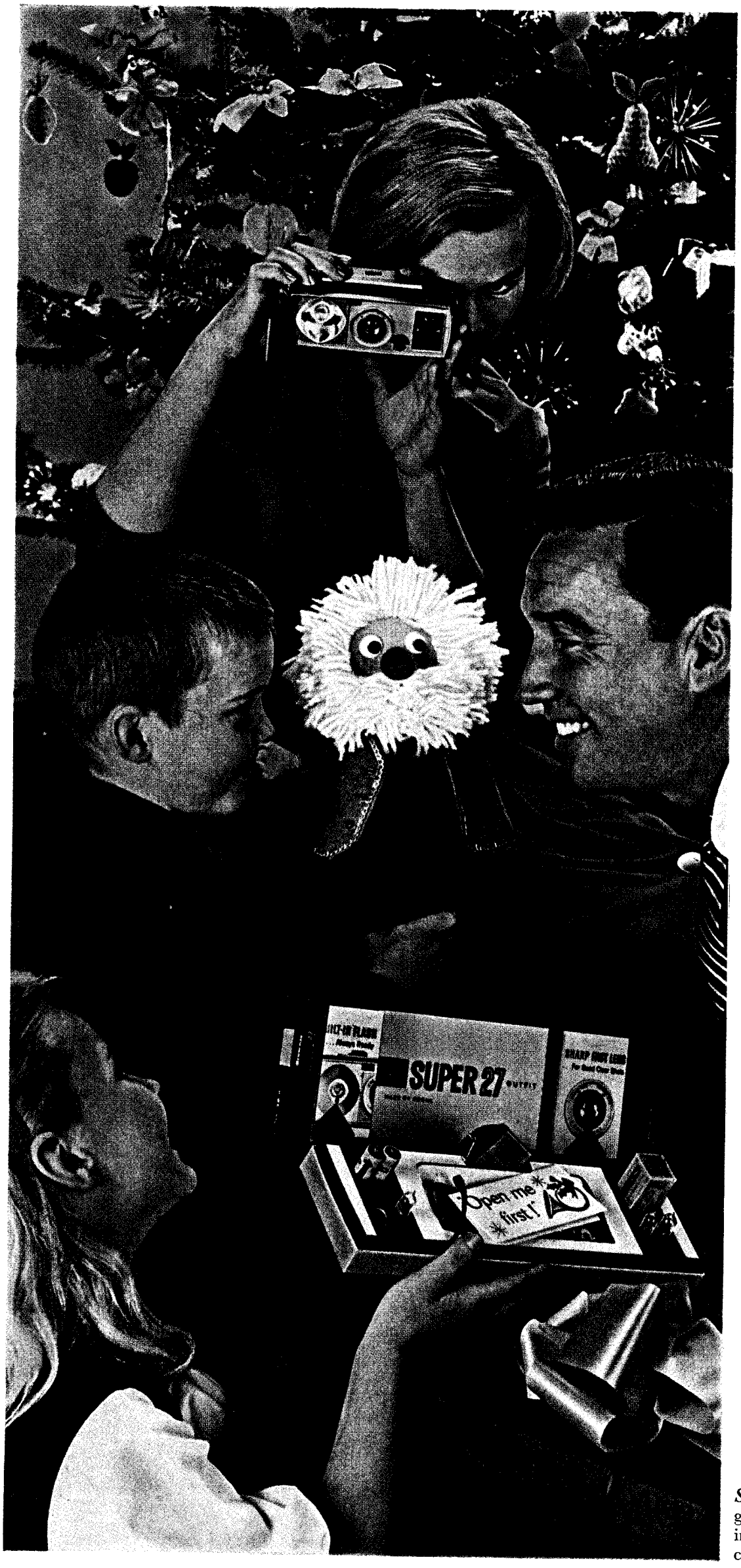

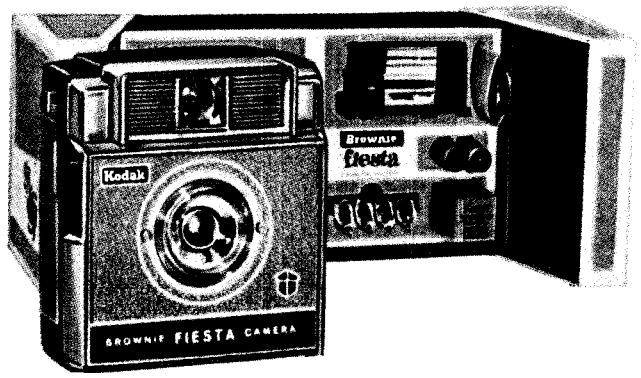

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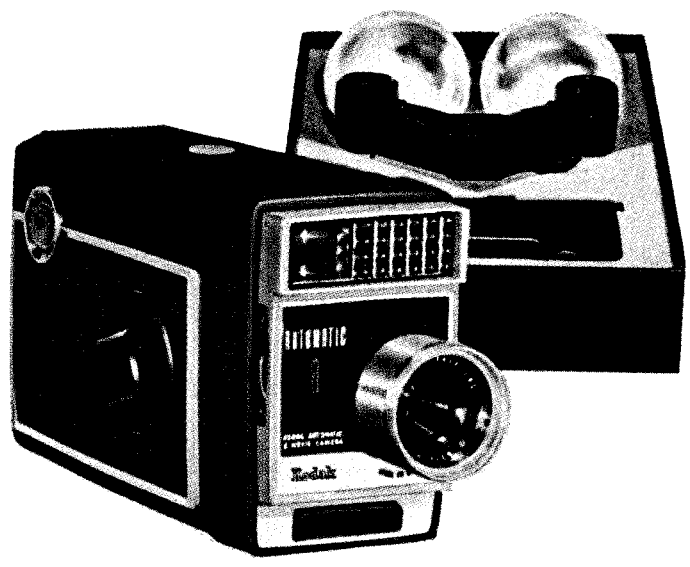

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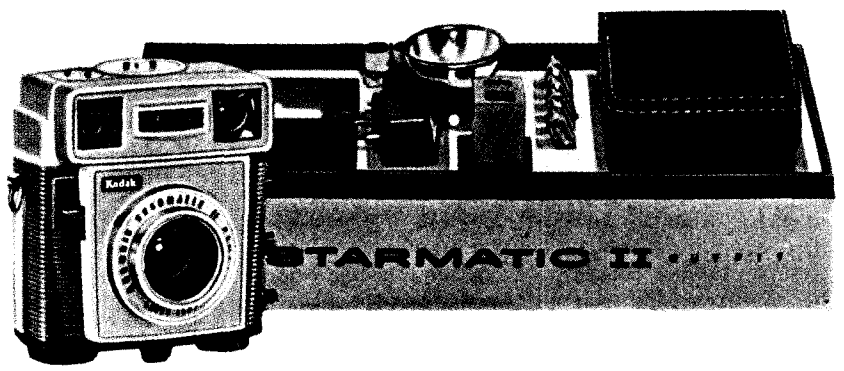

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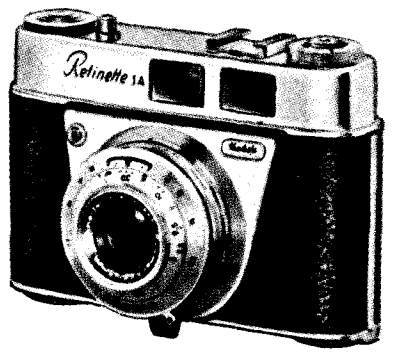

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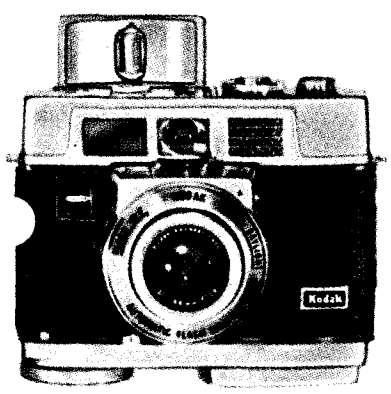

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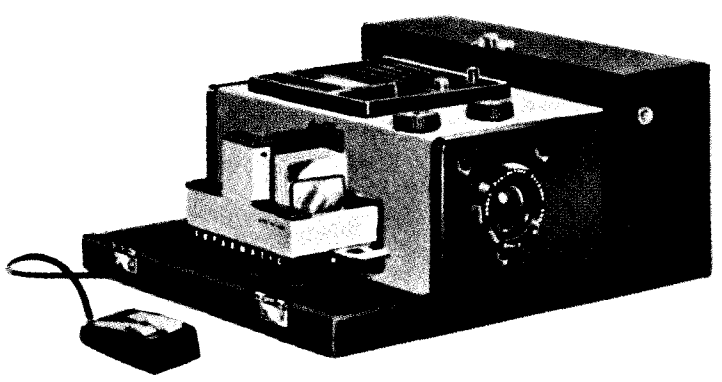

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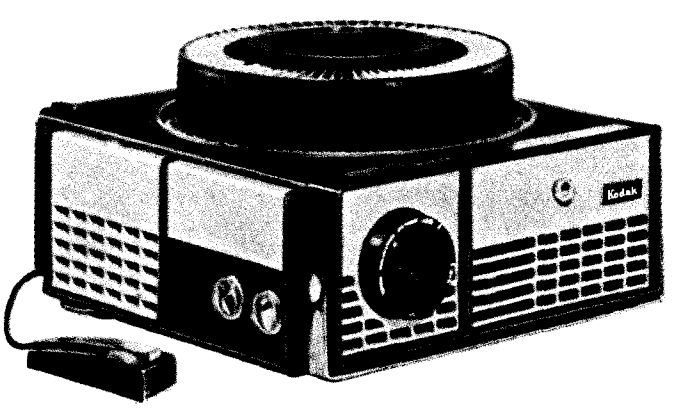

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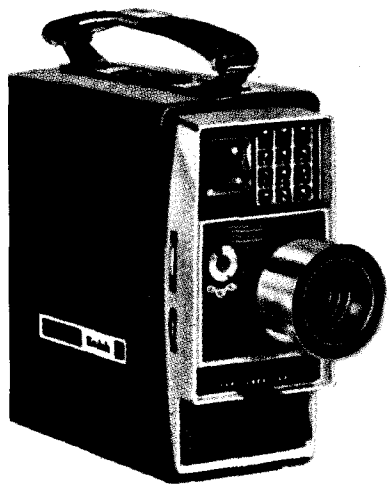

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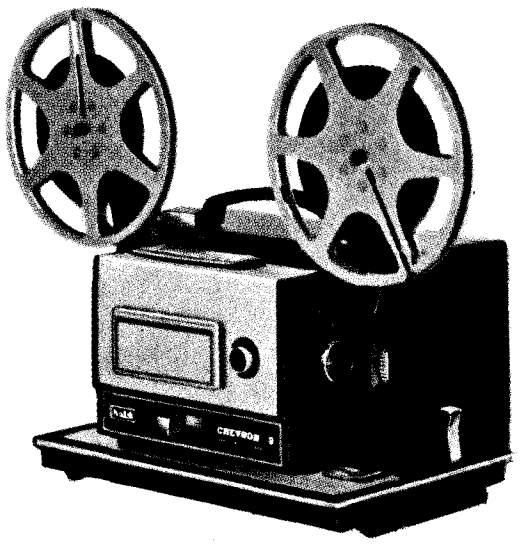

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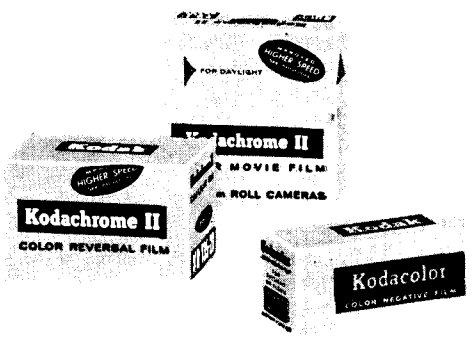

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Wave No Banners

a knock at the door and a shout, and in steps my old mucking-in chum, Dodger Green, formerly 301691, Private Edward Green of the 1st Battalion, North Wessex Regiment—come to town by bus for a Saturday-night booze with me.

"Dodger, you're here in the exact nick," says I, "as once before." He'd napooed a Fritz officer one day when I was lying with one foot missing outside Delville Wood, and the Fritz was putting us wounded out of our misery with an automatic pistol.

"What's new, Fiddler?" he asks.

"Tell this lad about the *two* Christmas truces," I said. "He's trying to enlist us for a march to Moscow, or somewhere."

"Well," says Dodger, "I don't see no connection, not yet, but I'll give him the facts, since you particularly ask me."

Stan listened quietly while Dodger told his tale. I'd heard it often enough before, but Dodger's yarns improve with the telling. You see, I missed most of that first Christmas truce, as I'll explain later. But I came in for the second, and saw a part of it what Dodger didn't. And the moral I wanted to impress on young Stan depended on there being two truces, not one: them *two* were a lot different from one another.

I brings a quart bottle of wallop from the kitchen, along with a couple of glasses, and Dodger held forth. Got a golden tongue, has Dodger. I've seen him hold an audience spellbound at The Three Swans from opening time to stop-tap.

"Well," he says, "the first truce was in 1914, about four months after the Kaiser's war began. They say that the old Pope suggested it, and that the Kaiser agreed, but that Joffre, the French C-in-C, wouldn't allow it. However, the Bavarians were sweating on a short spell of peace and good will, being Catholics, and sent word around that the Pope was going to get his way. Consequently, though we didn't have the Bavarians in front of us, there at Boy Greneer, not a shot was fired on our sector all Christmas Eve. In those days we hadn't been issued with Mills bombs, or trench mortars, or Very pistols, or steel helmets, or sand bags, or any of them later luxuries; and only two machine guns to a battalion. The trenches were shallow and knee-deep in water, so that most of the time we had to crouch on the fire step. God knows how we kept alive and smiling. . . . It wasn't no picnic, was it, Fiddler?

"Christmas Eve, at 7:30 P.M., the enemy trenches suddenly lit up with a row of colored Chinese lanterns, and a bonfire started in the village behind. We stood to arms, prepared for whatever happened. Ten minutes later the Fritzes began singing a Christmas carol called *Stilly Nucket*. Our boys answered with *Good King Wenceslas*.

"Then a Fritz with a megaphone shouts, 'Merry Christmas, Wessex!'

"Captain Pomeroy was commanding us. Colonel Baggie had gone sick, second-in-command still on leave, and most of the other officers were young second lieutenants straight from Sandhurst. The captain was a real gentleman: father, grandfather and great-grandfather all served in the Wessex. He shouts back: 'Who are you?' And they say that they're Saxons, same as us.

"'Will your commanding officer meet me in no-man's-land to arrange a Christmas truce?' the captain shouts again.

"That was arranged, so Captain Pomeroy and the Fritz officer, whose name was Lieutenant Coburg, climbed out from their trenches and met halfway. They didn't shake hands, but they saluted and each gave the other word of honor that his troops wouldn't fire a shot for another twenty-four hours. Lieutenant Coburg explained that his colonel and all the senior officers were back taking it easy at Regimental H.Q.

"Captain Pomeroy came back pleased as Punch and said: 'The truce starts at dawn, Wessex; but meanwhile we stay in trenches. And if any man of you dares break the truce tomorrow,' he says, 'I'll shoot him myself, because I've given that German officer my word.'

"That suited us; we'd be glad to get up from them fire steps and stretch our legs. So that night we serenaded the Fritzes with all manner of songs, such as *I Want to Go Home!* and *The Top of the Dixie Lid*, and they serenaded us with *Deutschland Über Alles*, and songs to the concertina.

"We scraped the mud off our puttees and shined our brasses, to look a bit more regimental next morning. Captain Pomeroy, meanwhile, goes out again with a flashlight and arranges a Christmas football match to be followed at two o'clock by a burial service for all the corpses what hadn't been taken in because of lying too close to the other side's trenches.

"'Over the top with the best of luck!' shouts the captain at eight A.M., the same as if he was leading an attack. And over we went, a bit shy of course, and stood waiting for the Fritzes. They advanced to meet us, shouting, and five minutes later, there we were. . . .

"Christmas was a peculiar sort of day, if ever I spent one. Hobnobbing with the Hun, so to speak: swapping fags and rum and buttons and badges for brandy, cigars and souvenirs. Lieutenant Coburg and several of the Fritzes talked English, but none of our blokes could sling a word of their bat.

"No-man's-land had seemed ten miles across when we were crawling out on a night patrol; but now we found it no wider than the width of two football pitches. We provided the football, and set up stretchers as goalposts; and the Rev. Jolly, our padre, acted as ref. They beat us three to two, but the padre had showed a bit too much Christian charity.

"We had Christmas dinner in our own trenches, and a German bugler obliged with the mess call—the same tune as ours. Captain Pomeroy was invited across, but didn't think it proper to accept. Then one of our sentries, a farmer's son, sees a hare loping down the line between us. He gives a view halloo, and everyone rushes to the parapet and clambers out and runs forward to cut it off. So do the Fritzes.

"Young Totty Fahy and a Saxon corporal both made a grab for the hare as it doubled back in their direction. Totty catches it by the forelegs and the corporal catches it by the hindlegs, and they fall on top of it simultaneous.

"Captain Pomeroy looked a bit worried for fear of a shindy about who caught that hare; but you'd have laughed your head off to see young Totty and the Fritz both politely trying to force the carcass on each other! So the lieutenant and the captain gets together, and they picked some withered stems of grass and Totty drew the long one. He was in our section, and we cooked the hare with spuds that night, but Totty gave the Fritz a couple of bully beef tins, and the skin.

"General French commanded the B.E.F. at the time—decent old stick. Said afterward that if he'd been consulted about the truce, he'd have agreed, for chivalrous reasons. He must have reckoned that whichever side beat, us or the Germans, a Christmas truce would help considerably in signing a decent peace at the finish. But the Kaiser's High Command were mostly Prussians, and Lieutenant Coburg told us that the Prussians were against the truce, which didn't agree with their 'frightfulness' notions; and though other battalions were fraternizing with the Fritzes up and down the line that day, the Prussians weren't having any. Nor were some English regiments, such as the East Lancs on our right flank and the Sherwood Foresters on the left—when the Fritzes came out with white flags, they fired over their heads and waved 'em back. But they didn't interfere with our party.

"One surprise was the two barrels of beer that the Fritzes rolled over to us from the brewery just behind their lines. We broached them out in the open, and the Fritzes broached another two.

"After dinner came the burial service—the Fritzes buried their corpses on their side of the line; we buried ours on ours. But we dug the pits so close together that one service did for both. The Saxons had no padre with them; but they were Protestants, so the Rev. Jolly read the service. Captain Pomeroy sent for the drummers and put us through that parade in proper regimental fashion: slow march, arms reversed, muffled drums, a union jack and all.

"An hour before dark a funny-faced Fritz called Putzi came up with a trestle table. He talked English like a Yank. Said he'd been in Ringling's Circus over in the United States. Called us 'youse guys,' and put on a hell of a good gaff with conjuring tricks and juggling—had his face made up like a proper clown. Never heard such applause as we gave Herr Putzi!

"Then, of course, our brigadier, full of turkey and plum pudding and mince pies, decides to come and visit the trenches to wish us Merry Christmas! Captain Pomeroy got the warning from Fiddler here, who was down at Battalion H.Q. Fiddler arrived in the nick, gasping out: 'Captain, sir, the brigadier's here; but none of us hasn't let on about the truce.'

"Captain Pomeroy recalled us at once. 'Imshi, Wessex!' he shouted. Five minutes later the brigadier came sloshing up the communications trench, keeping his head well down. The captain tried to let Lieutenant Coburg know what was happening; but the lieutenant had gone back to fetch him some warm gloves as a souvenir. The captain couldn't speak German; what's more, the Fritzes were so busy watching Putzi that they wouldn't listen. So Captain Pomeroy shouts to me: 'Private Green, run along the line and order the platoon commanders from me to fire three rounds rapid over the enemies' heads.' Which I did; and by the time the brigadier turns up, there wasn't a Fritz in sight.

"The brigadier, whom we called 'Old Horseflesh,' shows a lot of Christmas jollity. 'I was very glad,' he says, 'to hear that Wessex fusillade, Pomeroy. Rumors have come in of fraternization elsewhere along the line. Bad show! Disgraceful! Have you anything to report?'

"Captain Pomeroy kept a straight face. He says: 'Our sentries report that the enemy have put up a trestle table in no-man's-land, sir. A bit of a puzzle, sir. Seems to have a bowl of goldfish on it.'

"Old Horseflesh removes his brass hat, takes his binoculars and cautiously peeps over the parapet. 'They *are* goldfish, by Gad!' he shouts. 'Send out a patrol tonight to investigate.'

"'Very good, sir,' says the captain.

"Stanley will leave his mark in the world . . . a crushed pillow."

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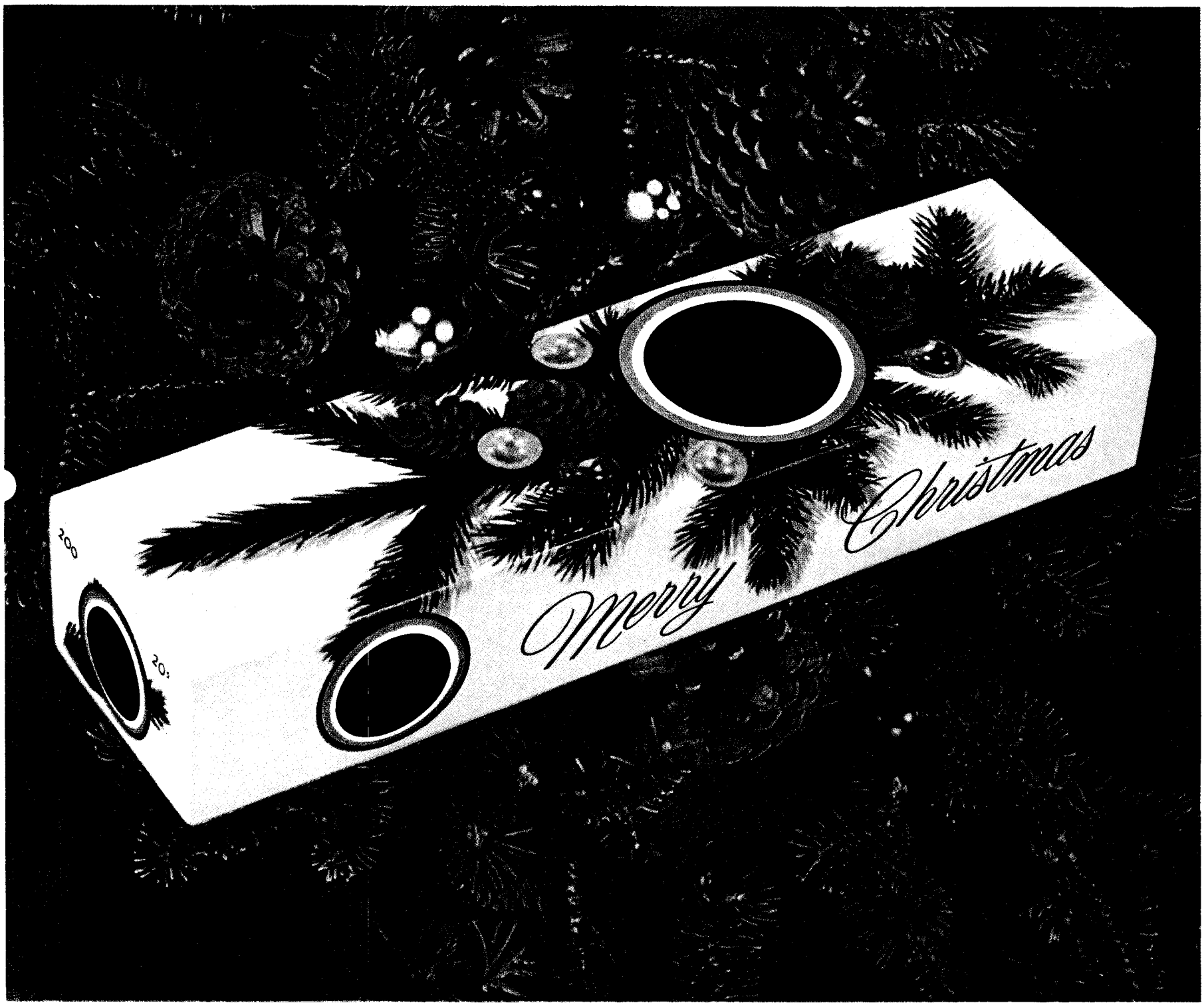
Get Lucky

THE TASTE TO START WITH . . . THE TASTE TO STAY WITH



Give Luckies

IN THE HANDSOMEST HOLIDAY CARTON OF ALL

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Wave No Banners

"Then Old Horseflesh spots something else: it's Lieutenant Coburg strolling across the open between his reserve and front lines; and he's carrying the warm gloves. 'What impudence! Quick, here's your rifle, my lad! Shoot him down point-blank!' It seems Lieutenant Coburg must have thought that the fusillade came from the foresters on our flank; but now he suddenly stopped short and wondered where everyone was gone.

"Old Horseflesh shoves the rifle into my hand. 'Take a steady aim,' he says. 'Squeeze the trigger, don't pull!' I aimed well above the lieutenant's head and fired three rounds rapid. He staggered and dived headfirst into a handy shell hole.

"'Congratulations,' said Old Horseflesh, belching brandy in my face. 'Thought himself safe on Christmas Day, I suppose! Ha, ha!' He hadn't brought Captain Pomeroy no gift of whisky or cigars, nor nothing else, stingy old fool. At any rate, the Fritzes caught on, and their machine guns began traversing tock-tock-tock, about three feet above our trenches. That sent the brigadier home in a hurry and it was his first and last visit to the front line.

"Half an hour later we put up an ALL CLEAR board. This time us and the Fritzes became a good deal chummier than before. But Lieutenant Coburg suggests it would be wise to keep quiet about the lark. Captain Pomeroy agrees. Then the lieutenant warns us that the Prussian Guards are due to relieve his Saxons the day after Boxing Day. 'I suggest that we continue the truce until then, but with no more fraternization,' he says. Captain Pomeroy agrees again. He accepts the warm gloves and in return gives the lieutenant a Shetland-wool scarf. Then he asks whether, as a great favor, the Wessex might be permitted to capture the bowl of goldfish, for the brigadier's sake. Putzi says: 'Please, for Chrissake, don't forget to change their water!'

"God knows what the Intelligence made of them goldfish when they were sent back to Corps H.Q., which was a French luxury *shadow*.

"Then Captain Pomeroy says to the lieutenant: 'From what I can see, Coburg, there'll be a stalemate on this front for a year or more. You can't crack our line, and we can't crack yours. Mark my words: Our Wessex and your West Saxons will still be rotting here next Christmas—what's left of them.'

"The lieutenant didn't agree, but he didn't argue. He answered: 'In that case, Pomeroy, I hope we both survive to meet again on that festive occasion, and that our troops show the same gentlemanly spirit as today.'

"'I'll be very glad to do so,' says the captain, 'if I'm not scuppered meanwhile.' They shook hands on that, and the truce continued all Boxing Day. But nobody went out into no-man's-land, except at night to strengthen the wire where it had got trampled by the festivities. When the Prussian Guards moved in, the war started again; fifty casualties we had in three days, including young Totty, who lost an arm.

"The only people who objected strongly to the truce, apart from the brigadier and a few more like him, was the French girls. Wouldn't have nothing more to do with us for a time when we got back to billets. Said we were *no bon* and *boku camarade* with the *Allemans*."

Stan had been listening to this tale with eyes like stars. "Exactly," he said. "There wasn't any feeling of hate between the individuals composing the opposite armies. The hate was all whipped up by the newspapers. Last year, you remember, I attended the Nürnberg Youth Rally. Two other fellows whose fathers had been killed in the last war, like mine, shared the same tent with four German war orphans. They weren't at all bad fellows."

"Well, lad," I said, taking up the yarn where Dodger left off, "I didn't see much of that first Christmas truce, owing to a spent bullet what went into my shoulder and lodged under the skin. The medico cut it out and kept me off duty until the wound healed. As Dodger told you, I got light duty down at Battalion H.Q. and missed the fun. But the second Christmas truce—now that was another matter. By then I was Platoon Sergeant to about twenty men signed on for the duration of the war—some of them good, some of 'em His Majesty's bad bargains.

"We'd learned a lot about trench life that year, such as how to drain trenches and build dugouts. We had barbed-wire entanglements in front of us, five yards thick, and periscopes, and listening posts out at sapheads; also trench mortars and rifle grenades, and bombs, and steel plates with loopholes for sniping through.

"Now I'll tell you what happened, and Dodger here will tell you the same. Battalion orders went round to Company H.Q. every night in trenches, and the C.O. was now Lieutenant Colonel Pomeroy—D.S.O. with bar—who had won brevet rank. However, when he sent round orders two days before Christmas, 1915, Colonel Pomeroy, accidentally on purpose, didn't tell the adjutant to include the "Official Warning to All Troops" from General Sir Douglas Haig. Haig was our new commander-in-chief. You hear about him on Poppy Day—the poppies he sowed himself, most of 'em! His 'Warning' was to the effect that any man attempting to fraternize with His Majesty's enemies on the poor excuse of Christmas would be court-martialed and shot. But Colonel Pomeroy never broke his word, not even if he swung for it; and here he was alongside the La Bassee Canal, and opposite us were none other than the same West Saxons.

"The colonel knew who they were because we'd coshed and caught a prisoner in a patrol scrap two nights before, and after the medico plastered his head, the bloke was brought to Battalion H.Q. under escort (which was me and another man). The colonel questioned him through an interpreter about the geography of the German trenches, but this Fritz wouldn't give away a thing. So at last the colonel remarked in English: 'Very well, that's all. By the way, is Lieutenant Coburg still alive?'

"'Oh, yeah,' says the Fritz, surprised into talking English. 'He's back again after a coupla wounds. He's a major now, commanding our outfit.'

"Then a sudden thought struck him. 'For Chrissake,' he says, 'ain't you the Wessex officer who played Santa Claus last year and fixed that truce?'

"'I am,' says the colonel, 'and you're Putzi the Conjurer!'

"That's why, you see, the colonel hadn't issued Haig's warning. About eighty or so of us old hands were still left. The news went the rounds, and they all rushed Putzi and shook his hand and asked couldn't he put on another conjuring gaff for them? He says: 'Ask Colonel Santa Claus! He's still feeding my goldfish.'

"I was Putzi's escort, because I happened to have coshed him and brought him in; but I never recognized him without his grease paint—not until he started talking his funny Yank English.

"The colonel sends for Putzi again and says, 'I don't think you're quite well enough to travel. I'm keeping you here as a hospital case until after Christmas.'

"Putzi lived like a prize pig the next two days and put on a show every evening—card tricks mostly, because he hadn't his accessories. Then came Christmas Eve, and a sergeant of the Holy Boys, who lay on our right flank again, remarked to me it was a pity that 'Stern-Endeavor' Haig had washed out our Christmas fun. 'First I've heard about it,' says I, 'and what's more, chum, I don't want to hear about it, see?'

"I'd hardly shut my mouth before them Saxons put out Chinese lanterns again and started singing *Stilly Nucket*. They hadn't fired a shot, neither, all day.

"Soon word comes down the trench: 'Colonel's orders: no firing as from now, without officer's permission.'

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's father's idea."

"After stand-to next morning, soon as it was light, Colonel Pomeroy climbed out of the trench with a white handkerchief in his hand, picked his way through our wire entanglements and stopped halfway across no-man's-land. 'Merry Christmas, Saxons!' he shouted. But Major Coburg had already advanced towards him. They saluted each other and shook hands. The cheers that went up 'Keep in your trenches, Wessex!' the colonel shouted over his shoulder. And the major gave the same orders to his lot.

"After jabbering a bit they agreed that any bloke who'd attended the 1914 party would be allowed out of trenches, but not the rest—they could trust only us regular soldiers. Regulars know the rules of war and don't worry their heads about politics nor propaganda.

"Twice more Saxons than Wessex came trooping out. Football was off, because of the overlapping shell holes and the barbed wire, but we got along again with signs and a bit of café French, and swapped fags and booze and buttons. Can't say we were so chummy as before. Too many of ours and theirs had gone west that year, and besides, the trenches weren't flooded like the first time.

"We put on three boxing bouts: middle, welter and light; won the welter and the light with K.O.'s, lost the middle on points. Colonel Pomeroy took Putzi up on parole, and Putzi gave an even prettier show than before, because Major Coburg had sent back for his grease paints and accessories. He used a parakeet this time instead of goldfish.

"After dinner we found we hadn't much more to tell the Fritzes or swap with them, and the officers decided to pack up before we all got into trouble. The Holy Boys had promised not to shoot, and the left flank was screened by the Canal bank. As them two was busy discussing how long the no-shooting truce should last, all of a sudden the Christmas spirit flared up again. We and the Fritzes found ourselves grabbing hands and forming a ring around the pair of them—Wessex and West Saxons all mixed anyhow and dancing from right to left to the tune of *Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush*, in and out of shell holes. Then our R.S.M. pointed to Major Coburg, and some of our blokes hoisted him on their shoulders and we all sang *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*. And the Fritzes hoisted our colonel up on their shoulders too, and sang *Hock Solla Leeben*, or something. . . . Our provost sergeant took a photo of that; pity he got his before it was developed.

"Now here's something I heard from Lightning Collins, an old soldier in my platoon. He'd come close enough to overhear the colonel and the major's conversation during the middleweight fight when they thought nobody was listening. The colonel says: 'I prophesied last year, Major, that we'd still be here this Christmas, what was left of us. And now I tell you again that we'll still be here *next* Christmas, *and* the Christmas after. If we're not scuppered, and that's a ten-to-one chance. What's more, next Christmas there won't be any more fun and games and fraternization. I'm doubtful whether I'll get away with this present act of insubordination.'

"'Oh, yes, colonel,' says the major. 'I too will be lucky if I am not court-martialed. Our orders were as severe as yours.' So they laughed like crows.

"At four o'clock sharp we broke it off; but the two officers waited a bit longer to see that everyone got back. But

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no, young Stan, that's not the end of the story! I had a bloke in my platoon called Gipsy Smith, a dark-faced, dirty soldier and a killer. He'd been watching the fun from the nearest saphead and no sooner had the major turned his back than Gipsy aimed at his head and tumbled him over.

"The first I knew of it was a yell of rage from everyone all round me. I see Colonel Pomeroy run up to the major, shouting for stretcher-bearers. Them Fritzes must have thought the job was premeditated, because when our stretcher-bearers popped out of the trench, they let 'em have it and hit one bloke in the leg. His pal popped back again.

"That left the colonel alone in no-man's-land. He strolled calmly toward the German trenches, his hands in his pockets—being too proud to raise them over his head. A couple of Fritzes fired at him, but both missed. He stopped at their wire and shouted: 'West Saxons, my men had strict orders not to fire. Some coward has disobeyed. Please help me carry the major's body back to your trenches! Then you can shoot me, if you like.'

"The Fritzes understood, and sent stretcher-bearers out. They took the major's body back through a crooked lane in their wire and Colonel Pomeroy followed them. A German officer bandaged the colonel's eyes as soon as he got into the trench, and we waited without firing a shot to see what would happen next. That was about four o'clock, and nothing did happen until second watch. Then we see a flashlight signaling, and presently the colonel comes back, quite his usual self.

"He tells us that, much to his relief, Gipsy's shot hadn't killed the major but only furrowed his scalp and knocked him senseless. He'd come to after six hours, and when he saw the colonel waiting there, he'd ordered his immediate release. They'd shaken hands again and said, 'Until after the war!' and the major gives the colonel his flashlight.

"Now the yarn's nearly over, Stan, but not quite. News of the truce got round, and General Haig ordered first an inquiry and then a court-martial on Colonel Pomeroy. He wasn't shot, of course, but he got a severe reprimand and lost five years' seniority. Not that it mattered, because he got shot between the eyes in the 1916 Delville Wood show where I lost my foot.

"As for Gipsy Smith, he said he'd been obeying Haig's strict orders not to fraternize, and also he'd felt bound to avenge a brother killed at Loos. So we couldn't do nothing but show what we thought by treating him like the dirt he was. And he didn't last long. I sent Gipsy back with the ration party on Boxing Night. We were still keeping up our armed truce with the Saxons, but their gunners weren't a party to it, and outside the quartermaster's hut Gipsy got his backside removed by a piece of howitzer shell. Died on the hospital train, he did.

"Every year that war got worse and worse. Before it ended, nearly three years later, we'd had ten thousand officers and men pass through that one battalion. I'd had three wounds by 1916; some fellows got up to six before it finished. Only Dodger here came through without a scratch. That's how he got his name. The Armistice found us at Mons, where we started. There was talk of 'Hanging the Kaiser'; but they left him to chop wood in Holland instead. The rest of the Fritzes had their noses properly rubbed in the dirt by the peace treaty. But we let them rearm in time for a second war, Hitler's war, which is how your dad got killed.

"And after Hitler's war there'd have been a third war, just about now, which would have caught you, Stanley my lad, if it weren't for that blessed bomb you're asking me to march against.

"Only fear can keep the peace," I said. "The United Nations can't do it, and you know it. So thank your lucky stars that the Russians have H-bombs and that the Yanks have H-bombs, stacks of 'em, and that everyone's equally respectful of everyone else, though not on regular visiting terms."

I stopped, out of breath, and Dodger takes Stan by the hand. "You know what's right for *you*, lad?" he says. "So don't listen to your granddad. Don't be talked out of your beliefs! He's one of the Old and Bold, but maybe he's no wiser nor you and I. March to Trafalgar Square by all means; march to Moscow, march to Peking, and the best of luck to you! Only don't expect us broken-down pensioners to wave no banners in a cross-country parade."

Young Stan wasn't a bit impressed by our talk, to tell the truth. Looks at the pair of us with a sad, superior expression and says, "I'm sorry you can't see reason when it's staring you in the face."

But he's a good lad, is Stan, nevertheless. Let him march his boots off, same as we did in the Retreat, and welcome! He needs exercise, sitting there cramped over his art work all day. **THE END**

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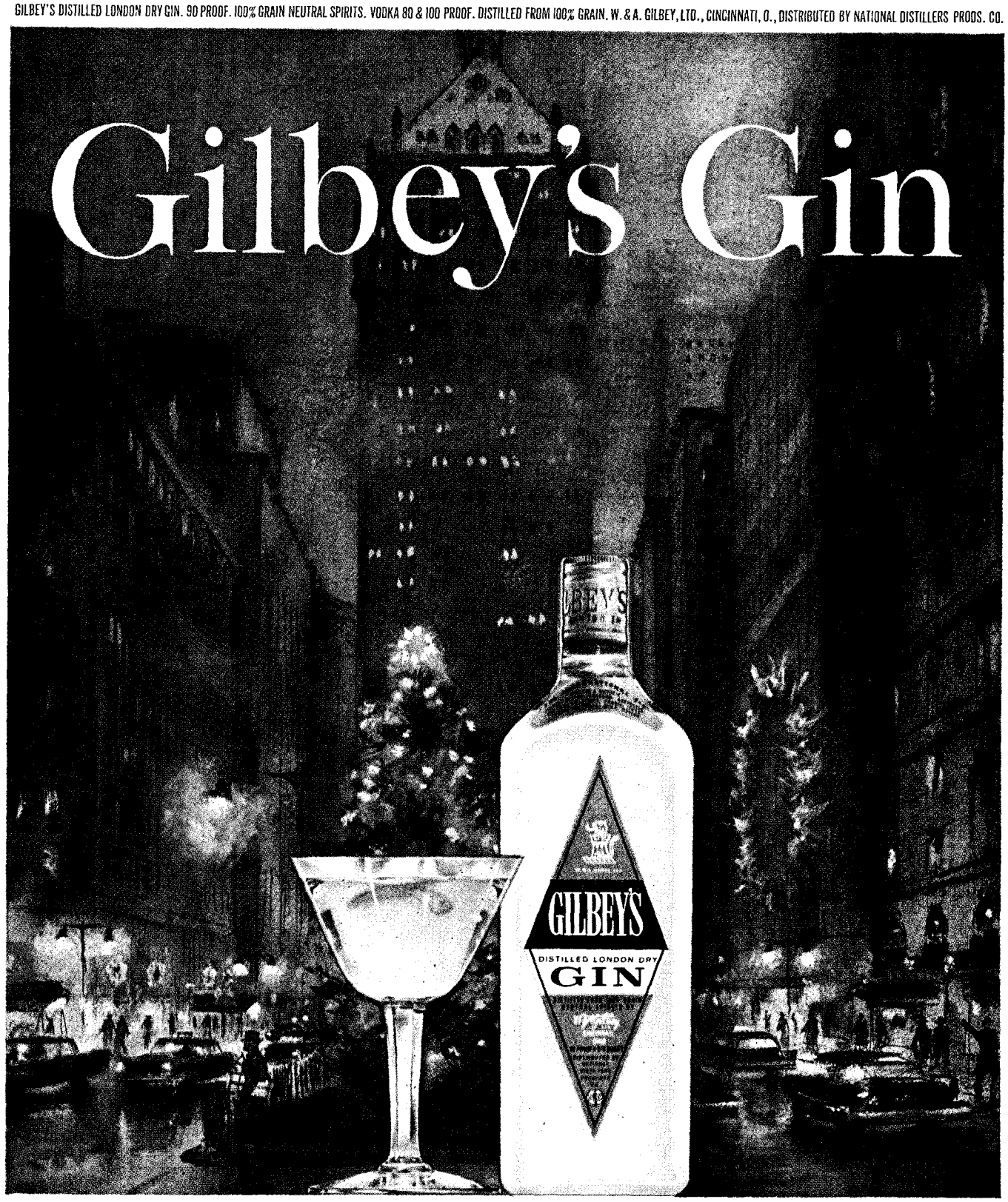

New York City's famous Park Avenue at the holiday season as interpreted by Georgette de Lattre

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These days romance and royalty are where you find them.

Third-Class Princess

by ROBERT STANDISH

The tourist-class chief steward of the liner *Queen of the Ocean* lay in his bunk, musing bitterly. He was a man soured by disappointment. The ship was at the pier in New York, due to sail within the hour. There came a knock at the door. "Whatya want?" he said to a junior steward who peered into the room.

"Passenger wants to see you," said the other. "Says it's important."

"Tell 'im I'm not 'ere," snarled the chief steward, who had abandoned the use of aspirates since being demoted from first-class chief steward of a smaller vessel. He was about to say more when a youngish man entered the room uninvited.

"My business won't take a moment," said the young man, not at all concerned by the rage on the other's face.

"I'm off duty," said the steward. "When I'm on, you'll find me at my hoffice."

"My name," said the young man, fishing a $100 bill from an inside breast pocket, "is Jonathan Morehead. I occupy tourist-class cabin No. 631. I've come to ask you to do a small thing for me."

Tourist-class passengers did not in the chief steward's experience flash $100 bills. Most of them, indeed, were extremely slow with anything bigger than a five, which they believed entitled them to first-class treatment.

"Well," said the chief steward, "what is it?" He nearly added "sir," except that it was against his principles to "sir" a tourist-class passenger.

"There is a lady," began Jonathan Morehead, "who has two suitcases and a large trunk, all marked with the initials 'C.G.' She is tall, beautiful and around twenty-one years of age. I want to sit at the same table with her, and I'm sure you can arrange it."

"Unless the young lady has already made other arrangements," said the chief steward, "I dare say I can fix it."

"The other half is yours when you've fixed it," said the other, tearing the bill in halves and passing one of them to him.

"And supposing I can't?"

"Then I'll buy that half back from you for ten dollars—unless you'd prefer to chuck it overboard."

"I'll do what I can—sir."

"Fine. You can't do more than that. And if I have her sitting next to me, there'll be another fifty in it for you."

Dinner was the first meal aboard. As he went to the seating plan to learn where he had been placed, Jonathan Morehead saw that the lady on his left was Miss Carlotta Guarini. There were six at the table, all strangers to one another, but before dinner was over, a friendly relationship had been established all round.

Carlotta, despite her Italian-sounding name, looked more Nordic than Latin. She was a tall, medium blonde, with bright-blue eyes and a slow, attractive smile. There was just a touch of haughtiness in the tilt of her chin and quick change of expression when anything displeased her. Her poise and assurance were unusual in a girl so young. When one of the young men at the table paid her a somewhat crude compliment, she squelched him with a look.

Jonathan, who was approaching his thirtieth birthday, owed much to his quick perceptions. In an age which has proliferated millionaires, the fact that he was a millionaire is less important than the fact that he had become one by his own efforts, starting from scratch. When asked what he did for a living, he always described himself as a speculator. He was exactly that. He had speculated in surplus Army goods, secondhand bulldozers, oil leases and perishable crops, including lettuce.

Now Jonathan, for the first time in his life, had chosen to go to Europe because it would be a complete change of scene and because he knew nobody there. He planned to wander fancy free. There would be no anxieties, for all his business had been concluded and liquidated.

Women had played almost no part in his life. But, during the frenzied hour before embarkation, something important had happened which had given Jonathan the belief that this was the most significant day of his life. Two or three hundred taxis had deposited passengers and their baggage alongside the *Queen of the Ocean*. He watched them milling around helplessly, shouting and losing their tempers. Then Jonathan had seen a tall, graceful young woman who, calm and unruffled, had seemed merely to cock an eyebrow in order to command instant service. A porter had pushed his way through the throng toward her, ignoring rich-looking baggage plastered with first-class labels and seeming quite unfazed by the fact that hers were tourist class. From then on, watched by Jonathan's admiring eyes, everything had gone smoothly. In the elevator to the upper deck of the pier she had arranged her passport, passage ticket and baggage checks with unhurried efficiency, so that her transition from the street had been one of smooth, unchecked progress.

When and if I marry, he said to himself, *that is the woman for me.*

Immediately after dinner, Jonathan sought out the tourist-class chief steward, gave him the other half of the $100 bill, plus the $50 bonus, before joining Carlotta in the lounge above.

He found her deep in a dull book about economics, which she closed at his approach, greeting him with her slow smile.

"A book about economics doesn't seem right for you," said Jonathan. "Does the subject interest you?"

"No," she replied with a mock shudder, "but some knowledge of it could be—well, important to me before long."

"To me," said Jonathan, "the real way to learn economics is in the market place. Economics won't help you find out whether a horse is lame before you buy it, and that really is all that matters."

ILLUSTRATION BY COBY WHITMORE

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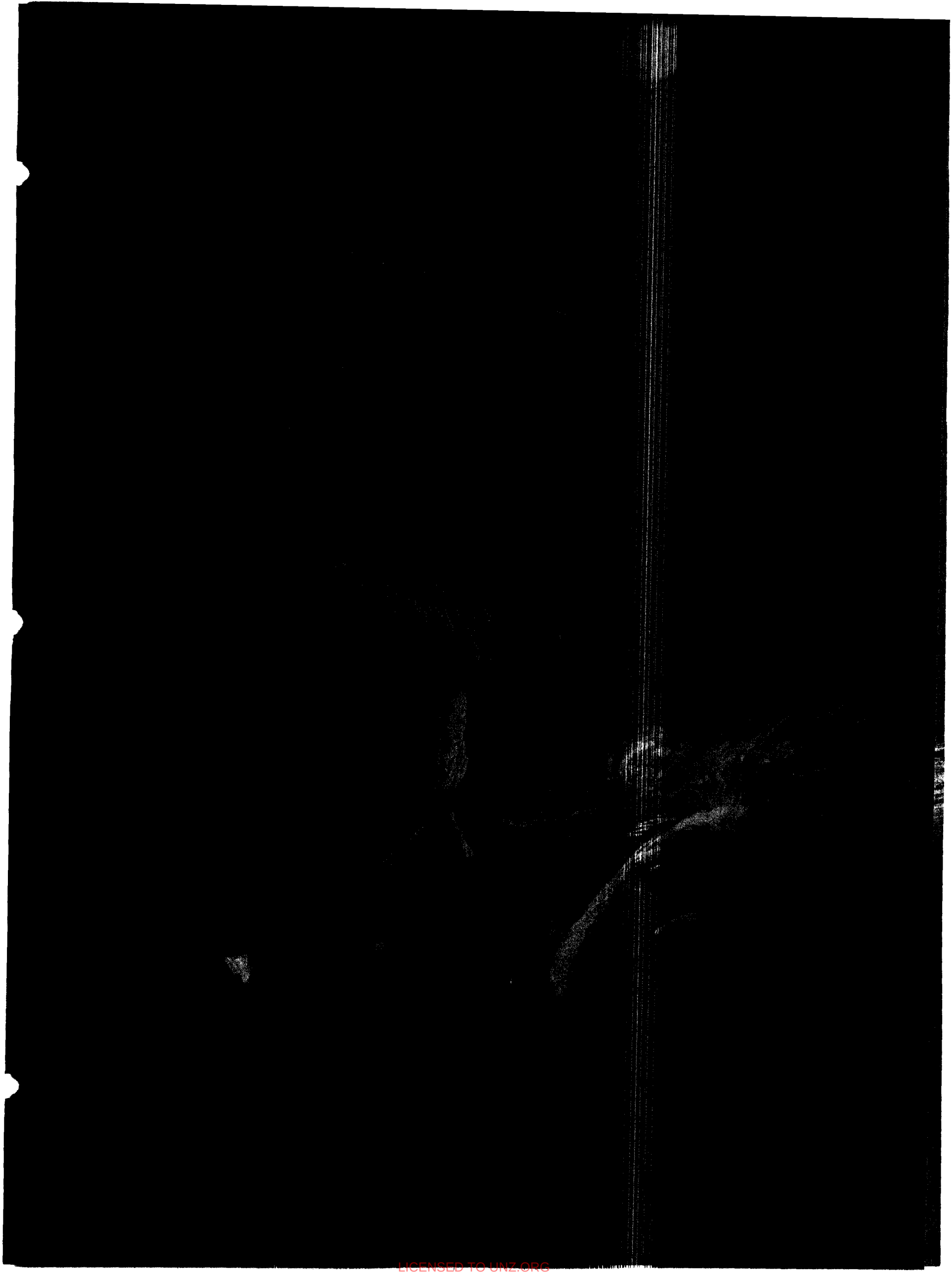

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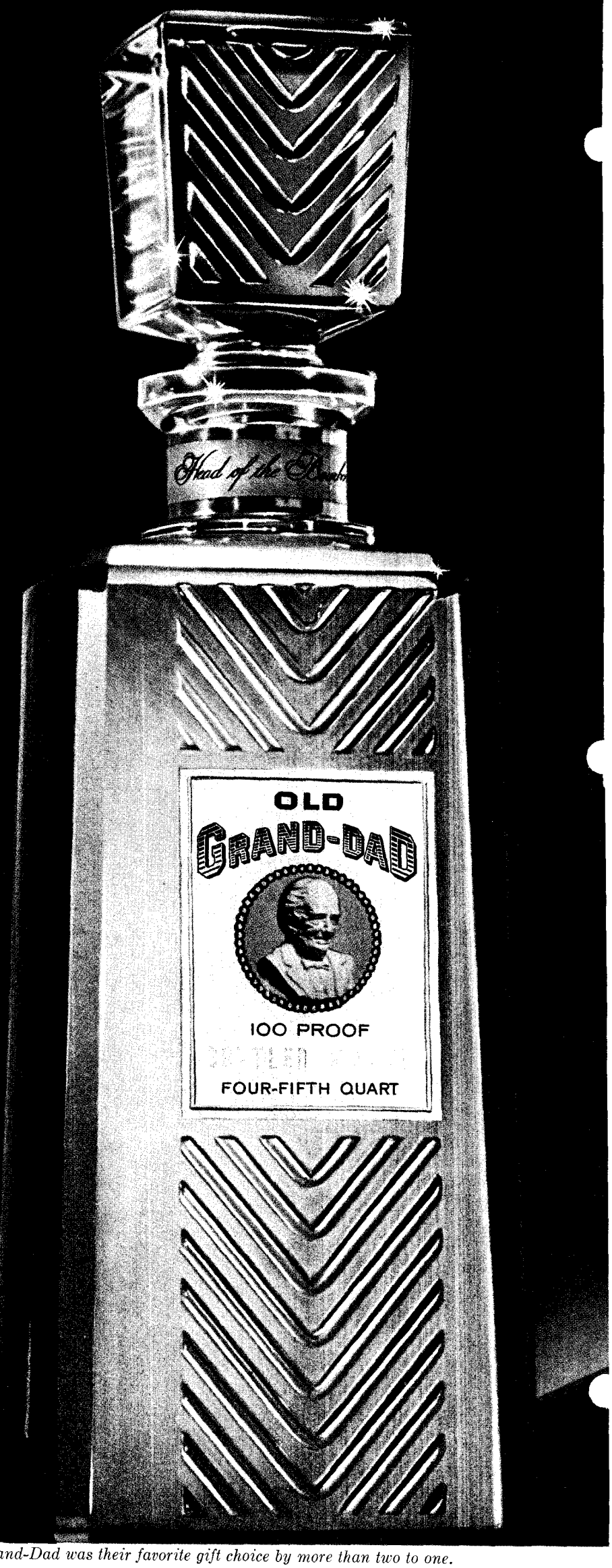

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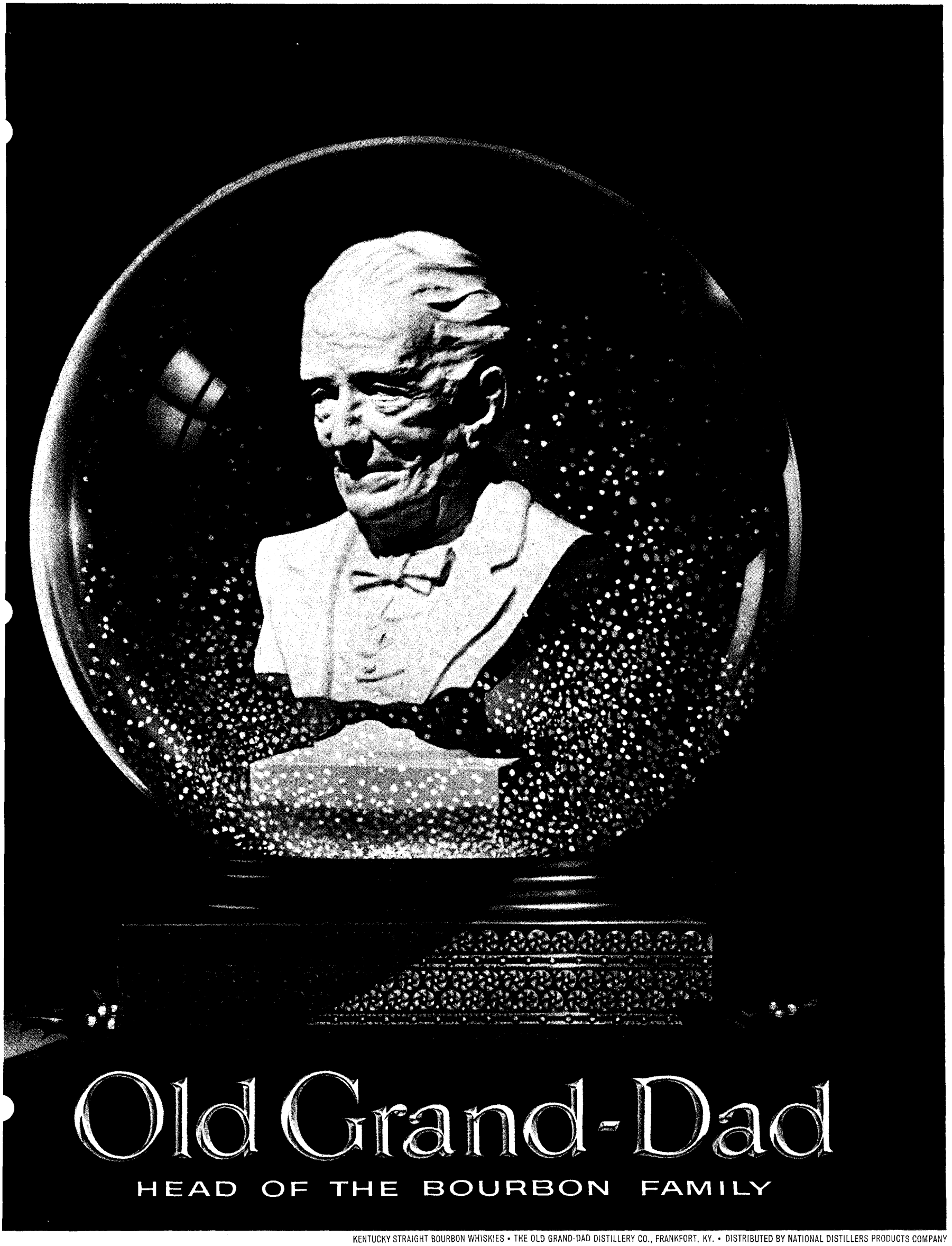

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Princess

"Horse trading must teach you to be very practical, Mr. Morehead. Don't you ever dream?"

"Sure I dream—all the time. But I don't waste time dreaming about things I know can never come true. Which reminds me—couldn't we drop this Miss Guarini and Mr. Morehead routine? I don't feel important enough to be called Mr. Morehead. How about you?"

"I don't feel important either, so you may call me Carlotta if you wish, and I will call you—what?"

"Jonathan is the name."

"This is your first trip to Europe, Jonathan? . . . It is? Then are you going to be practical, or a dreamer?"

"I just don't know. All I hope is that among new scenes, new people and old ideas, I may find what I'm looking for. Maybe you could help me. Will I be seeing you in Europe?"

"I don't expect so, Jonathan. Things are not going to be easy for me when I get home. I have—responsibilities, the kind I can't talk about. I wish I could, because I need help and advice. Not the kind you could give me, Jonathan, because the kind of life I'm going back to is completely outside your experience. You would be like a child in my world, as I am in yours. I am almost the last member of a tired, worn-out family that has always believed that it was at least ten times as important as it really was, and that the family was everything and the individual members of it nothing at all."

"I had an aunt like that," Jonathan said. "We learned when it was too late that she was too poor to have proper medical treatment but, on the day she died, painters were at work putting a fresh coat of paint on the outside of the old family house. That doesn't make sense to me."

"But it does to me because it means that she was faithful to the things she believed in—faithful to the end."

"But you—you're worse than that. You're proposing to be faithful to things you don't believe in. The past is gone, swept away. The present and the future—they're the things that count."

"I have always noticed," said Carlotta haughtily, gathering up her belongings, "that people who profess to be contemptuous of the past are those who haven't any or, if they have, don't know anything about it. That," she added witheringly, "is what is known as making a virtue of necessity. Good night!"

"Have we just had our first quarrel?" asked Jonathan. "That's a good sign, because people who aren't interested in each other can't be bothered to quarrel."

A blistering retort seemed to hover on Carlotta's lips, but it remained unuttered as she made an almost queenly exit.

"Good morning, Carlotta," said Jonathan as she took her seat at the breakfast table. "Been reading any good books on economics lately?"

They spent most of the second day together, talking learned nonsense. As the days passed, Carlotta and Jonathan spent most of their waking hours together, but they grew no closer, for Carlotta was as shy as a wild bird. She seemed to live behind a barrier of reserve, which she used as armor. An Atlantic crossing was too short, Jonathan realized, to break down the barrier.

"Do you realize, Carlotta," Jonathan asked on the fourth evening of the crossing, "that I know almost nothing about you—not even your nationality?"

"How much do you expect to know about someone after only four days?" asked Carlotta, using the disconcerting technique of a question in reply to a question.

"Can I help it," he asked, "that the Atlantic is only six days wide? I wish it were wide enough for us to get to know each other."

"I wish it were wider—much wider," said Carlotta, repressing a little shiver, "but for other reasons. It will be better, when the ship reaches Cherbourg, that we don't know each other well. You will go your way, and I will go mine."

"But where are you going?" Jonathan persisted. "More to the point, why go there if you don't want to?"

"Because it's my duty, and I must go."

"Listen, Carlotta, you don't have to be so cagey with me. If you won't tell me these things yourself, I can find them out another way. Somewhere on this ship there is a record of your nationality, your passport number, the address you came from in the States and the address you're going to in Europe. For ten bucks I can get them in ten minutes, but why make me do it the hard way?"

"You wouldn't dare!" said Carlotta, flushing, her eyes dark with anger.

"That's where you're wrong," said Jonathan with a grin, "and where we're different. I don't go around the world overloaded with delicacy and fine feelings and, when I want the answers to a question, I go to the man that has the answers. That's how I got along in the world."

"You must be very proud of your success, Jonathan. How wonderful to have been so successful that you can afford a third-class ticket to Europe! And all done by asking impertinent questions."

"You can't needle me, Carlotta. My skin's too thick. I wish, too, there were time to go about things more delicately. But there isn't time, so I have to say quickly things that would sound better spread out over a few weeks. But they'd only *sound* better, and there wouldn't be any real difference.

"I saw you in the crowd at the pier entrance on sailing day, Carlotta. You didn't see me, because you didn't see anyone. You stood there, calm and cool, while all around you people were milling and yelling. You didn't scream for a porter, but you cocked an eyebrow and commanded one to come. He came too. He came as if he liked it, as if he'd been born and had been waiting all his life to serve you. Then and there, I said to myself, 'Jonathan, my boy, when and if you ever marry, there she goes. Don't let her get away from you.' Well, I didn't waste any time. Ten minutes later I'd fixed it so's we'd be at the same table—and a bonus if we were next to each other."

"How flattering! Just like buying a horse. But why didn't you have me examined by the ship's doctor to find out if I was lame, or had fallen arches?"

"I didn't need to, Carlotta. I'm not blind, and I could see by the way you walked that you weren't lame. So, what I'm getting around to, Carlotta, is: Will you marry me? Will you let me spend the rest of my life trying to make you happy?"

"Yes, Jonathan, and the way you can make me happy is by getting out of my sight and staying there and, if you won't arrange to move from the table, I will."

She did too.

From the tourist-class chief steward, who considered he was badly underpaid at twenty dollars, Jonathan learned that Carlotta was traveling on a San Bernardino passport and that her address in Europe was Castello Magenta, San Bernardino. A gazetteer in the library told him that San Bernardino was an alpine principality, adjacent to Switzerland, with a total area of 223 square miles and a population of 7132 souls at the last census. Its ruler was Prince Marco, the last male descendant of the Guarini family, which had ruled the principality since the Middle Ages. He had one daughter, Carlotta Teresina, born in 1940.

Jonathan and Carlotta did not exchange another word aboard the ship until the last moment, when Carlotta was getting off at Cherbourg. "By the way," he said as, head in air, she swept past him, "when I see you in San Bernardino, do I have to curtsy?"

In London, where he had distant cousins, Jonathan learned by chance that the owner of Zambatelli's Restaurant in Soho functioned as consul for the Principality of San Bernardino. Zambatelli, pleased by the young American's interest in his small country, was a mine of information and, when Jonathan set off by car from London, he carried with him a letter of introduction to a Zambatelli brother in San Bernardino who spoke English and owned the only comfortable hotel in the principality. From the same source he learned that Prince Marco had died three months previously and that his daughter, Carlotta, who was in America and was not expected to return to her country, was now the reigning princess.

On the evening of the third day after leaving London, Jonathan drove into the little town of Moncalvo, the capital of San Bernardino. The first impression was one of extreme poverty. There were patches of cultivation in the valleys, but overgrazing by huge herds of goats in the mountains had wrought havoc with the land, whose topsoil, without trees or healthy grass roots to hold it, washed down the narrow ravines toward the lakes.

By pumping the Zambatelli brother at the hotel, Jonathan learned that all was not well. The death of Prince Marco had precipitated a political crisis, and it was believed that Princess Carlotta did not intend to take his place. She had been educated in France, England and America and had not been seen in her native land since she was a little girl of ten or eleven. "And, God will witness," said Zambatelli with a shrug, "there is little to bring her back here."

"If she does not come back," asked Jonathan, "what will happen?"

"The sensible thing would be for us to become a part of Italy. A few patriots might oppose this. We have been independent since the thirteenth century, they say, so let us go on being independent and become a republic."

"And what would you say?"

"To me, it does not matter," replied Zambatelli. "Prince, princess, republic—they are all alike. We are ruled by King Poverty. The only wealth we have we do not exploit. Our country is beautiful. It enjoys a mild climate, even in winter, for we face due south. We have hot mineral springs, low taxation, but foreigners do not come here. In my hotel there are eleven rooms. Tonight, nine of them are empty. In July and August they will fill for a few weeks, but ——"

He left it hanging there.

There were only two other Guarinis left in Europe. One was the princess's aunt, who lived in Domodossola, and another, a great-uncle, who was old and mad and lived in a moldering villa on the Bay of Naples.

Soon after breakfast the following morning, Jonathan was on the road to Domodossola, two hours distant by car, at the foot of the Simplon Pass. There was only one Guarini in the phone book and, making a note of the address, he inquired the way.

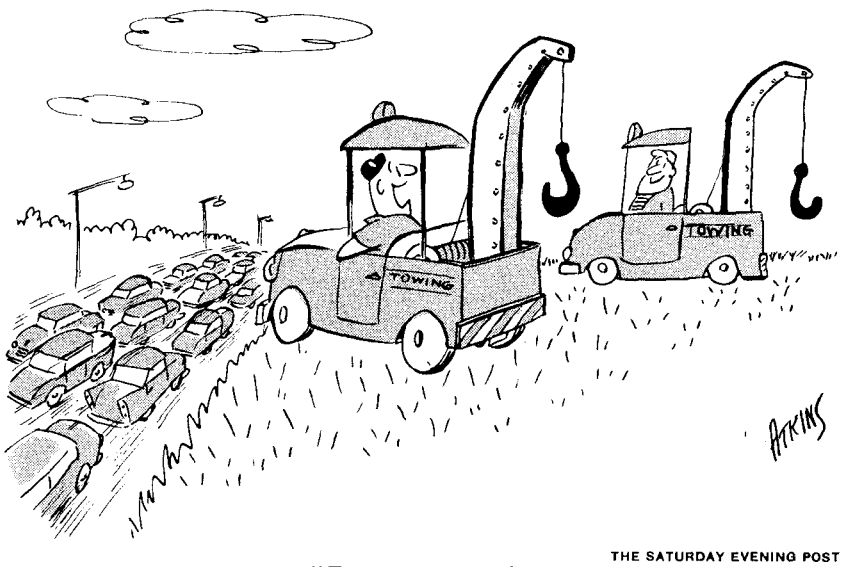
Jonathan found Carlotta in the garden of a tiny villa above the town. She was cutting early sweet peas from an untidy self-planted thicket. When she looked up and saw him watching her, her face revealed neither pleasure nor surprise. "How did you find me here?" she asked. "Nobody knew that I had returned."

"I have my spies everywhere," replied Jonathan lightly, although his heart was thumping in a most unusual fashion.

"Well, now that you have found me, what do you want?"

"I want you, Carlotta. Then I want to make a home, to build it around you and fill it with nice-mannered kids with a you-be-damned tilt to their chins."

"Go away from here, Jonathan, before you are hurt—hurt deep inside you. I expect in your ill-mannered pushing way you have learned everything there is to learn about me, so I don't have to tell you that with my father's death I have inherited his responsibilities. I am the reigning princess of my country, and I have a duty toward its people. There isn't any room in my life for you, Jonathan. There isn't any place for you in San Bernardino. All the wealth of all the people put together wouldn't be enough to interest you. My aunt, the richest of the remaining Guarinis, lives here in this tiny place—a house an American truck driver would



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Ever try casting?"

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Princess be ashamed to live in. So, please leave me and all of us alone. Go away and don't come back."

"Before you send me away, Carlotta, I want to know just one thing. Do you want to spend your life as princess of this comic-opera San Bernardino?"

"Of course not, you fool!"

"Then why go back there?"

"Because," replied Carlotta with dignity, "it is my duty. D-u-t-y. Maybe you've never heard the word, because you've been too busy selling lame horses to blind men, or whatever it is you do to make enough for a third-class ticket to Europe. I didn't choose to be a princess, but I am one, and I don't intend to be the first Guarini to fail their people in more than 700 years."

"You know, Carlotta," said Jonathan, matching her contemptuous tone, "it strikes me as time that people in the king-and-queen racket bought a new record to play on their phonographs, because the old one's worn out. They cling to the racket because they like it, because it's human nature to like living soft and being important. They cling to it for exactly the same reasons that American Presidents, senators, governors, mayors, congressmen and officeholders of all kinds down to dogcatchers hold on to *their* jobs. They like it. It's just as simple as that. No unwilling man was ever made a king, or woman a queen or princess. I've nothing against them, so don't think it. They're human, same as the rest of us, which is why they're not perfect. Some of them have done a good job, too, because they knew, like truck drivers and bank cashiers and dry-goods salesmen have always known, that if they didn't they'd be fired. Fifty years ago there were kings in Russia, Germany, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria, Turkey, Spain and other countries. But they didn't do their jobs properly, so they got fired. That doesn't make them worse than other people. It makes them just the same. And if they hadn't liked their jobs, they wouldn't have spent their time scheming and finagling to get them back.

"You're no exception to the general rule, Carlotta. You'll go to San Bernardino to be a princess, or you won't go. But if you go, it will be because you want to go, not because of this high sense of duty you talk about. Do you really believe that one of your loyal subjects will be ten cents better off unless it's the palace butler who'll get his cut of the grocery bills—because you go there? You don't believe it, because you're not that dumb.

"I love you, Carlotta, and though you're too damn mad to admit it right now, you love me. I'm nobody. I've no high sense of duty—except to the woman I love. Lots of people have tried to sell me lame horses, and only one succeeded—but it was all right because I paid him with bad money. Yes, Carlotta, I'm one of those contemptible people who love a dollar and aren't ashamed to admit it. It takes dollars to do the things I want to do, to give you pretty things to wear, a home you'd be proud to live in, good schooling for our children and a decent start in life; not like the poor deadbeats I've seen in Moncalvo who spend their time propping up lampposts—or would, if there were any lampposts. I wouldn't like my kids to be like those I saw in Moncalvo, who look as though they're fed on broken bottles and given the cork on Sundays for a treat. And if that's what 700 years of Guarini rule has done for them, I'll take vanilla.

"I'll tell you something else, Carlotta. I only spent twelve hours in San Bernardino, but I know more about it than you do. The people I talked to don't know, *or care*, whether you're going back and, if I'm speaking the truth, why should you care either? I'll tell you why, Carlotta: because you've been badly bitten by the princess bug. You want to be a princess in a fairy castle, so you invent a lot of noble-sounding reasons ——"

"Have you quite finished? . . . You have? Good. Let me tell you, Jonathan Morehead, that if you were the last man on earth I wouldn't marry you. But if what you say is true and the people don't want me to go back, I don't want to go there either. I wish"—she looked at him searchingly—"that I could believe you."

Carlotta, even through the mist of rage, shivered as she realized how alone she was in the world and how utterly dependent she was on her own judgments of situations and people. Jonathan's cocksureness about matters of which, in the nature of things, he could know nothing, irritated her profoundly. But, illogically, she envied it, for she believed that it was better to be cocksure and wrong than to hover ditheringly upon the brink of decision. When Americans were wrong in their judgments, she had learned, they were terribly wrong, but there was in their wrongness something salutary which ended all perplexity, leaving no least doubt about their wrongness. Even if Jonathan was wrong—and she believed he was—he might be the means of pointing out the right thing to do.

"George is still the same man I fell in love with 35 years ago . . . unfortunately."

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"You know all the answers, Jonathan, so prove to me they don't want me back."

"I can't prove it, Carlotta, because I don't think it's true. The truth is worse than that. They just don't give a damn."

"All right, prove that. Then I'll catch the first ship back to America and pick up the threads of my life where I dropped them."

"I'll do just that, Carlotta. Be seeing you."

Jonathan ate a late lunch back at the hotel in Montcalvo, after which he sought out Zambatelli in the latter's small office. "Mr. Zambatelli," he said, "I'm a man in a hurry, so I won't beat about the bush. You told me last evening that the Guarini family owns all the mineral wealth of San Bernardino, down to the center of the earth. Is that right?"

"It is correct, Mr. Morehead, but it is not right."

"I want a mineral concession here. How do I set about getting one? All minerals—including oil."

"Legally there is only one way to get it—from the Princess Carlotta."

"Mr. Zambatelli," said Jonathan, "there is always a key man—the man who can fix things. Who is the man to see in San Bernardino?"

"There is such a man. I will take you to him. His name is Pellegrino, and he is the leader of the Republican Party. He is also a lawyer, but unfortunately he does not speak English."

"That does not matter," said Jonathan, rubbing the thumb and forefinger of his right hand together suggestively, "because I talk a language which everyone understands. Let's go."

Mr. Pellegrino used the sun-drenched terrace of a café as an office. He listened attentively to what Zambatelli, as interpreter, had to say. "Which minerals interest this American?" he asked at length.

"All minerals, including oil."

"But there is no oil under the soil of San Bernardino," he protested.

"Then if that is so," said Jonathan when this had been translated to him, "it should be that much easier to give me the concession I want."

"But under the law only the Princess Carlotta can give you that."

"How much would she want as her cut?" asked Jonathan bluntly.

"More than you would be prepared to give," replied the lawyer sadly. "The Guarinis drive hard bargains. But let that be as it may, how do we know that there is mineral wealth beneath the soil of our country?"

"You never will know until someone looks," replied Jonathan. "I am prepared to take that risk and if, after I have the concession, it turns out that there is great wealth, I am ready to share it with those who help me now. Meanwhile, if Mr. Pellegrino will be my lawyer and represent my interests, I will pay him a retainer of $1000."

Whereupon, Jonathan countersigned ten traveler's checks of $100 each and passed them across to the lawyer. "I would propose," he said, "forming a company under the laws of San Bernardino with an authorized capital of $5,000,000."

"Have you the $5,000,000?" asked Pellegrino.

"No, of course not, but if I can show that the mineral wealth exists, I can find others who will put up the money. People who can command such a sum have to be shown first."

"Five million dollars!" said Pellegrino reverently. He was a man who loved to think in large round sums.

"There is one more thing," said Jonathan, rising to take his leave. "I have ascertained through inquiries that the Princess Carlotta is not far away. She is staying with her aunt in Domodossola. Good day, gentlemen!"

The silence which fell after Jonathan's departure was so tense as to be almost brittle. The hotelkeeper broke it. "This American knows something," he said. "If it should transpire that there is oil beneath our feet, it would be a pity to let a foreigner have it."

"I agree," said the lawyer, dividing the traveler's checks equally between them, "and it would be ten thousand pities if, after being oppressed by the Guarinis for 700 years, we allowed them to become rich again at our expense. My friend," he added, putting a hand firmly on the other's shoulder, "there is a time for talk and a time for action. This is the time for action."

Jonathan was lying in a long chair behind a rose arbor when the delegation from San Bernardino came to call upon Carlotta. They came solemnly down the garden path in strict order of precedence. Times, their spokesman said, had changed, and San Bernardino must change with them. It had been decided that a republic was more in keeping with the spirit of the times than a principality. The princess, he assured her, would always be an honored guest of the land which her family had ruled for so long. But in the meanwhile—he unrolled a parchment deed—her signature to the abdication would make it official.

Without showing a flicker of emotion, Carlotta took the proffered pen and signed, "Carlotta, P." But when they had climbed into the car which brought them, her eyes filled with tears. "How did you know, Jonathan?" she asked when he came from behind the rose arbor. "How is it possible that you, who two weeks ago had not even heard of San Bernardino, understood the people so well?"

"As I've told you, Carlotta," Jonathan replied, "I'm a horse trader at heart, and to be a horse trader you have to understand people, who are all much the same when the chips are down. Your former loyal subjects, appalled at the thought of you growing rich from the rivers of oil beneath the soil, decided that you were a luxury they couldn't afford. Would you like to hear the whole story? I think it will be better for you because then, don't you see, you'll never have regrets or illusions."

He told her everything, just as it had happened, and she listened in numb silence.

"Well, Carlotta," he said when it was all off his chest, "what are we waiting for? Since those people don't want you as their princess, will you be mine?"

"I suppose so, Jonathan," she said with a queer mixture of tears, laughter and bewilderment. "You bought and paid for me, so I suppose I'm yours. But please—please be very kind to me."

Another two weeks passed before, as man and wife, they came out of a little Swiss mountain church together. Carlotta slipped on a piece of orange peel someone had dropped outside. As she sat on the hard concrete, rubbing her twisted ankle, she looked up at him with a wry smile. "You're not really as smart as you think you are, darling," she said through quivering lips. "You paid $1000 for a horse, and now it's gone lame on you."

THE END

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What a difference a dash makes!

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the KARMESIN affair

By Gerald Kersh

On a blast of bitter east wind that rushed down Great Russell Street came a spatter of cold raindrops that bit like small shot. I reached the portico of the British Museum one jump ahead of the storm, and there, standing apart from the students who had come out of the reading room for air and sandwiches, illuminated by a lightning flash, stood Karmesin in a black rubber Inverness cape reaching to his ankles and an oilskin hat shaped like a gloxinia. One hand grasped a Kaffir knobkerrie with a gold-plated head, while the other applied motions as of artificial respiration to his half-drowned moustache, and he was glaring at a Polynesian monolith in such a manner that I half expected its great stone eyes to look uneasily away.

"Third storm this morning," I said. He looked at me, glowering like the Spirit of the Tempest.

"A wretched day would not be complete without you. I would invite you to offer me coffee, if I did not object to sitting at table with imbeciles," he muttered. "Do you realize I could sue you, your publishers and printers, your distributors, news agents and booksellers for millions? And I would, too, if I needed petty cash. How dare you describe me as 'either the greatest criminal or the greatest liar the world has ever known'? This is libelous: a liar always betrays a desire to be believed. Damn your impudence, have I ever cared whether you believed me or not?"

"No," I said, "but ——"

"No," he interrupted. "And you assume that a truly great criminal never talks of his work, but how wrong you are! A confession unsupported by evidence is only a story, you suppose—and I leave no evidence. I run no risk in telling you certain incidents, you scribbler, to enable you to put a few greasy pennies in your moth-eaten pockets.

If fools want proof they'll find it.

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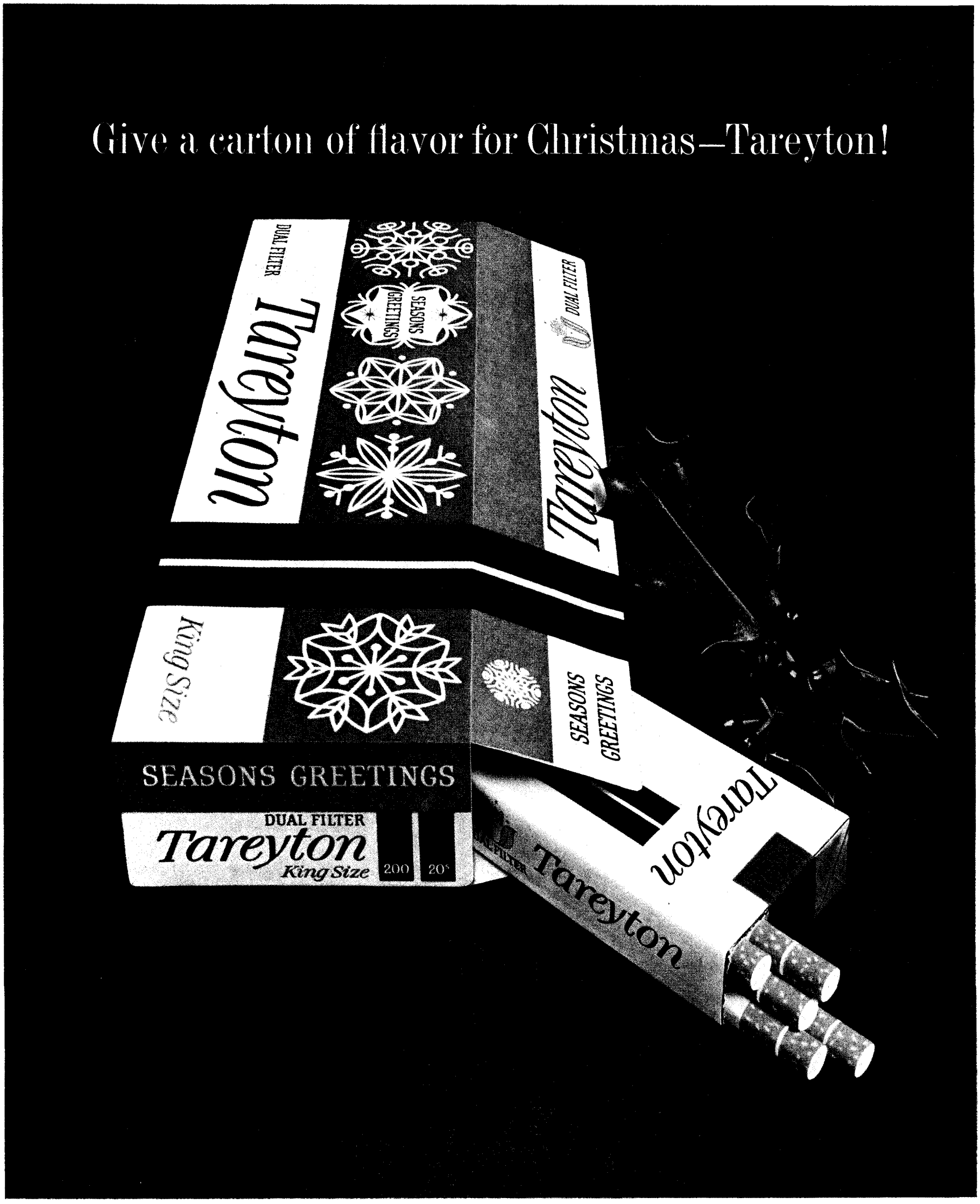

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KARMESIN affair

Remember this: the most pitiful sucker on earth is your skeptic. If you insist, we will go to the Cheese Restaurant and have a bit of Brie and a glass of wine, if you can pay."

The rain abating, we went; but Karmesin was not easily to be placated this morning. He continued, "It's not so much your catchphrases that annoy me as your writing; I read your version of how, having disguised myself as a statue in Westminster Abbey, I discovered a sonnet of Shakespeare in Spenser's tomb, and I blushed for you."

"All I did was ——" I began, but Karmesin interjected, "You be quiet!" At least the cheese appeared to please him. "I like Brie and wine," he said.

"They are the two things in this world that are impossible to fake. Not even Melmoth Agnew could successfully counterfeit their flavor."

"Strange name," I said.

"Strange man," said Karmesin. "If only you could write, what a story you might tell about him and me—for without me, he is nothing—and about the Society for the Clarification of History." He shook his great head. "But I can just see you describing Melmoth Agnew, for instance, as 'an anaglyphic character'—here you put three dots—'a personality in low relief'—then more dots—'In other words, he had practically no individuality of his own.'"

I said, "Have more cheese. For goodness' sake, have some more wine. Have a cigarette."

He accepted gruffly and continued, "I had occasion just now to upbraid a certain inky little penny-a-liner not a hundred miles from here in connection with a sonnet of Shakespeare. Then, the name of Melmoth Agnew comes up in connection with cheese, and in spite of myself I find myself telling you that I once employed the fellow in a matter concerning quite a different kind of Shakespearean document."

I said, "What sort of document?"

"Ah, you are saying to yourself, 'Old Karmesin is going to tell me now that he discovered a lost play by that greatest of poets.' As usual, you are entirely wrong," he said, then told this story:

I employed Agnew when I felt morally bound to do a service for a distressed gentleman. Do you know what a gentleman is? A gentleman is one who, among other things, does not twist his friends' conversation into excruciating prose forms and hawk them from editor to editor (said Karmesin, giving me a hard look).

The gentleman we will call Sir Massey Joyce, of King's Massey, in Kent. I had not seen him for a long time; nobody had. They said he had turned recluse and buried himself in the country. Having been abroad for some years I had lost touch with him. Then, one day, certain business taking me to Ashford, it occurred to me to drive over and say "How d'you do."

You have seen photographs of King's Massey in *Stately Homes of England.* It is a beautiful old house, in three different styles of architecture—early Tudor, part of it "modernized" by Inigo Jones in the 1620's, with a wing by Adam built in the eighteenth century—the incongruities oddly harmonious. Massey Joyce was confused, almost embarrassed. He said, "My dear fellow, come in! Come in!"

For a recluse, I thought, he was remarkably pleased to have company. "It's nearly dinnertime," Massey said. "Let's have a glass of sherry," and the old butler, Hubbard, served us, while my host chattered of things past in London.

He is lonely, I said to myself as we went in to dinner. The great mahogany table was set sumptuously with the Joyce plate. The huge silver-gilt centerpiece was heaped with fresh fruit. Old Hubbard poured us a rare old Chablis and served a fish course—three tinned sardines. After this, the entrée came up: there was a profusion of garden vegetables and, on a gleaming silver platter, canned corned beef, thinly sliced. With this —— Well, did you ever try bully beef with a vintage *Clos-Vougeot?* It's rather curious. And then there was a little block of pasteurized synthetic cheese with a bottle of rare old port, and some coffee-type essence in cups of Sèvres porcelain accompanied by a hundred-year-old brandy and superlative cigars.

After dinner, sitting over more brandy in the library, Massey Joyce said to me, "There's enough wine and cigars in the cellar and the cabinets to last out my time: I don't entertain much nowadays. But for the rest, one rubs along, what?"

I said, "It might appear, old friend, that things aren't all they should be."

He answered, "Confidentially, I'm stony broke. I say nothing of taxes. Certain domestic affairs, which we'll not discuss, set me back more than I had—over a quarter of a million. Everything you see, except the wine, the tobacco and these books, is entailed or mortgaged."

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I said, "I know, Massey. Norway sardines and Argentine beef might be a quirk of taste; but never penny paraffin candles in silver-gilt sconces."

"Well, I can't bilk the fishmonger and the butcher," said he. "The books must go next."

I was shocked at this; Sir Massey Joyce's library was his haven, his last refuge. It was not that he was a bibliophile: He loved his library—the very presence of all those ranged volumes with their fine scent of old leather comforted him and soothed his soul.

He went on, "Anyway, this is a deuced expensive room to heat. I'll save insurance too. I'll read in the little study, where it's snug. Oh, I know what's in your mind, old boy. How much do I need, and all that, eh? Well, to see my way out with a clear conscience, I want ten thousand pounds. Borrowing is out of the question—I could never pay back."

I said, "Between old friends, Massey, is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Stay with me a day or two. There's a man coming about the library. I thought I might get more, selling by private treaty. He isn't a dealer; he's an agent for the Society for the Clarification of History. You know, ever since Boswell's diary was found in an old trunk, there's hardly an attic or a private collection in England they haven't pawed over. I'm told they have all the money in the world, and anything they want they'll pay a fancy price for. What the devil *is* this Society for the Clarification of History, anyway?"

I said, "You know how it is; a few people like to make something, but most people prefer to break something. You may earn a crust for praising great men, but you will get rich belittling them. The Society for the Clarification of History is fundamentally a debunking society; it's just the kind of thing fidgety millionaires' widows like to play with.

"It's back-fence gossip on a cosmic scale. There's excitement in it and controversy in it and publicity; and it's less bourgeois than endowing orphanages—and not half as expensive. They like to prove all kinds of things—they are heritage busters and tradition wreckers: Paul Revere couldn't ride; Daniel Boone was a Bohun and, therefore, rightful king of England; the author of Othello, in certain lines addressed by the Moor to Iago, prophesied the great Fire of Chicago. Touching which, their great ambition is to prove beyond doubt that Francis Bacon wrote the works of William Shakespeare. They'd give their eyeteeth for incontrovertible evidence of that."

"All poppycock!" Massey Joyce shouted. "Bacon did nothing of the sort."

"Drop it. I know he didn't. Why do you want me to stay?"

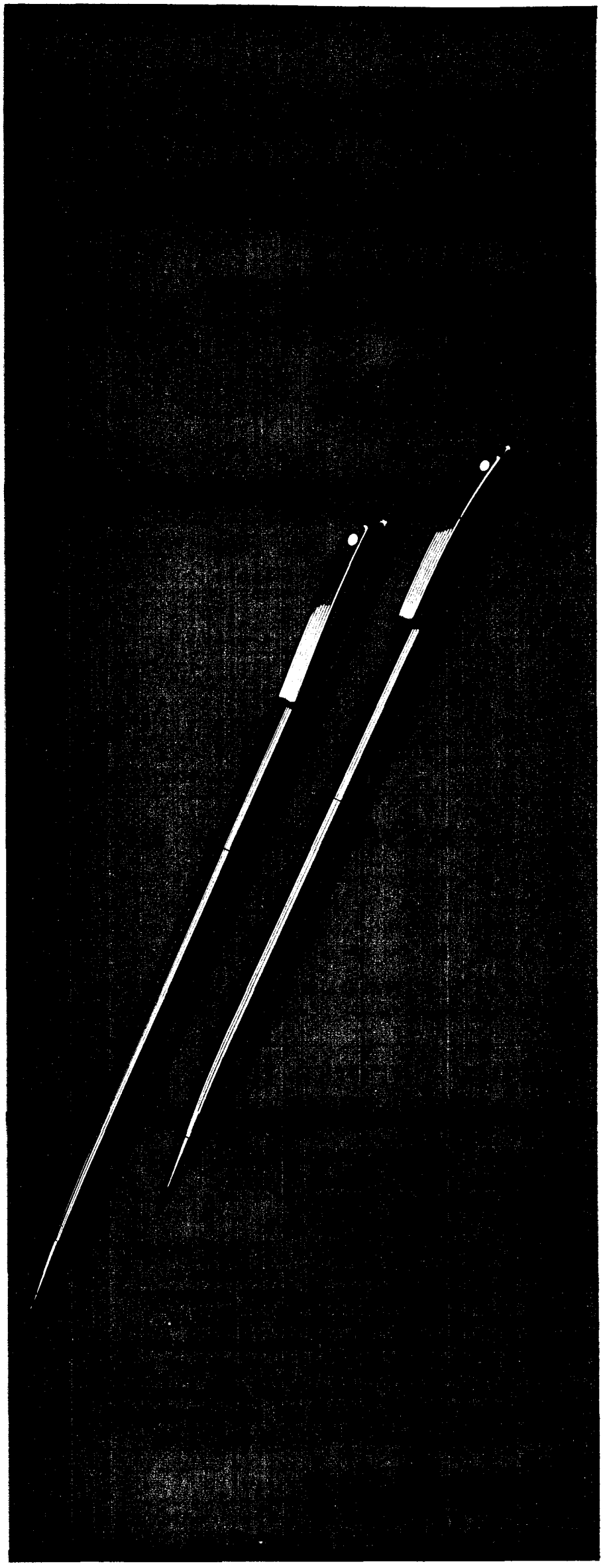
"I beg pardon, old fellow. That Baconian nonsense always irritates me. Apart from the joy it is to have you here, I want you with me because one of these Clarification of History people called Dr. Olaf Brod is coming Wednesday morning. You're shrewd. I'm not. Handle the business for me?"

I said I would and that he was not to worry; but my heart misgave me. True, Massey Joyce had 25,000 volumes, many of them rare, especially in the category of the drama. But books, when you want to buy them, are costly and, when you need to sell them, valueless. However much had been spent on the library, Massey Joyce would be very lucky to get a couple of thousand pounds for the lot.

I did not sleep well that night; the owls kept hooting *O Iago!... Iago... Iago....*

I was concerned for my old friend; in times like these, we must preserve such honorable anachronisms as Sir Massey Joyce. He was one of the last of a fine old breed: a benevolent landlord, proud but sweet-natured and a great sportsman. He was the Horseman of the Shires, who had finished the course in the Grand National; at the Amateurs' Club he had fought eight rounds with Bob Fitzsimmons; as a cricketer he was one of the finest batsmen in the country; and he was a stubborn defender of individual liberty, a protector of the poor and third-best-dressed man in England. A Complete Man. And, furthermore, a patron of the arts, especially of the theater—his first wife was Delia Yorke, a fine comic actress and a very beautiful woman in her day.

"I'm going home to mother!"



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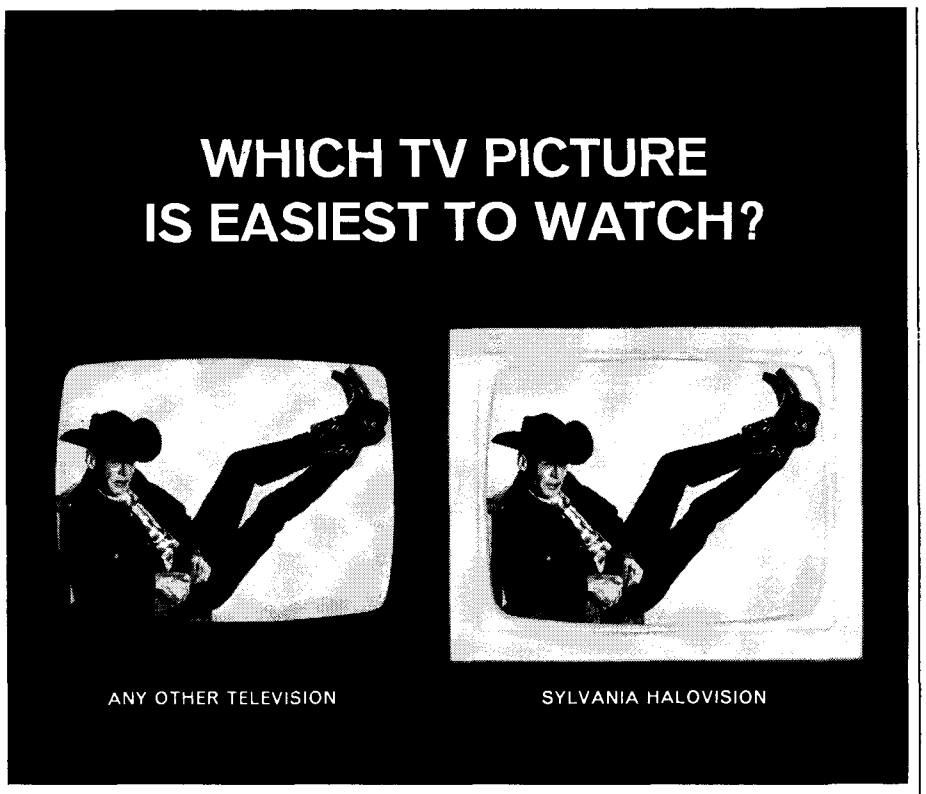

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KARMESIN affair

This marriage was perfectly happy. Delia was the good angel of the countryside. But they had a wretch of a son, and he went to the dogs—he drank, swindled, forged, embezzled and, to hush matters up, Massey Joyce paid. Having run down to the bottom of the gamut of larceny, the young scoundrel became a gossip columnist and then went out in a blaze of scandal, when a woman he was trying to blackmail shot him. This broke Delia's heart, and she died a year later.

But my dear friend Massey Joyce had to live on, and so he did, putting a brave front on it. Then he married again, because he met a girl who reminded him of his truly beloved Delia. She was much younger than Massey, also an actress, and her only resemblance to Delia was in her manner of speaking: She had studied it, of course. This was the best job of acting that shallow little performer ever did. Massey financed three plays for her. They were complete failures. She blamed Massey naturally, left him and ran off with a Romanian film director.

Massey let her divorce him, saying, "That Romanian won't last. Poor Alicia can't act, and she ain't the kind of beauty that mellows with age. She'll need to eat. It's my fault anyway. What business has an old man marrying a young woman? Serves me right."

Outwardly he looked the same, but he seemed to have lost interest. He sold his stable, rented his shooting, stopped coming up to town for the first nights, sold his house in Manchester Square, resigned from his clubs, locked up most of King's Massey and lived as I have described. I had not known he was so poor. Before dawn, giving up all hope of sleep, I carried my candle down to the library: The electricity had been cut off, of course.

A glance at the catalogue more than confirmed my misgivings. Readers of these kinds of books are becoming fewer and fewer; there was not a dealer in the country who would trouble to give Massey Joyce's treasures shelf space. Hoping against hope, I opened a cabinet marked MSS: ELIZABETHAN. The drawers were full of trivial stuff, mostly contemporary fair copies, so-called, of plays and masques, written by clerks for the use of such leading actors as knew how to read.

My heart grew heavier and heavier. All this stuff was next door to worthless. The sun rose. Chicago, Chicago, Chicago! said a sparrow. And then I had an idea. I took out of the cabinet a tattered old promptbook of the tragedy of *Hamlet*, copied about 1614 and full of queer abbreviations and misspellings, and carried it up to my room. Although I knew the play by heart, I reread it with minute attention, then put the manuscript in my suitcase, and went down to breakfast.

Over this meal I said to Massey Joyce, "It's understood, now. I have a free hand to deal with this Dr. Olaf Brod and his Society for the Clarification of History?"

"Perfectly," he said. "I'm grateful. He might come out with some of that damned Baconian stuff, and I'd lose my temper."

"Just keep quiet," I said.

And it was as well that Massey Joyce did as I advised, for Olaf Brod was one of those melancholy Danes that rejoice only in being contradictory. His manner was curt and bristly, like his hair. He bustled in about lunchtime and said, in a peremptory voice, "I haf time now only for a cursory glance. I must go unexpectedly to Wales. Proof positif has been discovert at last of the nonexistence of King Artur. Today is the secondt of July. I return on der tventiet."

He rushed about the library. "I had been toldt of manuscripts," he said.

I replied, "Doctor, we had better leave those until you can study them."

"You're sitting on my flask."

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"Yes," he said, "it is better soh." But he stopped for a quick luncheon. Massey had up some golden glory in the form of an old still champagne. Doctor Brod was severe. "I am a vechetarian," he said.

Massey asked, "Isn't wine a vegetable drink, sir?" With his mouth full of carrots, Brod replied, "Not soh! Dat bottle is a grafeyard. Effery sip you take contains de putrefiedt corpses of a trillion bacteria of pfermentation."

"Hubbard, fresh water to Doctor Brod," said Massey, but Brod said, "Der water here is full of chalk; it is poisonous. It makes stones in der kidleys."

Massey said, "Been drinking it sixty-five years, and I have no stones in my kidneys, sir."

Olaf Brod answered, "Vait and see. Also, der cigar you schmoke is a crematorium of stinking cherms and viruses." Luckily he was in a hurry to leave. But he paused on the threshold to say, "On de tventiet I come again. No more cigars, no more vine, eh? Soh! Boil der vater to precipitade de calcium. Farevell!"

I said to Massey Joyce, having calmed him down, "I'll be here on the nineteenth, old fellow."

He said, "There'll be murder done if you ain't!" Then I hurried back to town, taking that old promptbook copy of *Hamlet* with me. I also took a little lead from one of the old gutters in the Tudor part of King's Massey. What for? To make a pencil with, of course; and this was a matter of an hour. I simply rubbed the sliver of metal to as fine a point as it would conveniently take: It wrote dull gray. This done, I went to see Melmoth Agnew.

You would have loved to describe him; you would have pulled out all the stops (said Karmesin and, in a horrible mockery of my voice and style, he proceeded to improvise). Melmoth had pale, smooth cheeks. His large round eyes, shiny, protuberant and vague, were like bubbles full of smoke. The merest hint of a cinnamon-brown moustache emphasized the indecision of his upper lip. He carried his cigarette in a surreptitious way, hidden in a cupped hand. He had something of the air of a boy who has recently been at the doughnuts and is making matters worse by smoking. I half expected his black-silk suit to give out a faint metallic crackle, like burnt paper cooling. His silk Shantung shirt was of the tints of dust and twilight, and his dull red tie had an ashen bloom on it like that of a dying ember. . . . That's your kind of writing, give or take a few "ineluctables" and "indescribables" and whatnot. Bah!

Agnew was a kind of sensitized Nobody. You have heard of that blind and witless pianist whom P. T. Barnum exhibited? The one who had only to hear a piece of music played once, and he could play it again, exactly reproducing the touch and the manner of the person who had played before him, whether that person was music teacher in a kindergarten or a Franz Liszt? Great executants deliberately made tiny mistakes in playing the most complicated fugues; Blind Tom, or whatever they called him, reproduced these errors too. Agnew was like that, only his talent was with the pen. He had only to look at a holograph, to reproduce it in such a manner that no two handwriting experts could ever agree as to its complete authenticity.

I had previously found several uses for Melmoth Agnew; this time I carried him off to the British Museum, where I made him study some manuscripts of Francis Bacon. This peculiar fellow simply had, in a manner of speaking, to click open the shutters of his eyes and expose himself for a few minutes to what he was told to memorize.

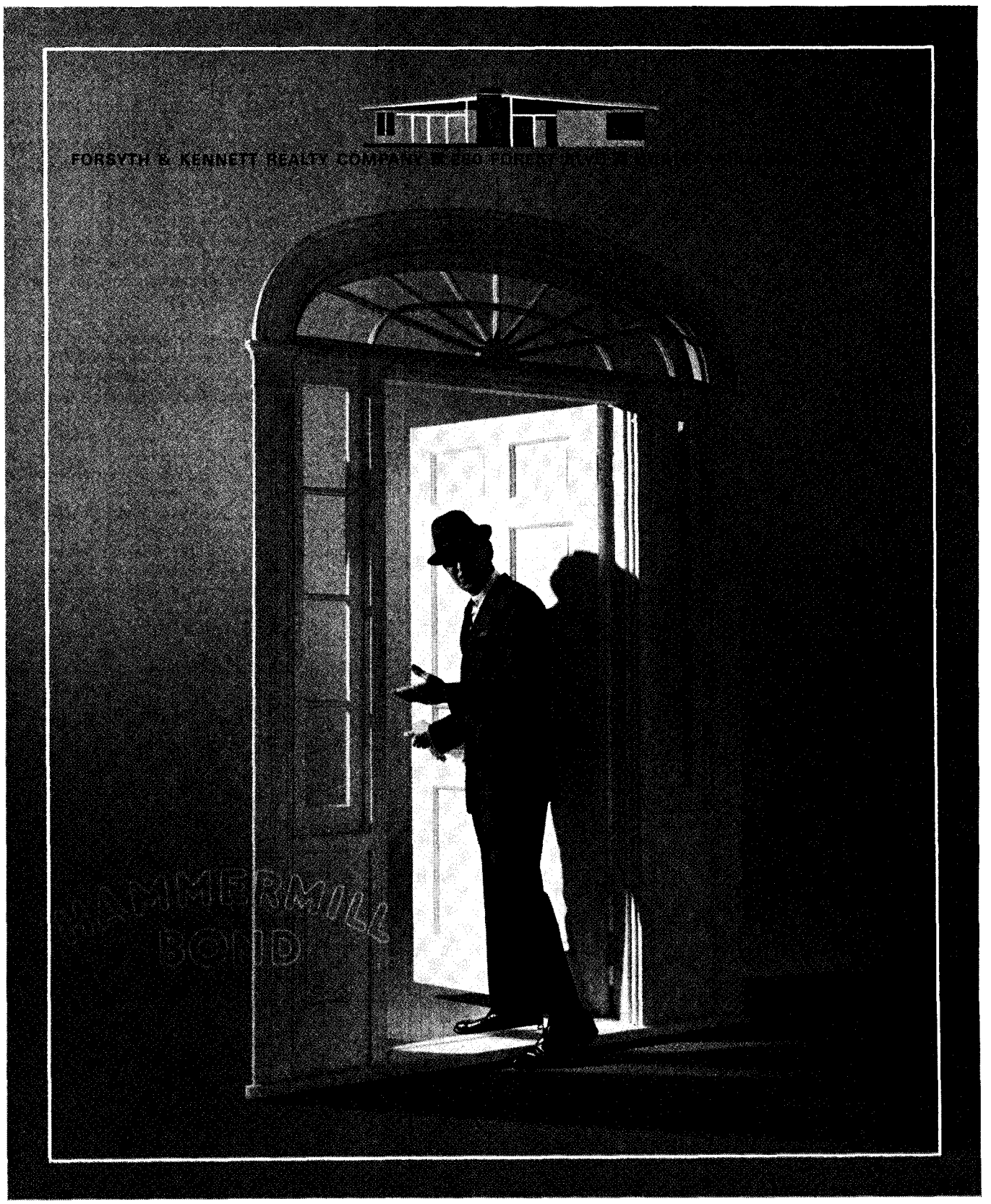
I warned him to take especial care, but he assured me in the most vapid drawl that ever man carried away from Oxford, "The holograph of Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, is indelibly imprinted on my memory, sir. I am ready to transcribe in his calligraphy any document you place before me. Problems of ink, and so on, I leave to you."

"It is to be written with a lead point."

"Then it is child's play," said he, wanly smiling, "but it would be so much nicer in ink." I knew all about that. There are other experts who, with chemicals and spectroscopes and microscopes, could make child's play of detecting new from old, especially in mixtures like ink and the abrasions made by pens.

Against a coming emergency, which I was anticipating, I had in preparation an ink of copperas, or ferrous sulfate, which I made with unrefined sulfuric acid and iron pyrites; gum arabic out of the binding of a half-gutted Spanish edition of Lactantius dated 1611; and the excrescenses raised by the cynips insect on the *Quercus infestoria*, better known as nutgalls—the whole adulterated with real Elizabethan soot out of one of the blocked-up chimneys of King's Massey. But it would take a year to age this blend, and there was no time to spare. This was none of Agnew's business.

I showed him the promptbook copy of *Hamlet* and said, "Observe that the last



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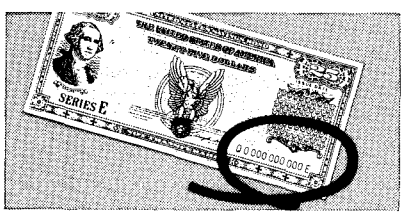

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KARMESIN affair

half page is blank. Take that lead stylus and, precisely in Francis Bacon's hand, copy me this." I gave him a sheet of paper.

Having perused what I had written there, he said, "I beg pardon, but am I supposed to make sense of this?" I told him, "No. You are to make a hundred pounds out of it."

So Agnew nodded in slow motion and went to work, silent, incurious, perfect as a fine machine, and the calligraphy of Francis Bacon lived again. He was finished in half an hour.

"I'm afraid it's rather pale," he said apologetically.

I said, "I know. Forget it." And such was his nature that I believe he forgot the matter forthwith; he even had to make an effort to remember his hundred pounds—I had to remind him.

Now I will write out for you, in modern English, what I had given Agnew to copy. In this version, I will make certain modifications in spelling, so that the riddle I propounded conforms with the key to it. Here:

I seek in vain the Middle Sea to see,
Without it I am not, yet here I be
Lost, in a desperate Soliloquy.
If you would learn this humble name of mine
Take 3 and 16 and a score-and-9.
Count 30, 31, and 46,
Be sure your ciphers in their order mix,
Thus, after 46 comes 47
As surely as a sinner hopes for Heaven.
Take 56, and 64 and 5,
And so you will by diligence arrive
At numbers 69 and 72.
Five figures running now must wait on you
As 86, 7, 8, 9, ten fall due,
'Tis nearly done. Now do not hesitate
To mark 100; 56, 7, 8,
My mask is dropt, my little game is o'er
And having read my name, you read no more.

Of course, this should not tax the intelligence of the average coal heaver, in possession of all the clues I have given. Yet, for you, I had better explain!

What desperate Soliloquy in *Hamlet* contains the words, "No more"? The familiar one, of course: "To be, or not to be," and so on.

Examine that somber opening to Hamlet's Soliloquy; and you will notice that, curiously enough, the letter *C* does not occur anywhere in the first six lines. The writer is not a homesick Spaniard or Italian far from the Mediterranean, which formerly was called the "Middle Sea." He refers to the missing *C* in his name. He has buried his identity in the first half dozen lines of Hamlet's familiar Soliloquy.

Having guessed this far—why, babes in kindergarten solve trickier puzzles than this riddle of the rhyming numbers. Starting with "To be," count the letters by their numbers, as far as "No more." Letters *3, 16, 29, 30, 31, 46, 47, 56, 64, 65, 69, 72, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 156, 157* and *158*. So it reads:

To Be, *or not to be—th*At *is the questi*ON:
W*hether 'tis noble*R I*n the mind* T*o suffer*
THe *sl*I*ngS and arrows of ou*TRAGE*ous fortune*
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To DIE—*to sleep—*
No more . . . .

Hence, "Ba-on writ this tragedie." Without his middle *C*, Bacon is not; yet

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"There's a rumor going around that you've sold your coin collection!"

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here he is. And so he tells you, and in his own handwriting too!

A real lawyer's split-hair quibble, what? Just tortuous enough. A meaty bone for the debunkers, eh? It might be asked, "Why should Bacon have written this?" The answer is: "Bacon liked actors; he wrote it in a promptbook to amuse some sprightly player after a theatrical supper, circa 1615."

So, having suitably oxidized the faint lead in the pencil marks, half erasing them in a process of ever so gentle abrasion, I returned to King's Massey on the nineteenth and slipped the promptbook back where I had found it.

Massey Joyce said, "I do hope this Brod man coughs up. Do you know, Hubbard and his wife—who cooks and housekeeps—haven't had any wages for three years? I tried to pay 'em off when I sold my guns and sporting prints, but they wouldn't go. Begged pardon; said they'd known the good times, and by the Lord Harry they'd stand by in the bad."

"Do those Elizabethan manuscripts of yours mean much to you?" I asked.

He said, "No. Why?"

I told him, "Why then, Massey, we'll save your old books yet. Only you keep right out of it. Have a migraine; keep to your room and leave it to me."

So he did; and Doctor Brod turned up on the morning of the twentieth with a friend, one Doctor Brewster, also of the Society for the Clarification of History, but lean and keen, with a businesslike dry-cleaned look about him. As I had expected, they found little enough to interest them on the bookshelves.

By the time they got to the manuscripts cabinets Brod was already fidgeting and looking at his watch. Casually forcing my marked promptbook on them, somewhat as a conjurer does when he makes you pick a card, I said, "I doubt if there's much here. But Sir Massey regards these holographs as the apple of his eye. The one you have there is rather defaced, I'm afraid. A lot of the others are in much better condition."

But Brod, suddenly perspiring like a pressed duckling, had a reading glass out, and Brewster was putting on a pair of microscope spectacles, and they were scrutinizing my little poem in the strong sunlight by the window. Brod took out notebook and pencil and made voluminous notes, occasionally nudging Brewster, who remained blank and impassive. *They* knew Bacon's hand, bless their hearts! And cryptograms were meat and drink to the likes of them.

After a while, with complete composure, Brewster said, "I don't know. It's possible the society might be interested in two or three of these manuscripts."

But I said, "I'm awfully sorry; two or three won't do, I'm afraid. Sir Massey regards this collection as a whole. He'd never break it up. There are interesting fragments by Nathaniel Field, for example, and Middleton, and Fletcher. I'm no expert, doctor, only a friendly agent."

"Sir Massey Joyce would not refuse permission to photograph or copy certain excerpts," said Brod.

I answered, "I'm afraid he would."

Then Brewster asked, "Has this collection ever been offered for sale before?" I told him, "Never. It has never even been properly cataloged, I'm afraid."

Brewster tossed the *Hamlet* nonchalantly, as if it were a mail-order catalog, onto a baize-covered table—I wouldn't advise a novice to play poker with that one—and he asked, "How much is Massey Joyce asking for the collection?"

Apologizing, as for an embarrassing but harmless eccentric, I said, "Well, you see, Sir Massey values things strictly in proportion to how much he personally likes them. So he swears he won't sell the manuscripts for a penny less than twenty-five thousand pounds." I laughed here, and so did Doctor Brewster, while Brod muttered something about "vine drunkards" and "devourers of the charred carcasses of slaughtered beasts."

I put the *Hamlet* back in its drawer and continued, "I know it's absurd; but when a man of Sir Massey's age has an *idée fixe*—you know? I'm afraid I've wasted your time. Well, I suppose you can't find something in your line every time you look. Oh, by the way, do you happen to know a collector named Lilienbach? He's coming next Monday. I wondered if he was all right."

I knew, of course, that Doctor Lilienbach of Philadelphia was one of the richest collectors of rare books and manuscripts in the world; and, of course, these fellows were sure to know this too.

"Lilienbach," Brod began, but Brewster cut in, "Lilienbach, Lilienbach? No, I can't say I know him. Let's not be hasty. These things take time. Look here; say I pay Sir Massey Joyce a small sum down for an option to purchase on terms to be mutually agreed?"

I said, "I shouldn't, if I were you—not until Sir Massey has had a chance to talk to Doctor Lilienbach."

Then there was a silence until, at last, Brewster said, "I'll have to call Chicago. Even *if* I were interested, I couldn't make any sort of bid before tonight."

I said, "Why not do that? Only I'm afraid you'll have to call from Ashford, Sir Massey does not believe in telephones. He thinks they cause rheumatism."

And, to cut a long story short: After a day of negotiation the Society for the Clarification of History authorized Brewster to purchase Sir Massey Joyce's Elizabethan manuscripts, with all rights pertaining thereto, for 17,500 pounds. So my old friend kept his books and had some money to support himself and the Hubbards in their declining years.

Karmesin paused. I asked, "And you got nothing?"

Karmesin said, "Massey Joyce wanted me to take half. I couldn't possibly, of course. Am I a petty larcenist to work for chicken feed? No. My amusements are few; I had my fun. For a small outlay, I had the double-barreled pleasure of helping a friend in need at the expense of an organization which I despise."

There being a wedge of cheese left, Karmesin wrapped it in a paper napkin and put it in his pocket.

I said, "I've read nothing of your 'Baconian' document as yet."

"You will. They are preparing a book about it, and my ink is brewing for a counterblast that will shake the world. You just wait and see!"

"So there the matter ended?"

Karmesin grunted, "After dinner that night, Massey Joyce said to me, 'It is astounding that such societies can exist. They really believe Bacon wrote Shakespeare! No, really, there *are* limits! Was ever a more pernicious fable hatched by cranks?'

"'Never,' I said.

"'It is wonderful what people can be gulled into believing—Bacon, indeed! Why, every shopgirl knows that the plays of William Shakespeare, so-called, were written by Christopher Marlowe!' said Massey Joyce."

THE END

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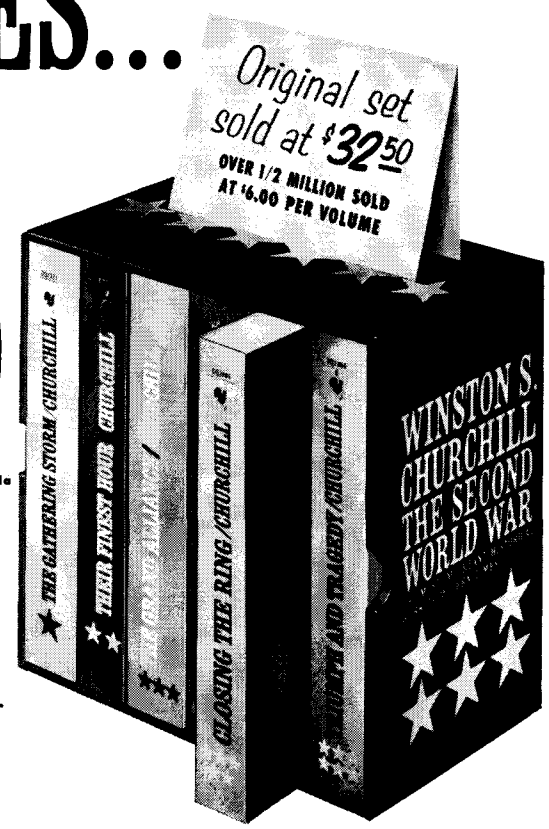
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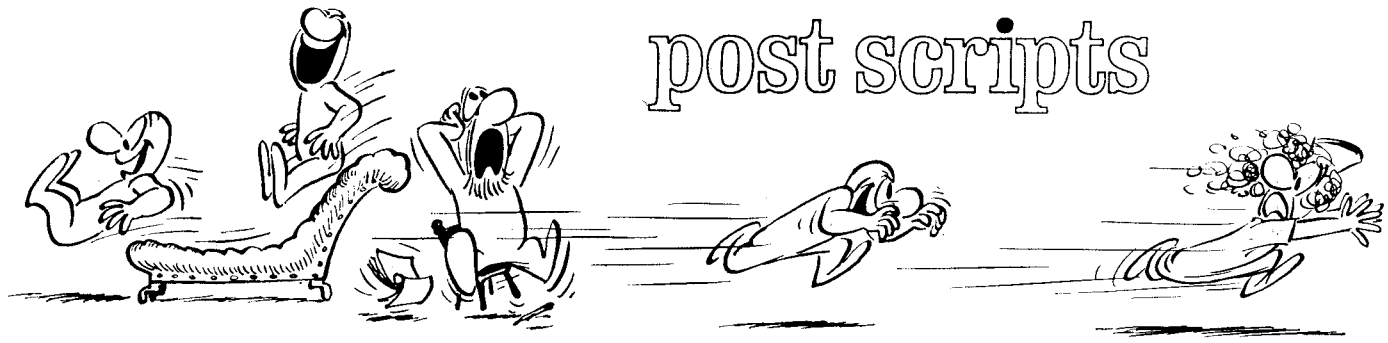


"Have you seen my spray can of blue paint?"

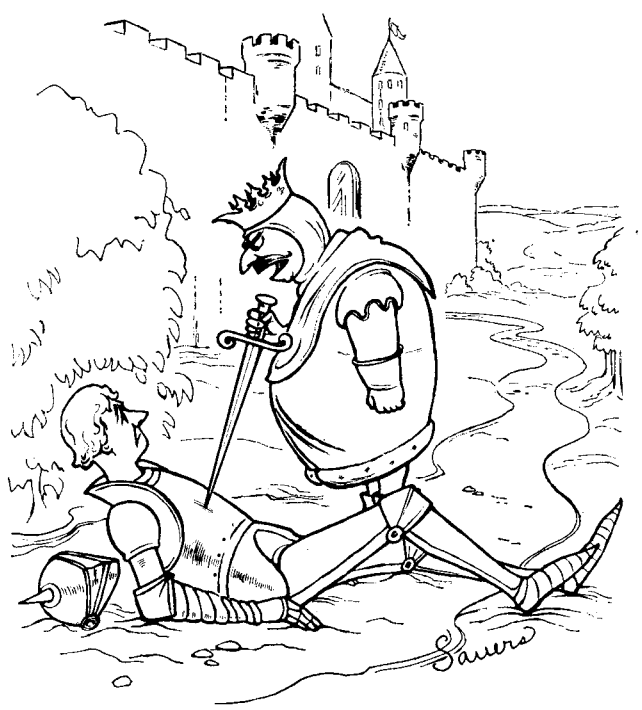
"So far, it looks just like him, except for the ears."

"It's that crank from downstairs again."

WHO'S WHO AT THE CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

Some parents groan and grip their chairs
And scan the stage with anxious stares;
Others watch with carefree hearts—
Guess whose kids have speaking parts?

BETTY BILLIPP



"Listen, Mac, only the court historian refers to me as Charles the Fat!"

"You know, I've often wondered where they get these blasted black kettles."

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He can stop "shaving" for good Christmas morning...

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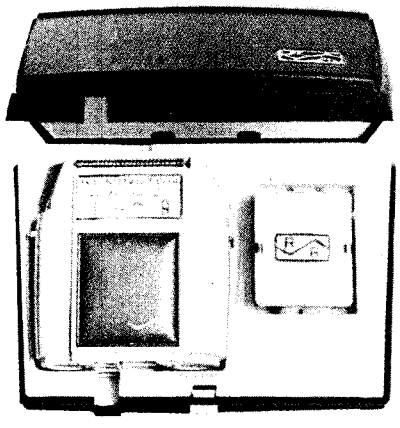

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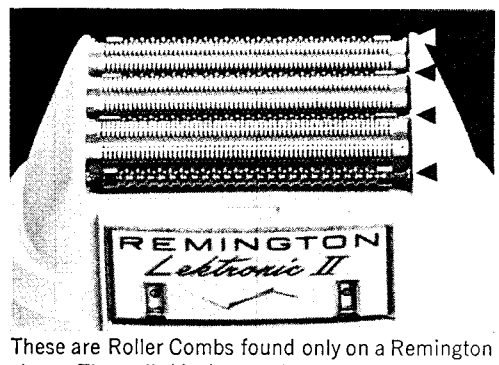

These are Roller Combs found only on a Remington shaver. They roll skin down, roll whiskers up for closeness and comfort. It's as if he's stopped shaving, when he starts rolling his whiskers off with a Remington. Get your Santa one. He'll flip his wig.

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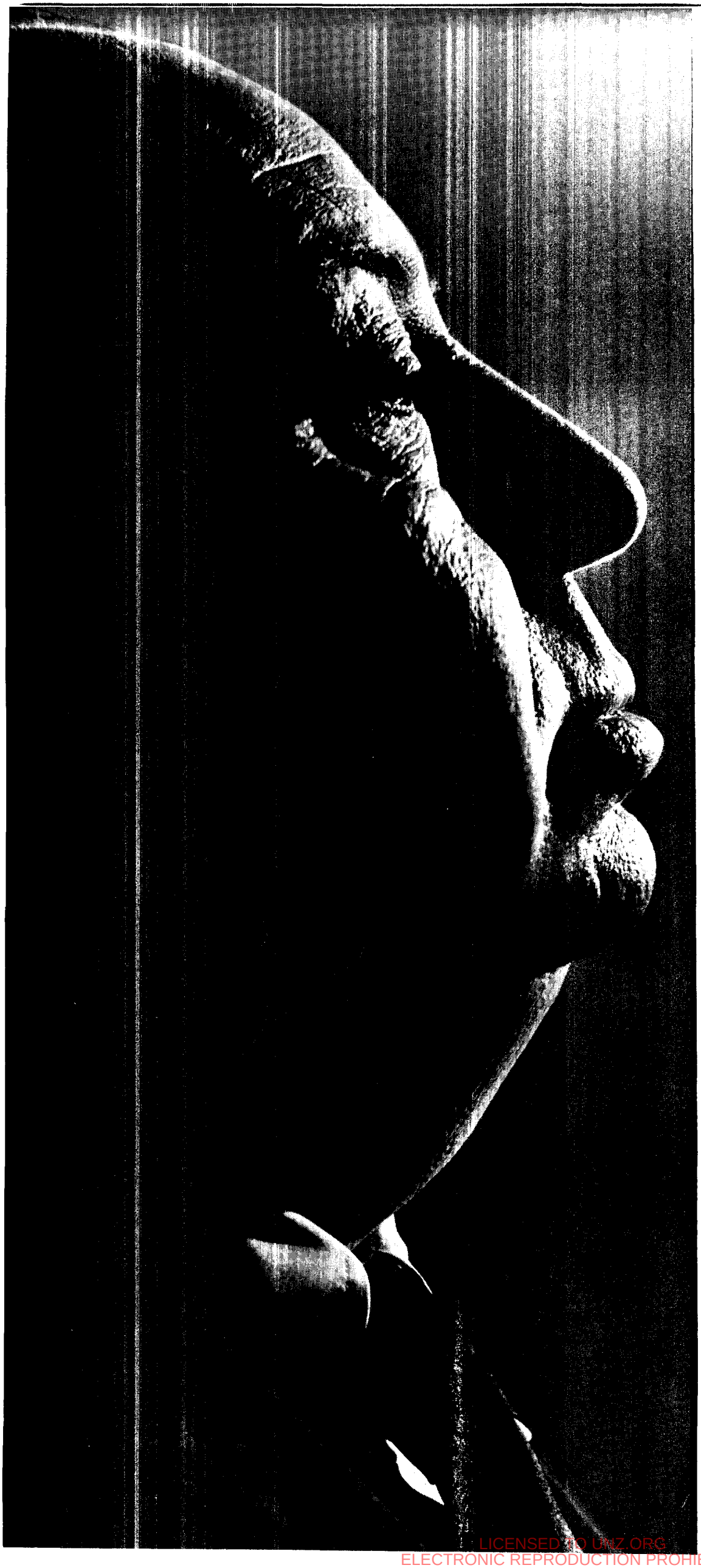

Alfred Hitchcock Resents

In his 63rd year (and his 38th of film-making), Alfred Hitchcock holds two distinctions in the movie-TV industry—one centered on his odd physiognomy, the other on his impudent vocal cords.

First of all, Hitchcock's basset-hound countenance, mounted on his pear-shaped body, is far better known than many of the stars he directs. In fact, during the shooting of his latest Universal Pictures film, *The Birds*, he had to be smuggled into a moving van to protect him from his fans in the streets of San Francisco. Hitchcock and his cameraman worked behind one-way glass, which was built into the side of the van, while the stars, Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy and Tippi Hedren, moved about the streets unrecognized.

The second and probably the most distinctive thing about Hitchcock is that in an industry noted for executives who gingerly avoid criticizing anything or anybody, he spews a constant stream of delightful Cockney-accented vituperation. He is such an outspoken curmudgeon that during the run of his old half-hour CBS and NBC television show, *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* (now replaced by a new one-hour series, *The Alfred Hitchcock Hour*, on CBS), one appreciative NBC publicity man labeled his interviews with the press *Alfred Hitchcock Resents*.

Following, listed by subject, are some examples of Hitchcockian curmudgeonry which he expressed to me:

DISNEY, WALT: "I used to envy him when he made only cartoons. If he didn't like an actor, he could tear him up."

FANS: "Most of my fans are highly intelligent people *per se*, or they wouldn't be watching my shows. Some, however, are idiots. One man wrote to me, after I had Janet Leigh murdered in a bathtub in *Psycho*, that his wife had been afraid to bathe or shower since seeing the film. He asked me for suggestions as to what he should do. I wrote back, 'Sir, have you considered sending your wife to the dry cleaner?'"

TELEVISION, COMMERCIALS ON: "Most are deadly. They are perfect for my type of show."

HITCHCOCK, ALFRED, GIRTH OF: "A few years ago, in Santa Rosa, California, I caught a side view of myself in a store window and screamed with fright. Since then I limit myself to a three course dinner of appetizer, fish and meat, with only one bottle of vintage wine with each course."

ACTORS, CHILDLIKE QUALITIES OF: "There is no question that all actors are children. Some are good children; some are bad children; many are stupid children. Because of this childlike

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"The television set now is like a toaster. You press a button and the same thing always pops up."

By BILL DAVIDSON

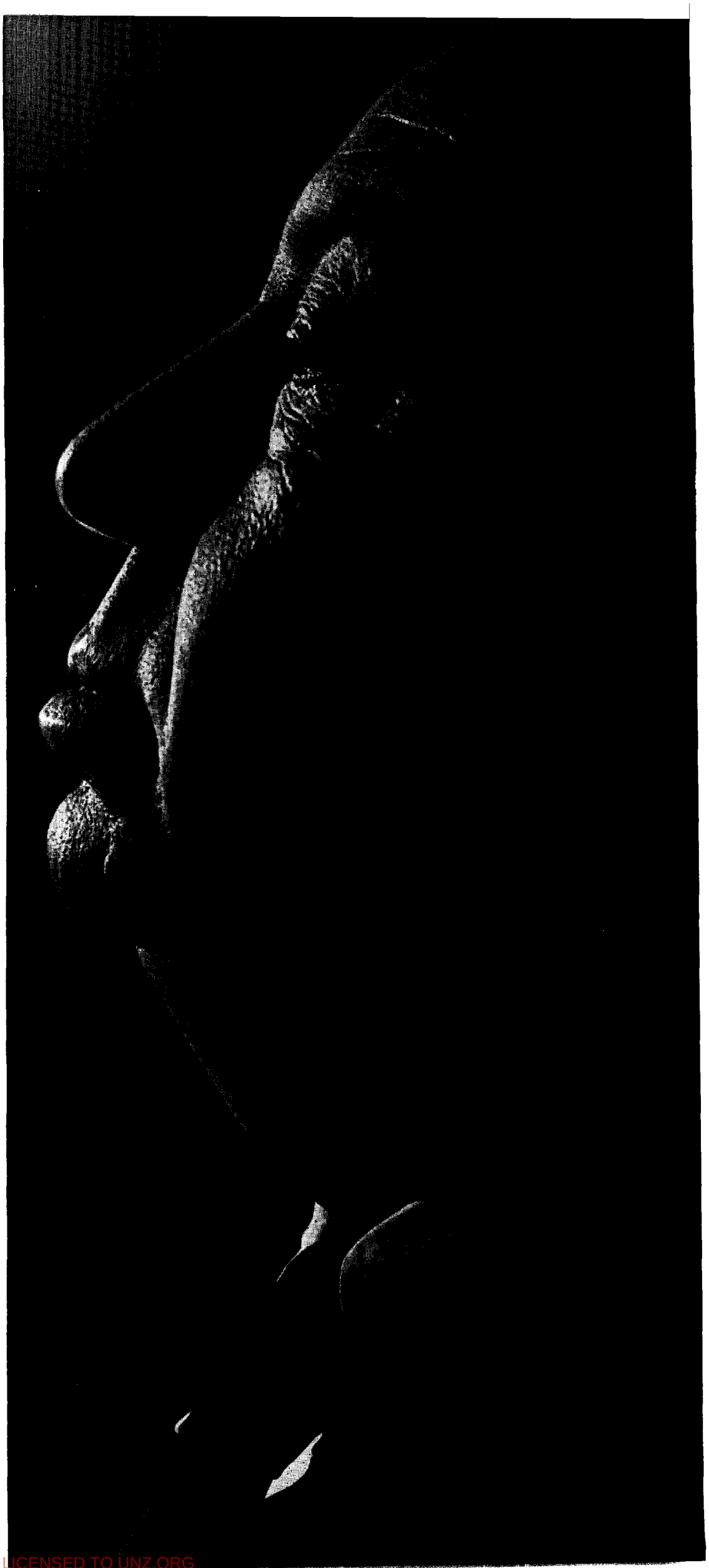
quality, actors and actresses should never get married. An actress, for example, attains the blissful state of matrimony and almost immediately goes to work in a picture with a new leading man. She plays a love scene with him so passionately that after three weeks on the picture she comes home to her husband and says idiotically, 'Darling, I want a divorce.' During her love scenes at the studio she has heard people say, 'Look, it's real,' and now *she* thinks it's real too. They are children who never mature emotionally. It's a tragedy."

TELEVISION, QUALITY OF: "The television set now is like the toaster in American homes. You press a button and the same thing pops up almost every time."

STAR SYSTEM: "Because of our mass psychology, we will always need stars. We need Winston Churchill, Bernard Baruch and Roger Maris. In reality, however, the movie star is no longer important. The picture is. If you check, you realize that in recent years the biggest stars, like Audrey Hepburn and Marlon Brando, have disappointing records at the box office. The star is no better than the story. In the right picture the star will be as big as ever; put him in the wrong picture and you're no better off than if you used an unknown. There is a perfect analogy in public affairs. Right after World War II, who could have conceived that the great Churchill—the biggest star on the world stage—could be thrown out of office and rejected by the very people he had saved from disaster? What happened? The big star was in the wrong picture. The script called for a domestic-problems hero instead of a war-problems hero."

NOVAK, KIM: "With a girl like Kim Novak you sometimes delude yourself into thinking you are getting a performance. Actually she is just an adequacy. The only reason I used her in *Vertigo* was that Vera Miles became pregnant."

Such barbed utterances, in addition to his impudent gargoyle face seen on TV each week, have become two of Hitchcock's trademarks in the entertainment world. He has others, as well. There is, for example, the Hitchcock practical joke, and, like everything else he says or does, the joke frequently is a sly answer to something that Alfred Hitchcock resents. Not long ago he became incensed over the Hollywood party at which the seating arrangement is as excruciatingly important as that of a diplomatic affair. So Hitchcock threw his own lawn party, complete with delicacies and red-coated waiters from Chasen's Restaurant. "It was," Dave Chasen



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"Despite all my bluster and bravado, I'm really quite sensitive and cowardly. I'm terrified of policemen."

Hitchcock told me, "a shambles. Forty people showed up, but when it came time to sit down for dinner, all the place cards had phony names on them and no one knew where he was supposed to be. Jimmy Stewart's wife said to him, 'My Lord, we haven't been invited,' and they left. Everyone else shuffled about in embarrassment until Hitch got up and told them it was a gag. They all then sat down at the nearest place, catch-as-catch can, and we had a wonderful dinner. But Hitch, as usual, had made his point."

Hitch Washes the Dishes

Another Hollywood foible that Hitchcock resents is the extremely intramural and *nouveau riche* aspect of life in the film colony. He says, "I have no friends who are actors or directors, and my wife and I spend as much time as possible away from Hollywood in our country home in northern California; we bought it in 1938, the year we came here from England. I must confess that, like some of my colleagues in the movie industry, I collect paintings and I am proud to own a Klee, a Vlaminck and a Dufy, but I keep them in the country house for my own enjoyment rather than putting them on display in our Los Angeles home for status purposes."

The Hitchcock Los Angeles home is comparatively modest as Bel Air mansions go. Here Hitchcock once again defies Hollywood tradition. While other filmland pads feature huge drawing rooms or outdoor patios, the most expensive and spectacular room of the Hitchcock home is the kitchen, the walls of which are lined with rack after rack of the rarest wines and liqueurs. Says Hitchcock, "My wife cooks every night and I help her wash up. Therefore I designed the kitchen so madame can cook in the most elegant surroundings and serve those of us who patiently wait there, sipping good wine, for her to complete her culinary masterpieces. We dine in the kitchen as well." The queen of this palace among kitchens, Alma Hitchcock, is a small, aristocratic, British-born woman who had been Hitchcock's assistant director on his first film when he married her 36 years ago. She compounds Hitchcock's Hollywood heresy by employing only one servant, a cleaning woman.

Chief among Hitchcock's resentments is what he calls the growing misuse of the movie camera, a mechanism which is as important to him as the palette is to the fine artist. "There are a lot of young directors coming up, and after two pictures they're hailed as geniuses," he said, "but they all have one common fault. They don't take the time to learn, as Somerset Maugham learned, that true simplicity is the hardest thing to attain—the elimination of all that is unnecessary. They all run to complicated fads. I just don't think the new people get as much basic training as we did in the old days."

Hitchcock's own training during the Golden Age of the silent films was as suspenseful and as harrowing as his own pictures, but, as he says, "I learned. There is no mill like this anymore."

The son of a poultry dealer in London, he had a strict education in a Jesuit seminary, and then, while he studied blacksmithing, lathe-turning, screw-cutting and draftsmanship at the School of Engineering and Navigation in London, his hobby became the technical side of motion-picture making, which was flowering into a superb art form in the United States, Germany and Russia. The 17-year-old youngster read every movie trade magazine he could get his hands on, studied art at the University of London and finally backed into the infant movie industry in London as an artist, designing titles for the silent films. By the time he was 23, he was an assistant director and a writer.

"In those days," he told me, "my writing came almost exclusively out of my imagination. My first script, for example, was about a shell-shocked British officer and a French dancer who turned up with child. I was twenty-three and an uncommonly unattractive young man, and I had never been out with a girl in my life. With my background, I barely knew *how* the dancer got to be with child."

In 1925, after a couple of years of work as an assistant director with the great Emil Jannings in Germany, Hitchcock got his first directorial assignment from Gainsborough Pictures, then a comparatively new British company. He was 25 years old. He set out for Genoa with a cameraman, two actors, his future wife Alma and a thousand dollars. On the Genoa waterfront his money was stolen by a pickpocket, and he was able to continue the epic, *The Pleasure Garden*, on funds borrowed from the actors. At Lake Como he was joined by his star, Virginia Valli, then a big-name actress in America, and he promptly borrowed $200 from *her*.

"Throughout the shooting of the picture," says Hitchcock, "I spent more time worrying about day-to-day finances than I did about filming the script. Finally we headed back to Munich, my home base, and we missed our train in Zurich. I thought that was the end, because I didn't have enough money left to put my people up at a hotel. Then I discovered a fleabag near the station where the rate was only $1.50 a night, and I put them up there—my big American star and all. I carried everybody's luggage to save the tips, but I broke a window and had to pay a fine of 35 Swiss francs. The next day I hustled my people on the train. I told them, 'The food is terrible on these trains, so let's wait to eat until we get to Munich.' Hours later we pulled into Munich and I nearly collapsed with the relief of it. I, the big director, had exactly one *pfennig* in my pocket, less than one cent."

The Pleasure Garden was a success, and the following year—1926—Gainsborough gave him his first horror film to do. This was *The Lodger*, the story of London's most famous murderer, Jack the Ripper. The theme fascinated young Hitchcock, and, feeling his oats, he attempted many innovations which were inspired by his period of apprenticeship in Germany. For example, he opened on the full face of a hysterically screaming woman, and later in the action, through a specially constructed glass floor, he photographed Jack the Ripper pacing up and down in his room. Nothing like this had ever been done before.

When the film was completed, the Gainsborough executives looked at it and said, "This is dreadful. We can't release it." For several weeks Hitchcock's budding career hung in the balance as the film sat on the shelf. Economic necessity, however, forced Gainsborough to show it to the press and to a group of theater owners. The reviews were overwhelming in their praise.

One critic wrote, "This is the greatest British picture made to date." Another exulted, "Young Hitchcock is a national asset."

Hitchcock says, "One day I was a flop, all washed up at the age of 26; the next day I was a boy genius. So you can see I've had some personal experience in the field of suspense."

He went on to make such classic British thrillers as *The 39 Steps* and *The Lady Vanishes*, and then, after being summoned to Hollywood in 1938, he continued to add to his reputation as the master of suspense with *Rebecca*, *Spellbound*, *Notorious*, *Rear Window*, etc. Today, with his movies, his TV show and his Alfred Hitchcock mystery books and magazines, he nets close to $1,000,000 a year. He has long since become an American citizen, a designation of which he is extremely proud, and which, he says, "gives me the constitutional right to comment acidly on all the ludicrousness around me."

A Traffic Ticket Causes Panic

Not long ago, in the glow of conviviality engendered by a round of magnificent dinners with Hitchcock in his favorite San Francisco and Los Angeles restaurants, I screwed up my courage sufficiently to ask him to comment acidly about himself, as he had about so many others.

He thought for a moment and said, "You know, despite all my bluster and bravado, I'm really quite sensitive and cowardly about many things. You'd never believe it, but I'm terrified of policemen and entanglements with the law, even though I make my living from dramatizing such situations. That's why I haven't been able to drive a car since I migrated to the United States. Even the thought of getting a traffic ticket throws me into a panic. Another thing I'm afraid of is going to see any of my pictures with an audience present. I only tried that once, with *To Catch a Thief*, and I was a wreck. I'm scared of seeing the mistakes I might have made."

He continued, "Most of all, I don't like myself for being afraid to make three pictures I've wanted desperately to do for years. They are *Malice Aforethought*, a book by the British author, Francis Iles; *We, the Accused*, by another Englishman, Ernest Raymond; and Kafka's *The Trial*, which Orson Welles has just made. Why am I afraid of them? Because I once did an arty picture in this category, *The Trouble With Harry*, and it was a disastrous flop. I've been afraid to try these favorite projects of mine, because they're about middle-aged or elderly people—which is death in our business, where the present world audience for movies averages between nineteen and twenty-four years. A man in my position shouldn't be afraid of this, but I am."

Then, as I took the master of the macabre home (I drove—he has his fear of police entanglements), he concluded with a Hitchcock parable: "I guess I'm like the murderer who is taken to the gallows, and he looks at the trap and says, in alarm, 'Is that thing safe?'" **THE END**

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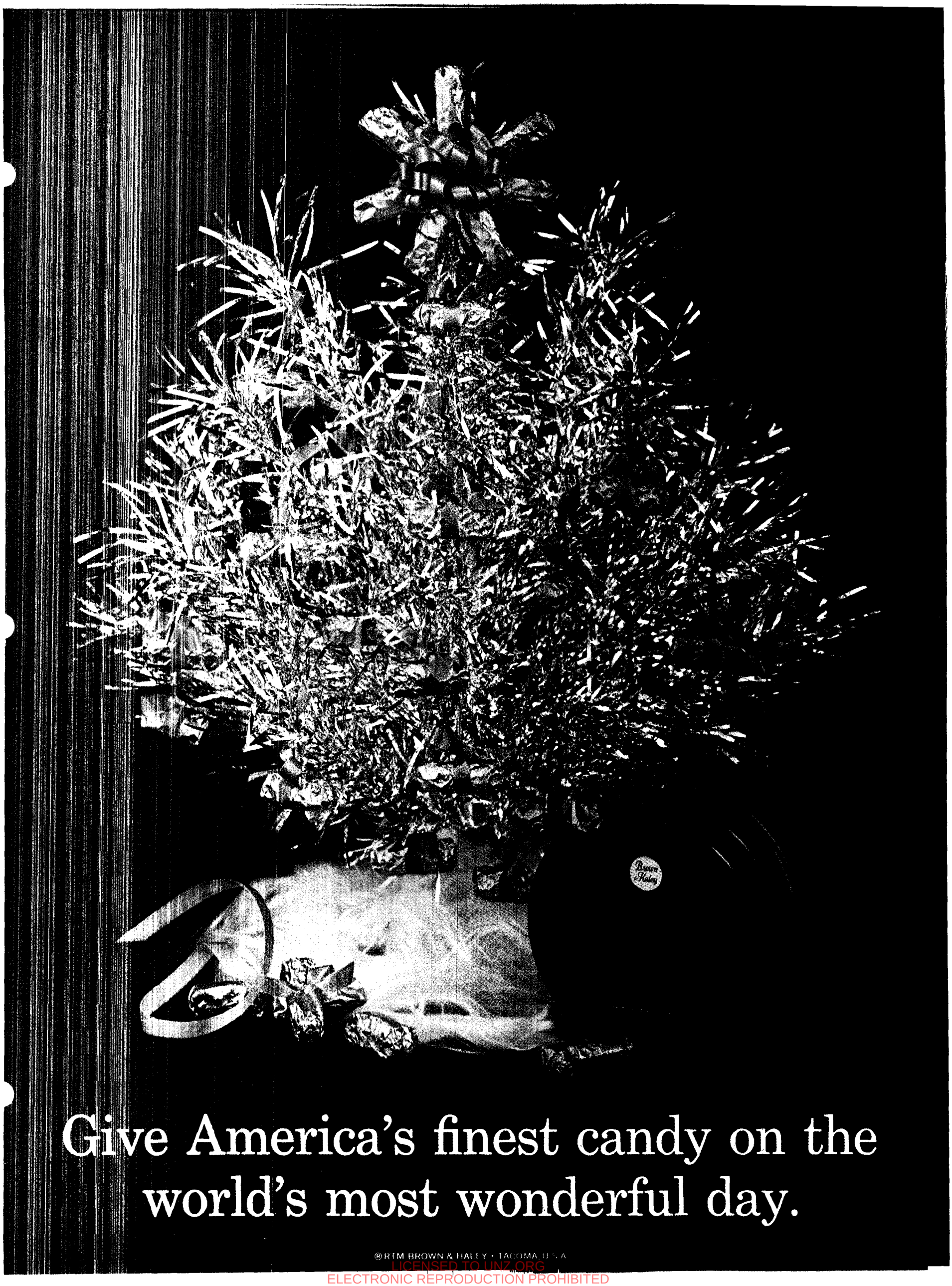

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Big Labor's Big Worry

Unions fear the Government's increasing intervention may spell the end of collective bargaining.

The picture of Big Labor and Big Business that comes most quickly to the mind is of two large and truculent wrestlers, circling each other warily and occasionally going to the mat in a furious grapple. Each, when he loses a fall, arises to bellow querulously that the rules were written in favor of his antagonist, and each accuses the referee of giving his opponent all the breaks.

Each, at one time or another, has been right. Both the writer of the rules and the referee in this perennial Battle of the Titans are agencies of government—the legislatures which make the labor laws, the boards and bureaus that administer them, the courts which interpret them. All of these are sensitive, in some degree, to public pressures. Thus the intent and application of the laws have varied over the years, changing in response to changing public moods to favor now one and then the other of the ancient adversaries.

In the beginning of the struggle, labor took the legal pummeling. In the political thinking of 50 years ago unions were conspiracies in restraint of trade, and strikes were unlawful assemblies which could be stopped by court order enforced, bloodily if necessary, by soldiers or the police. Finally, in the heart of the great depression, public sympathy and the spirit of the law began to swing toward labor's cause. In 1935 the Wagner Act guaranteed to the worker the rights for which he had battled for more than half a century—the right to join a union and to bargain collectively with his employer.

Prolabor Tide Begins to Ebb

In the dozen years that the Wagner Act prevailed, labor's power grew so great, and labor's application of that power, both in its dealing with employers and with its own members, became so arrogant and high-handed that the strong tide of prolabor sentiment began to ebb. The legal pendulum swung back. The Taft-Hartley Act, which supplanted the Wagner Act in 1947, maintained labor's right to organize and bargain. At the same time it restored to the employer the right to speak against unions—which the Wagner Act had denied him—and demanded that labor observe the same "fair practices" hitherto required only of management. In 1959 the Landrum-Griffin Act, inspired by the hoodlum tactics of James Hoffa, the juvenile delinquent of the labor movement, sought to protect union members from their own leaders by demanding of labor's bosses a high standard of financial accountability and moral conduct.

To Big Labor, after 15 years of living with it, the Taft-Hartley Act is still a "slave labor" law, and the Landrum-Griffin Act is a "union-busting" measure. To Big Business, on the other hand, they are good, just laws which today are being gutted—businessmen claim—by the strong prolabor bias of the agencies which administer them and the courts which interpret them.

The Goal: Spread the Work

Thus the old quarrel over laws and their application goes on. Big Labor, conscious of its waning strength and influence, frightened by the fact that every week 35,000 jobs are lost to automation, presses government for new laws that will shorten hours and spread the work and, through strikes and threats of strikes, forces employers to preserve and protect jobs that are no longer needed. Big Business, angered by what it considers to be labor's overwhelming monopoly power, busily seeks legislation that will fragment that power, or bring it under the control of the antitrust laws.

This campaign began, without fanfare, about a year ago, at a meeting called by Charles A. Kothe, vice president of the National Association of Manufacturers. Twenty-one men were present, gathered from all over the United States. None was a manufacturer and only one was a businessman per se. The others were lawyers scarred by years of battle in the courts with labor's own aggressive and competent attorneys, economists deeply troubled by the problems that face a lagging industrial system, and experts in labor relations who sit on the business side of the table at bargaining conferences.

The purpose of the meeting was to discuss these questions: Is Big Labor a monopoly? If so, does Big Labor use its monopoly power to the detriment of the economy? If this be true, what can be done to curb labor's monopoly powers, and how best can this be accomplished?

On the first two questions there was little argument. On the last, opinions diverged. One group leaned toward the nuclear-bomb technique—a drastic revision of the antitrust laws that would break the grip of the big international unions on their locals, thus fragmenting union bargaining power. Others held that this was impossible to achieve in any reasonable period of time. The best approach would be to isolate and identify each alleged abuse of union power and to seek legislation to curb such abuses one by one.

No publicity was given to this meeting. None was desired. By some mischance, however, a full report of the meeting, and copies of subsequent reports filed by its members, fell into the hands of James Hoffa, the president of the Teamsters Union and a man well known for his eagerness to learn what his enemy is up to. Mr. Hoffa immediately had copies made of these highly partisan documents. He distributed them widely throughout the labor movement, where they have been read and pondered with increasing choler by labor's hierarchy.

The first report analyzed in depth the major roots of union power. The points it made were these: There is still a pool of public sympathy for the unions, even though the sweatshop conditions that created this sympathy no longer exist. As unions, backed by this public support, have grown in membership, they have grown in political power. Politicians therefore have sponsored and supported laws giving unions important special rights and privileges which no other economic group enjoys—such as almost complete freedom from the restrictions of the antitrust laws and the Corrupt Practices Act. Unions, the report continued, not only benefit from favorable legislation, they are singled out for special and favorable treatment by courts, law officers and other public officials. "Even the FBI," the report complained, "is reluctant to intervene in labor disputes."

The second report, equally as partisan in its views, considered union power from the standpoint of its effect on the economy. Its conclusions: Unions do not seek to create more jobs, though they pay lip service to the idea of full employment. The pressure for "more and more, now" in the mining and textile industries has resulted in the closing of marginal plants and the actual loss of jobs. In the auto industry the pressure for higher wages, plus foreign-car competition, has increased the pace of automation that has thrown men out of work. In other industries shortening of hours at the same take-home pay has had the same effect.

Nonunionists Fare Better

"Unions," the report argued, "do not necessarily improve the pay rates of their members, nor do they broaden job opportunities. The workers who had the greatest income rise in recent years were professional, technical and clerical workers—most of them nonunion. The three most heavily unionized groups—craftsmen, foremen, and operatives and kindred workers—were third, fifth and eighth in income increase, and each showed an actual loss in numbers employed."

In summary, the report said, "Unions today are self-perpetuating bodies independent in large degree both of their members' approval and of society's legal standards. They function as private governments constantly trying to broaden their influence over public policy. . . . They do not contribute to economic growth and the well-being of working people. They use power to limit individual freedom, to erode property rights, and to demand immunity from legal and moral standards. Therefore, their chief claim for public support is found wanting."

The reports reflect an eagerness to do battle. They do not spell out in detail industry's plan of attack. At the original meeting, though, a lawyer from Columbia, South Carolina, Ellison D. Smith Jr., stated bluntly what he thought business ought to do, and his words portend the approach business will follow. A lawyer from Washington, D.C., Edward A. McCabe, had pointed out that "once every twelve years Congress screws up its courage sufficiently to face up to a problem of great magnitude in the labor field. It was in 1935 when the Wagner Act was passed; in 1947 came Taft-Hartley; twelve years later, in 1959, we had Landrum-Griffin. I hope we would not have to wait twelve more years. . . ."

Off the Defensive

Attorney Smith responded, "If we wait twelve years with the present Administration and the present vote, we will be in a hell of a fix. I am a practical politician. The only way we are going to beat this is to beat it legislative-wise. . . .

"Through a very sound legislative program we can accomplish precisely what we have in mind to do, but we can't do it by talk. We have to do precisely what the labor leaders do . . . buttonhole Congressmen . . . send delegations from each state.

"I recommend that we join together with the idea of having legislation prepared, of then making a practical approach in the halls of Congress. Nobody is more aware of what the public is really interested in than Congressmen, when they are approached in the proper practical manner. It is time we got off the defensive and got back on the offensive, to prove to the American people that we have not scuttled the free-enterprise system."

It is highly unlikely that labor's leaders will refuse this challenge, once business brings up its big guns and opens fire. Troubling both the great antagonists, however, is a prospect which sorely

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By HAROLD H. MARTIN

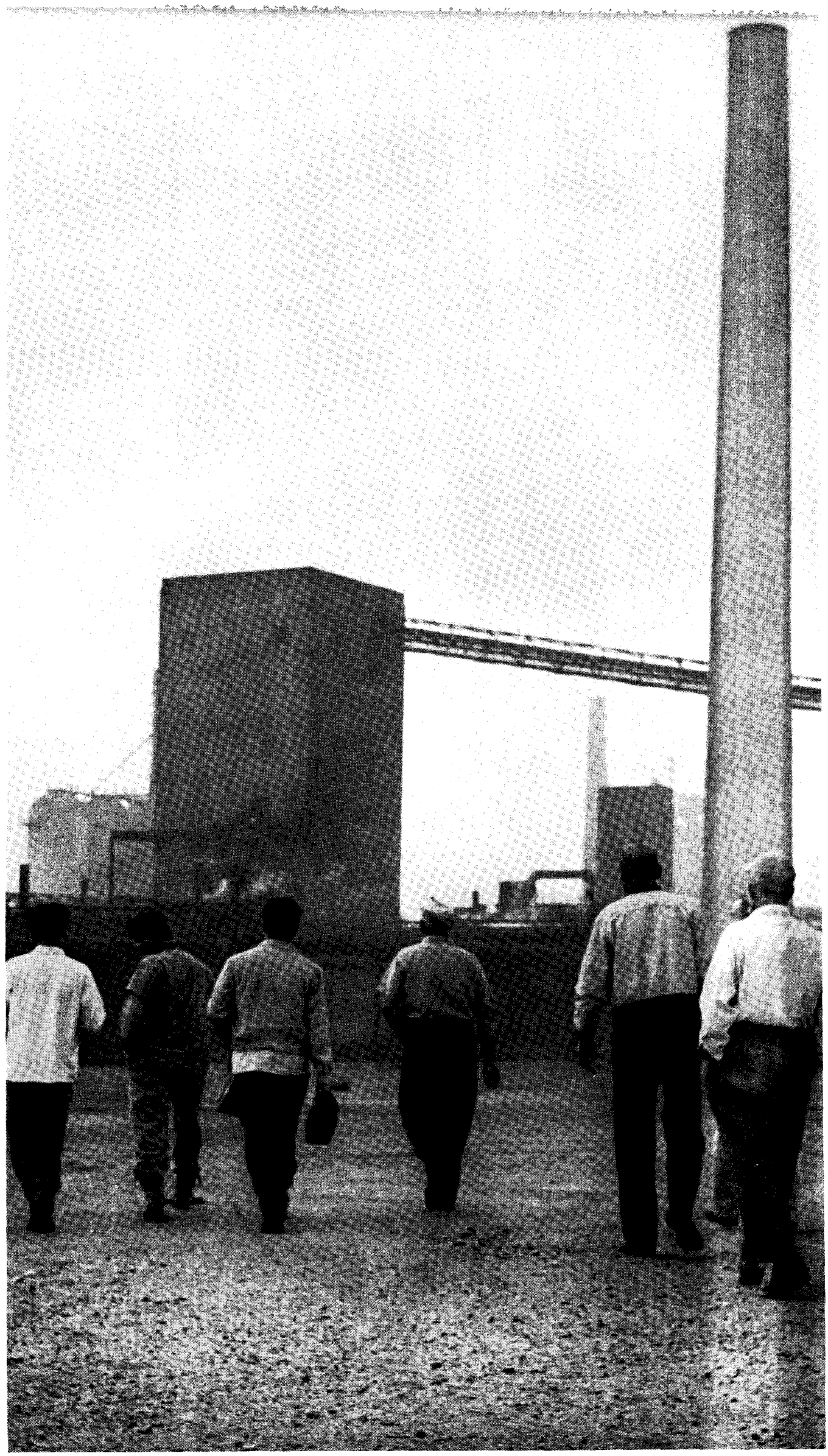
alarms them both. Each foresees that in the future Big Government may not be content merely to function as adviser in their squabbles. It will step into the ring as a contestant, to knock their heads together when their stubborn antagonism serves to weaken the economy or to endanger the national health and safety.

Time for Head-Knocking

A number of events in the past year have indicated that government is ready for this head-knocking to begin. The violence of Mr. Kennedy's reaction to the proposed steel-price rise not only panicked the business community, it dismayed some of the more belligerent labor leaders, who could foresee that future actions of their own might stir the presidential wrath. The alacrity with which former Secretary of Labor Goldberg and his successor, W. Willard Wirtz, have intervened as mediators in labor-management disputes has disturbed both sides. The fact that the general public seems to like the idea of having a Government representative speaking for the national interest in these squabbles disconcerts them even more. It indicates that if Big Government ever does move in as a full-fledged third power at the bargaining table, it will have wide public support.

Today Federal mediators perform remarkable feats of moral suasion in bringing the warring powers into agreement whenever their services are requested. In the main, though, the arena where the showdown battles are fought is still the combatants' own turf. When labor and management representatives go into a room together, and shut the door, and sit down to face each other across the bargaining table, the only real restraints upon them are the raw power that each can bring to bear upon the other—and whatever sense of public responsibility they may feel. Nine times out of ten an agreement is reached without strife. Disputes may flare and blood pressures rise on both sides of the table, but in time a contract is signed, and the men at the machines go peacefully on with their uninterrupted work.

When the big unions and the huge companies clash, however, or when a little union in a key spot—such as the tugboatmen, the railroad telegraphers, the jetplane flight engineers—goes for broke in a showdown battle, the results may be disastrous. Here power meets power head on, and though a failure to agree may cause a work stoppage that seriously inconveniences the public, weakens the whole economy and leaves us a little more



Steel strikers return to work after economy-crippling walkout in 1959.

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"If government assumes the right to settle disputes," says labor, "we lose our ultimate weapon—the right to strike."

Big Labor naked in the presence of our global enemies, there is little that the Government effectively can do.

In short, there is no compulsory arbitration. There is only the ponderous machinery of the Taft-Hartley Law, which provides that the Government may seek an injunction to forestall, or put an end to, a strike for an 80-day cooling-off period. Presidents, however, are reluctant to use this massive weapon, which stirs such deep antagonisms in labor's ranks, and they do so only in situations of greatest urgency. If the nation's safety and economic welfare seem to be in danger, the Secretary of Labor may intervene, or a presidential fact-finding board may make recommendations. The President himself may call the quarreling parties in and urge them to hold their demands within the economic guidelines his advisers have recommended. But all he can do is urge and cajole; he has no power to command. If all these essentially toothless measures fail, Taft-Hartley is the only recourse. Otherwise, the machines stop, the pickets begin to march, the long anguish of the strike begins.

Where the Danger Lies

Costly as this free-collective-bargaining process is, as wasteful of human and material resources, there are few in or out of government who would change it drastically. It lies at the heart of the economic democracy which, out of conflict and struggle, has created the world's most opulent standard of living.

To the businessman the right to bargain over wages, hours and conditions of work is almost the last freedom left to him in his relations with his working force. To take away this right, by inviting to the table a representative of government with the power to settle disputes, means to him the end of the free-enterprise system. Business argues that a government with the power to set wages must have the power to fix prices, or inflation will wreck the economy. The power to fix wages and prices inevitably would lead to control over salaries, profits and the reserves set aside for plant expansion, for research and for development of new products. Thus every managerial decision eventually would come under Federal control. "Once the Government has demonstrated its willingness to intervene, intervention tends to become a habit," Ford vice president Malcolm L. Denise warned the American Management Association.

To the workingman the free-bargaining process is the machinery by which all his goals have been achieved—a good wage, job security, leisure, insurance against death or illness and the pension that provides for a comfortable old age. Big Labor, therefore, sees eye to eye with Big Business in its opposition to government sitting in at the bargaining table, other than as a counselor whose advice can be accepted or rejected. In labor's view, if government assumes the right to settle a dispute, it takes away from labor its ultimate weapon, the right to strike. Without this right the labor movement has no meaning and the labor unions no more power than a social club.

"So long as you can strike you are a free man," said James Carey of the Electrical Workers. "Take away that right and you are a peon, bound in that involuntary servitude which the Constitution forbids."

No responsible spokesman in government has suggested that this Administration has any intention or desire to control wages or prices in peacetime. No one has suggested it wishes to abrogate labor's right to strike. Since the great steel strike of 1959, however, a great many people both in and out of government have been doing some hard and troubled thinking: How, within the framework of free collective bargaining, can both Big Labor and Big Business be brought to a realization of their wider responsibilities?

"The freedom to bargain collectively, the freedom to seek higher wages and better working conditions, the freedom to strike, are not unlimited freedoms," said Arthur Goldberg when he was Secretary of Labor. "They are freedoms that imply responsibility. They must be exercised in good faith and in full recognition of the public interest."

The steel strike, it is clear now, marked a milestone in American attitudes toward the long struggle between capital and labor. It fixed in the public mind the thought that in these dangerous times there is a larger interest to be served than the private interests of either of the two great antagonists. That interest is the stake that all the American people have in the growing strength of their country and in its capacity to survive in a world where great forces are at work which neither Big Business nor Big Labor, alone or in concert, can control.

Guidance From Above

Two of these forces overshadow all the rest: One is the problem of technological change, with its promise of long-range blessing and its threat of short-range disaster. The other is the problem of foreign competition, represented in its most drastic form by the European Common Market, with its challenge to the stability of the American dollar. These are national problems with global overtones, obviously far beyond the scope of the collective-bargaining process in its present form. They require larger answers than either capital or labor can provide out of a consideration of their own special interests. They require, in short, that some spokesman for the national interest shall take part in future bargaining sessions in which these larger questions are involved. A representative of government put it in simple terms: "If some tough labor leader pushes for a wage raise that would make it impossible for a manufacturer to meet a foreign competitor's price, some impartial outsider ought to be there to tell him he's fixing to cut his own throat. If a union tries to protect unneeded jobs, somebody, other than the employer, ought to be there to remind him that this is not the way to make an industry grow and prosper. And if some manufacturer wants to plunge headlong into an automation program that will throw a thousand men out of work, without making any attempt to cushion the shock, somebody ought to remind him of what he's doing, not only to the economy, but in terms of human misery and despair."

The problem is, what form should this third force at the bargaining table take? And how can it exercise its authority to protect the public interest without weakening the foundation of our economic democracy—the right of capital and labor to bargain freely with each other without government interfering?

How to Measure the Hazard

There have been many efforts to find an answer. Last May the President's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy, made up of labor leaders, industry's top managers and distinguished public members, came up with several somewhat wild suggestions. It recommended that in future disputes involving big or critical industries the national interest should be represented by an Emergency Dispute Board, made up of public members appointed by the President. This board would advise the President whether a threatened work stoppage would constitute a hazard to the national health or safety. If so, the President would be authorized to order the parties to halt a strike or lockout, or to go back to work, until some settlement was reached or a period of 80 days had passed. During this cooling-off period the Dispute Board would be authorized to make recommendations as to wages or conditions of work that, in their opinion, might bring about a settlement. If this procedure did not work, and it appeared likely that the strike or lockout would start or resume at the end of 80 days, the President would then call on Congress for any action he thought proper to restore peace. The effect of this suggestion would be to give to the President powers to intervene in labor disputes which under the slower processes of the Taft-Hartley Act are now given to the courts.

This had an alarming sound to several members of the committee. The labor members, Messrs. Meany, Reuther, Dubinsky, MacDonald et al, snorted angrily in a footnote that the committee's recommendations were "ineffective and illogical."

"If the President had authority to stop a strike for 80 days, he should also have the right to order whatever terms and conditions of employment he finds to be equitable," the labor members said—a proposition which labor would fight tooth and claw, since it would destroy the whole concept of free collective bargaining.

Henry Ford II also was not pleased. The weakness in the present policy lay in the fact that it gives excessive power to unions, Mr. Ford said, and an "increase in the activity, the influence and the power of the Federal Government in the actual processes of collective bargaining would not be in the public interest. It would, Mr. Ford implied, merely throw greater weight to the union side.

Joseph L. Block of Inland Steel was equally blunt. The big strikes that create national emergencies, he said, are caused by the unions' use of their monopoly power to bring all the production in a vital industry to a halt. If the Congress would curb that power by law, there'd be no need for governmental intervention in collective bargaining.

"Asserting that union power constitutes a major threat to collective bargaining is mere name calling," the union leaders snapped back. "There is no evidence," they argued, "that union bargaining power today is equal to, let alone in excess of, management's bargaining power, or that the use of what power the unions do possess has resulted in settlements contrary to the public interest."

Here on the lofty level of a presidential advisory committee are crystallized all the distrusts and the antagonisms that cloud and poison labor-management relations at the bargaining table. The fact that out of such disparate views an agreement could be reached is remarkable; the fact that the group reaffirmed the principle of free collective bargaining and recognized the fact that bargaining must serve not only the private interests of capital and labor but also the public interest as well was, in the words of Labor Secretary Wirtz, "the greatest advance in labor-management relations in the last twenty years."

Jobs Are No. 1 Problem

Despite the deep mistrust both labor and management feel toward any deeper participation by government in their affairs, the problems which labor, management and government must find a way to solve together are upon us now. The thorniest is the problem of unemployment. How can we create the vital, virile, expanding economy that will absorb the nearly 3,000,000 new workers that enter the labor force every year? What is to be done about the nearly 2,000,000 older workers who are forced off the production line every year, not only by the machine but also by simpler, more-efficient production methods?

Who is to bear the cost of retraining this unneeded worker, of tiding him over during the retraining period, of moving him to another job? How can the seniority and the pension rights he has built up in a lifetime of work be protected? How can he carry these rights with him to a different kind of job, under the jurisdiction of a different labor union, in a different kind of industry, located, perhaps, in another section of the country? Obviously, both his old employer, his old union and the Government itself all share in this responsibility. But to what degree is each responsible? And who shall pick up the tab? These points will have to be threshed out at the bargaining table, and

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"The freedom to strike must be exercised," insists the Government, "in full recognition of the public interest."

they cannot be solved by either labor or management alone solely on the basis of their own selfish interests.

These things can be worked out, and many companies and their unions today are working them out, with the help of state and Federal employment services. But the process takes time—and the fact of heavy unemployment is upon us now. So what can be done, now, to help the 3,300,000 men and women currently out of work? Many labor leaders, including George Meany, the head of the AFL-CIO have a disarmingly simple answer: Cut the work week to 35 hours, without loss of take-home pay. This, the labor spokesmen argue, will immediately absorb the majority of those currently unemployed. It will pour new buying power into the market, thus stimulating production and creating a demand for more jobs.

Shorter Week No Answer

Business looks with a dour eye upon this shorter-work-week proposal. It would tighten the cost-price squeeze on many industries that are already struggling against foreign competition in domestic markets, or striving to get their costs down so that they may break into foreign markets. It is better by far, business holds, to increase productivity and to lower unit costs so that American goods can open up for themselves new markets in the burgeoning new countries overseas. These markets, business argues, if properly developed, could provide work for all of America's surplus manpower.

In this dispute, government stands with business. The answer to our unemployment does not lie in a shorter work week to spread jobs, as many a government spokesman has pointed out. It lies in finding a way to put every available American to work a full 40-hour week.

One way this could be accomplished has been suggested by Secretary of Labor Wirtz. "We need one million new housing units to replace the massive slums that still deface and debilitate our cities," Mr. Wirtz points out. "We need 142,000 new school classrooms. We need new roads, hospitals and clinics. With 3,300,000 unemployed, we are wasting nearly seven billion man-hours a year. To construct the 142,000 classrooms alone would require one billion man-hours of labor. It would cost about four billion dollars to construct these classrooms, and this is just about the amount we are paying out each year in unemployment compensation and other relief for work not performed because it was not available." In tacit agreement with this solution, Congress last September authorized a $900,000,000 program of public works in areas of heavy unemployment—though it failed to pass the school bill in which the classroom construction was imbedded.

Massive make-work programs cannot solve long-range unemployment, however. They can only tide the country over its crisis, until we find the means to shove the economy to a far higher level of productivity by full use of the advantages of technological change.

"Labor," Mr. Wirtz has said, "cannot afford to cripple this upward drive by seeking to protect useless jobs. It can no longer be content with merely fighting for a larger share of the economic pie. It must exert all its efforts toward making the pie larger."

Labor agrees that this is so. At the same time it gives notice that, as the economy expands under the driving force of automation, it will fight for a bigger slice of the bigger pie. Here arise new points of controversy. The benefits of automation are higher production with the same or fewer man-hours, which, with intelligent management, should result in higher profits for industry. Labor argues that the best way to keep the economy moving is to distribute automation's fruits in the form of higher wages, thus increasing the buying power of the workingman. Management contends that industry needs the larger share, for continued plant expansion, for research into new products, for distribution as dividends to stimulate new investment. Management also argues that lower prices would stimulate the economy more than a wage increase, for they would benefit not only the union worker but also the whole consuming public.

No More Skull-Breaking

These issues will be the subject of bitter wrangles in the future. Whether they will be settled peacefully, without trauma to the economy, depends on how well capital and labor have learned the truth of Mr. Goldberg's statement—that "industrial peace must come about by settlements reasonably negotiated and consistent with our national interests, needs and objectives."

Here at last a happier note may be injected. Federal mediators, working on labor-management disputes, sense a growing realization by both parties that the public will no longer sanction the old skull-breaking clashes of the past. The shadow of the larger national interest *does* loom over the bargaining table.

Out of fear of Federal control, fear of foreign competition, fear of the giant which American genius has released in the form of technological change, Big Labor and Big Business, despite their bellicose utterances, now are beginning to huddle a little closer together. They do not love and trust each other any more than in the past. But each has come to realize that there are greater threats to its well-being than the other.

In a dynamic economy based on democratic freedoms there can never be a perfect peace between the two great opposing forces. There is reason to hope, however, that there can be far less bitter conflict than in the past. For, as historian George Bancroft put it years ago, "The feud between the capitalist and laborer, the House of Have and the House of Want, is as old as social union and can never be entirely quieted; but he who will act with moderation . . . and remember that everything in this world is relative and not absolute, will see that the violence of the contest may be stilled." **THE END**

Stepping into 1962 railroad telegraphers' strike, Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz (standing) and former Secretary Goldberg guide bargainers.

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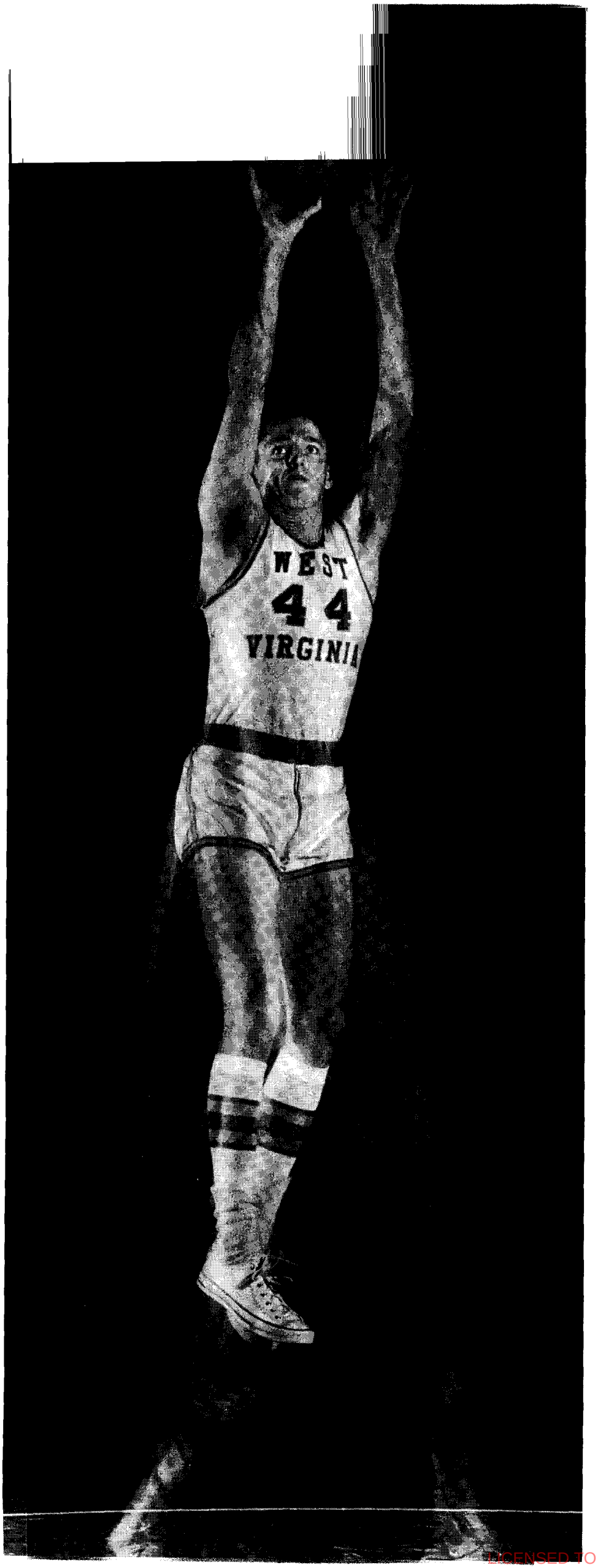

Reluctant All-American

One of college basketball's hottest players, Rod Thorn of West Virginia tells why he's fed up with the game.

By Myron Cope

The more I play basketball," said Rodney Thorn before the current season got under way, "the tireder I get of it the quicker."

Rod Thorn is built along the general lines of a violin string, and he often is just as taut. As the All-American box-office lure of West Virginia University, which usually ranks among the finest teams in college basketball, he is adored by a state enraptured by the sport. Yet this has brought him no peace of mind.

"I can never remember playing a game that I was satisfied with," he said recently, pointing out that he has been playing basketball in earnest since the age of five. "When you can never satisfy yourself," he added, "you can never accomplish anything, because no matter what you do you still think you should do better."

Rod has been under continuous pressure to excel—first from his father, then from his fellow townsmen and eventually from the state at large. When he was trying to decide where to go to college—and he had the grades to enroll almost anywhere—the West Virginia legislature lowered its weight upon him by classifying him as a "great natural resource" which, if not channeled to the state university, would cause West Virginians to suffer "irrefutable harm." That catastrophe having been averted, the pressure on Rod kept mounting to the point that he had to drop out of college for a time. "He was just a nervous wreck," says Dr. Frank Holroyd, a white-haired physician in Rod's hometown, Princeton.

Rod says he doesn't really dislike basketball, and if he found it necessary to play professionally, he would do so—but that all things considered, he hopes that after the current season ends he will never have to play another game of basketball as long as he lives.

Now 21, Rod stands six feet four and has broad shoulders, but is otherwise stringy. In season he usually weighs less than 180 pounds—he has been down as low as 165. Off court he is a likable chatterbox whose scratchy voice cracks as he rambles along in his hill-country drawl. He cackles with great glee, articulates his thoughts with an incisiveness beyond his years and never fails to address an elder as "sir." It has been hard for him to adjust to competitive conditions in the Southern Conference, where every college yearns to defeat West Virginia, and enemy fans have called him such names as Psycho, Bugs and Rappy.

Nonetheless, he has given the customers their money's worth—even those who carry megaphones, the louder to slander him. Playing full blast in West Virginia's wild "free-lance offense," Rod races downcourt in a graceless, jerky gait, his elbows working like the driving rods of a steam locomotive. Although he was a backcourt man last season, he led the Mountaineers in rebounding as well as in scoring and assists. He averaged 23 points per game and sank 44 percent of his shots. In an era when two-handed shooters are out of date, Rod swishes the nets with a jumping two-hander that no body has ever blocked. He shoots with two hands simply because he learned the game when he was too small to loft a basketball with one hand.

Rod cannot understand any athlete who does not play to win. Yet he sometimes wonders why college athletic departments and fans are so obsessed with victory. "When North Carolina won the national championship," he remarked not long ago, "almost their whole team was from New York. Now that's well and good that they'd bring those boys from New York to win, but really, it does seem like it should be called North Carolina. They should have called it New York."

Rod's own hometown (population 8,393) sits 2,470 feet high among rolling hills near the Virginia border. It is more or less the St. Petersburg of West Virginia. Pensioners move there, for the town is attractive, with clean, red-brick, colonial-style homes.

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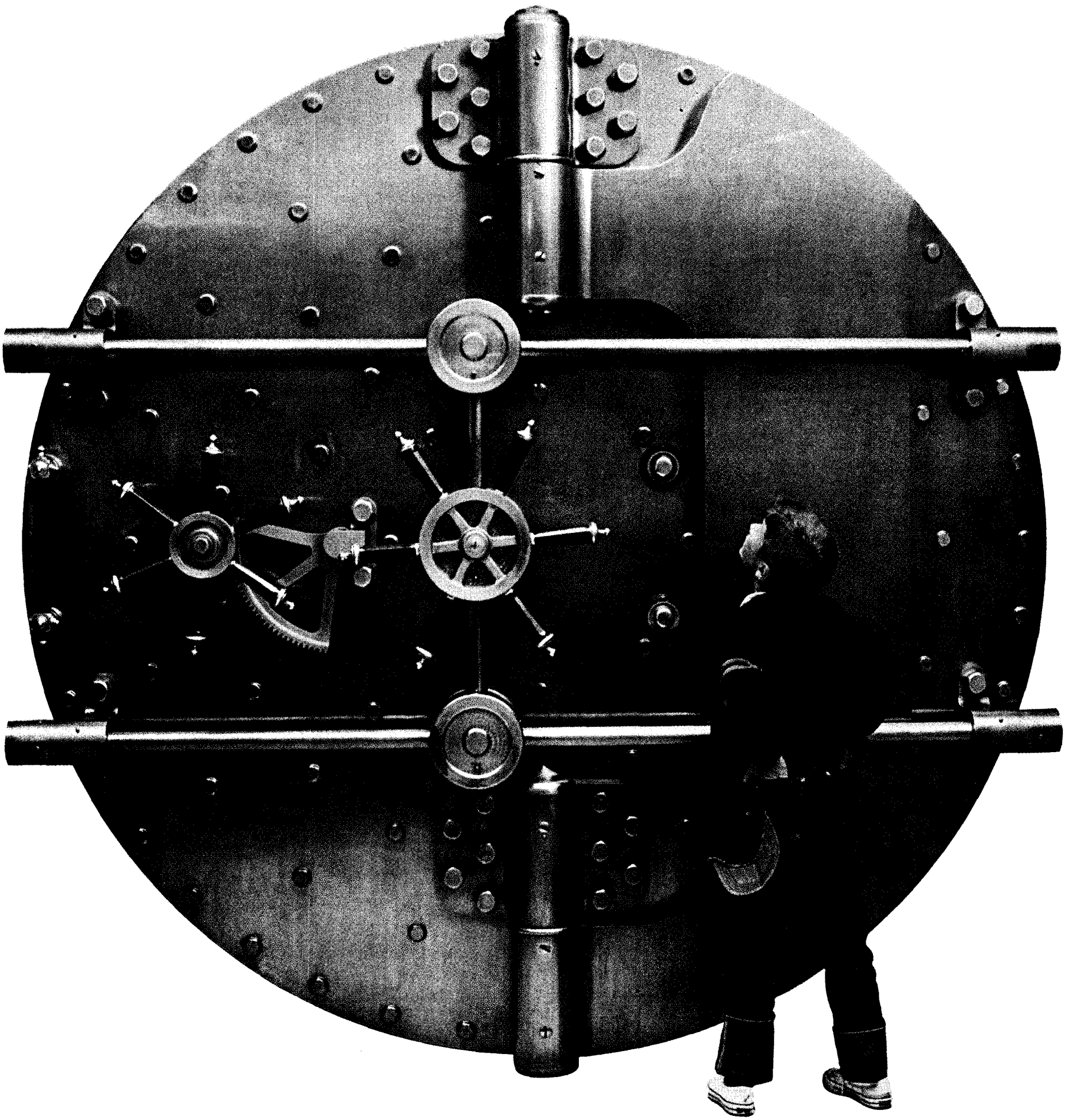

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"I thought about how the people really pressed me. . . . I felt the coach, the athletic department, had ruined me."

All-American

Princeton's chief of police is a lanky, sandy-haired man named Joe Thorn—Rod's father. In all probability it is to Joe Thorn that Rod owes both the anguish and the glory he has accumulated in his young life. Says Joe, "Yes, I've been accused of doing a lot of things to Rod, and I guess maybe I'm guilty of 'em all. But I raised my boy the best I knew how, and that's all a man can do."

Baseball was Joe Thorn's game. A right-handed pitcher, he reported to the St. Louis Cardinals' training camp in the spring of 1937. His eyes sparkle as he recalls, "I saw Dizzy Dean come out on the field with a flat-top straw hat on. He came out late, and Frankie Frisch ordered him to run around the field, and he did, wearing that straw hat, but he allowed he was a little tired."

"If I Have a Son..."

Joe did not make the Cardinals, then or ever, but having had a brief taste of big-league camp life, he resolved that if he ever had a son he would make a major-league baseball player out of him.

Joe Thorn married Jackie Cheatwood, a tall, handsome woman who has taught grade school the past 15 years. In 1941 Rod was born—their only child, Joe's only hope. Two years later Joe enlisted in the Marines and later was shot up on Iwo Jima. He came home lacking a college education and got a job as a cop. Thereafter he resolved that Rod would make the most of education as well as of baseball—Joe's pay as police chief is $380 a month.

Relentlessly the father pressed his son to make straight A's, although Joe is no martinet at heart. It hurts him to lock up a drunk, for Joe figures the $17.50 the drunk has to pay to get out of jail is money his family needs. And as Joe drives a visitor through Princeton's Negro neighborhood, he is moved to remark that, while his town enjoys tranquil race relations, it is nevertheless a pity that nowhere in this country do all men have equal opportunity. A tough father Joe was, but a tough cop he is not.

When Rod was only four, Joe began throwing softballs and tennis balls at him—"real swift like," says Joe. His wife recalls a day when Rod momentarily became lackadaisical while Joe was pitching batting practice to him. "Joe put one right by his ear," Jackie remembers, "and after that Rod stood right in there."

When Rod was five Joe began taking him to Knob School evenings and put him to work shooting baskets with a volleyball. Joe promoted basketball to keep Rod in top shape for the baseball season and also to divert him from football, a sport in which he might suffer an injury that would endanger his baseball future.

Because Joe Thorn believes that a person must always perform to the absolute limit of his capabilities, he drilled Rod intensively at basketball, year after year. But it was in baseball—in the Little Leagues—that Joe really bore down on his son.

Rod says, "I used to have a terrible habit of just quitting. If things weren't going right I'd sort of play nonchalantly. I can recall one day when Dad came out on the field and just booted me off. Another time I was playing shortstop and he was hitting grounders to us. I was talking to the third baseman—you know, I *do* love to talk. Anyhow, Dad hit about three out there, and I just let them go by. Well, sir, he threw the *bat* at me. I mean, he didn't throw it to hit me but to bounce right in front of me, and it scared me half to death. He was sort of worked up."

Joe pushed baseball so hard that Rod grew to hate the game. "I used to tell everybody I wouldn't play baseball if I was Mickey Mantle or Stan Musial," Rod says. From time to time he told this to his father, who thereafter would not speak to him for as long as 24 hours.

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.

"Normal."

Where Joe did succeed, however, was in convincing Rod that he must constantly strive for the ultimate in performance. The boy practiced basketball even when not ordered to do so. Walter W. Burton, a young Princeton lawyer, recalls that his father, a dignified veteran of the bar, had erected a fine backboard and basket in the Burton yard, and that no matter how bitter the winter weather the Burtons could hear the tap-tap-tap of Rod practicing outside. "At six o'clock one Sunday morning," says the younger Burton, "the old man rose up the window and said, 'Dammit, Rodney Thorn, is that *you?*' And Rod said, 'Yes, sir, but I shoveled all the snow off.'"

Joe Thorn kept Rod home nights studying while other boys were socializing. "After road games," recalls Doctor Holroyd, the Princeton physician, "all the kids on the high-school basketball team would go over to the Grand Hotel and get a piece of pie and a glass of milk, but Rod had to go right home."

Rod made all-state while only a sophomore, touching off the most intensive college recruitment battle for an athlete in West Virginia's history. Eventually the competition narrowed down to institutions with medical schools, for Rod had decided to become a doctor. He looked with particular favor upon Duke University—his father's preference—until Duke committed the error of underestimating a teen-ager's sense of propriety.

To Rod's home Duke sent a three-man delegation: basketball coach Vic Bubas, team captain Howard Hurt and Dr. Lenox D. Baker of the medical faculty. It struck Rod that Duke was demeaning its academic reputation by involving Doctor Baker in recruiting. "I always thought of Duke as being close to Ivy League stature," Rod told me. "That's really a well-recognized school, and I just couldn't picture—I couldn't *imagine*—Duke trying to recruit an athlete like that. When they left I never thought about going to Duke again."

Rod then leaned toward West Virginia University, for he was devoted to the state and its people and was sufficiently practical to realize that a reputation built at home might pay off in medical practice. He bristled, however, when the legislators passed their resolution urging him to enroll at Morgantown.

He says today, "I thought it was a very nice gesture, and I appreciated it from that viewpoint. But I felt that—well, West Virginia is a depressed area, and if the legislature didn't have any better things to do, then gee-m'-nee, we better get some new legislators."

When Rod went north to Morgantown in September of 1959, Jerry West, today a professional star with the Los Angeles Lakers, was a senior. Rod already was being billed as "the new Jerry West." In fact, when Rod was in 10th grade Fred Schaus—then the West Virginia coach but today coach of the Lakers—had noted that Rod wore a No. 44 uniform and had therefore assigned that number to West. The idea was that in due time Rod Thorn might step into Jerry West's uniform as a matter of course.

"I could never even compare myself to Jerry," Rod exclaims today. "The Negroes, for the percentage of population they make up, are really the athletes today, but as far as white basketball players go, Jerry is the best there is."

At Morgantown Rod decided that there were too many distractions in the dormitories to permit intensive study, so he asked Schaus if he could find him a room in a private home. Schaus put him up at the house of Dr. Dana Wells, bachelor chairman of the geology department, and there Rod holed up. He did not date. He rejected overtures from fraternities, feeling they were more interested in him as an athlete than as an individual.

They Thought Him Odd

Reports reached his ears that his teammates were critical of him. "They thought it was odd that a guy would be studying all the time when he could be out having a good time," says Rod. "And some of the players seemed to think I wasn't playing as good as I was cracked up to be. I was playing as hard as I could. I was probably pressing a little bit too hard."

Rod ranked sixth in his class academically as a freshman, but his world turned sour soon after he joined the basketball varsity in his sophomore year. George King, who that year succeeded Fred Schaus as coach, declares, "For a sophomore Rod got off to a real good start." Not everyone agreed.

"Some of the papers were saying that I was really playing good ball," Rod says, "but if I'd just do a little better, maybe I could be up where Jerry was. And as the season wore on I thought I should be scoring thirty points a game and pulling off all the rebounds."

Meanwhile the practice grind and the long road trips that caused players to miss classes were turning Rod's A's to B's. This upset him more than anything else, especially when the time came in midseason to play archrival Pitt in Pittsburgh. Recalls Rod, "I stayed up all the night before, studying for a zoology exam. And I'd been staying up late all week and I was real run down. I was down to 165 pounds. I took the exam and then went to Pittsburgh, and that night it was just like I wasn't on the floor. I was atrocious. I couldn't even touch the rim that night. I thought, 'What am I doing out here?'

"And the people were riding me. I'll never forget, I took the ball out of bounds and some guy yelled, 'Thorn, you're not even capable of putting West's shoes on!'

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"So many athletes feel they're doing their schools a favor."

t made me freeze. I made eight points that night. Then I got the flu and I had to lay out of school for about a week, because when I have the flu it's like somebody else having the bubonic plague."

At season's end the Mountaineers journeyed to Richmond, Virginia, for the Southern Conference championship tournament, an elimination affair they had won the previous six years. On the second night of the tournament William and Mary eliminated them, 88-76. Rod did not score a point, and when the crowd booed him he responded with a Ted Williams-type gesture that he rues to this day. He went to the dressing room and sat there long after the others had gone, and cried.

"I was feeling sorry for myself, really," he says. "I just wished I'd never seen a basketball."

Finally Rod returned to the John Marshall Hotel and spent the entire night pacing the corridors, walking up and down 12 flights of stairs almost until dawn. The next day he did not emerge from his room. His parents phoned from the lobby, but he told them he did not want to see them. They knocked on his door and he refused to open it. Seeking an act of defiance, he phoned room service for a large steak and four shrimp cocktails. "I sat up there and thought about how the people had really pressed me. I felt that the populace, the coach, ıe athletic department had ruined ıme."

Back in Morgantown, Rod's frustration took the form of a guilt complex. He felt he'd let the state down. He began staying out nights, playing cards. "And I was losing every time I played," he says. He neglected his studies to the point where he knew he would receive no better than average grades. Rod then decided to leave school for the rest of the semester. It was the only way to prevent C's from disgracing his record.

In Princeton the townspeople astonished Rod. "I thought everyone would condemn me for letting the town down," he says. "But they sort of thought that maybe they'd put too much pressure on me, and they just wanted me to know they didn't really mean to do it. Oh, I couldn't tell you how nice they were."

Rod Thorn returned to Morgantown for the summer session full of purpose. He politely excused himself from Doctor Wells's home and took up quarters at a rooming house popular with athletes. He switched to a less demanding prelaw curriculum, having convinced himself that he had not chosen medicine for humanitarian motives but rather because of a desire for status and wealth. He resolved to take his studies and his basketball in stride.

Rod scored 23 points in the season opener. He feels, however, that the second ıme—against VMI—was of even greater .gnificance. "I was waiting for things to go wrong so I could see if I was going to blow up," he explains. "Well, sir, I made only two for thirteen from the floor that night, and I scored only seven points. But it didn't affect the rest of my game. I got a lot of rebounds and made some pretty fair passes. We won by a decisive score, and after the game I didn't go into hysterics—I didn't kick the wall or punch the lockers or anything. I felt I had contributed to the victory and that—well, I'd just had a bad shooting night."

In enemy arenas fans who had read of Rod's withdrawal from school heckled him mercilessly. "About time for you to crack up, Thorn!" they shouted. "How's it feel to play on a basketball team when you're crazy?" Rod kept his poise.

In Morgantown he dated, danced and enjoyed himself, and accepted some C grades that pulled his average down to 3.3, roughly equivalent to a B-plus. Although he still never was satisfied with his basketball performance, he was gratified that West Virginia recaptured the conference championship, that he was named to some All-American teams and that Fred Schaus of the Lakers declared, "Rod could make our backcourt right now."

Last spring Rod did a curious thing. He went out for the college baseball team. Nobody, not even Joe Thorn, had ordered him to. Rod discovered that for the first time in his life he enjoyed baseball. Playing first base, he started the season poorly—he had scarcely touched a baseball for two years. By the season's end, however, he had driven in more runs than anyone else on a team that was good enough to make the N.C.A.A. championship playoffs. Major-league clubs are after Rod, and now he wants to make baseball his career. He may also study law in the off-season and eventually go into politics, because, as he says, he loves to talk.

How will Rod Thorn feel about basketball this season? "I'm optimistic right now," he replied before it began, "because before things start you're usually flushed with optimism." But ahead lay a long season—too long, in Rod's opinion. "It puts basketball over studies," he says, "and it shouldn't be like that, because there are so few individuals who have talent enough to keep going and make a career out of basketball. The premium should be on education."

Keeping His Nose Clean

It saddens him, though, to hear teammates say they owe their school nothing. "So many athletes feel they're doing the school a favor," he reflects. "Some think they should be getting money and this and that. Well, there are boys who don't come from a plentiful environment, so maybe you can understand their feeling like that. But really, I feel that when you've given a boy a scholarship you've given him enough."

The summer before the 1961 basketball-fix scandals broke, Rod was offered a $1000-a-month job as a "waiter" at a Catskills resort. Joe Thorn remembered the bribe cases of a decade earlier and felt that such resorts were entirely too accessible to gamblers. He instructed Rod to turn down the offer. When subsequently the new scandals were disclosed, Joe and Jackie Thorn sat back without the slightest worry that Rod's name would pop up among those of the point-shavers.

Joe Thorn may have demanded too much of his son in rearing the boy to be an athlete, but nobody can deny that he also reared him to be a man. **THE END**

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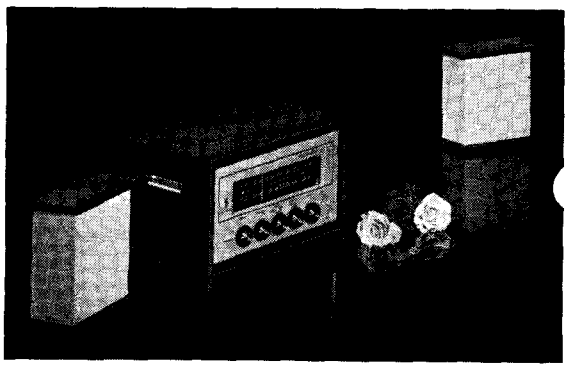

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High School Where The Sky's The Limit

By LEWIS LAPHAM

Students at Melbourne High in Florida tackle college-level courses in a unique system which advances them through subjects as fast as they can go.

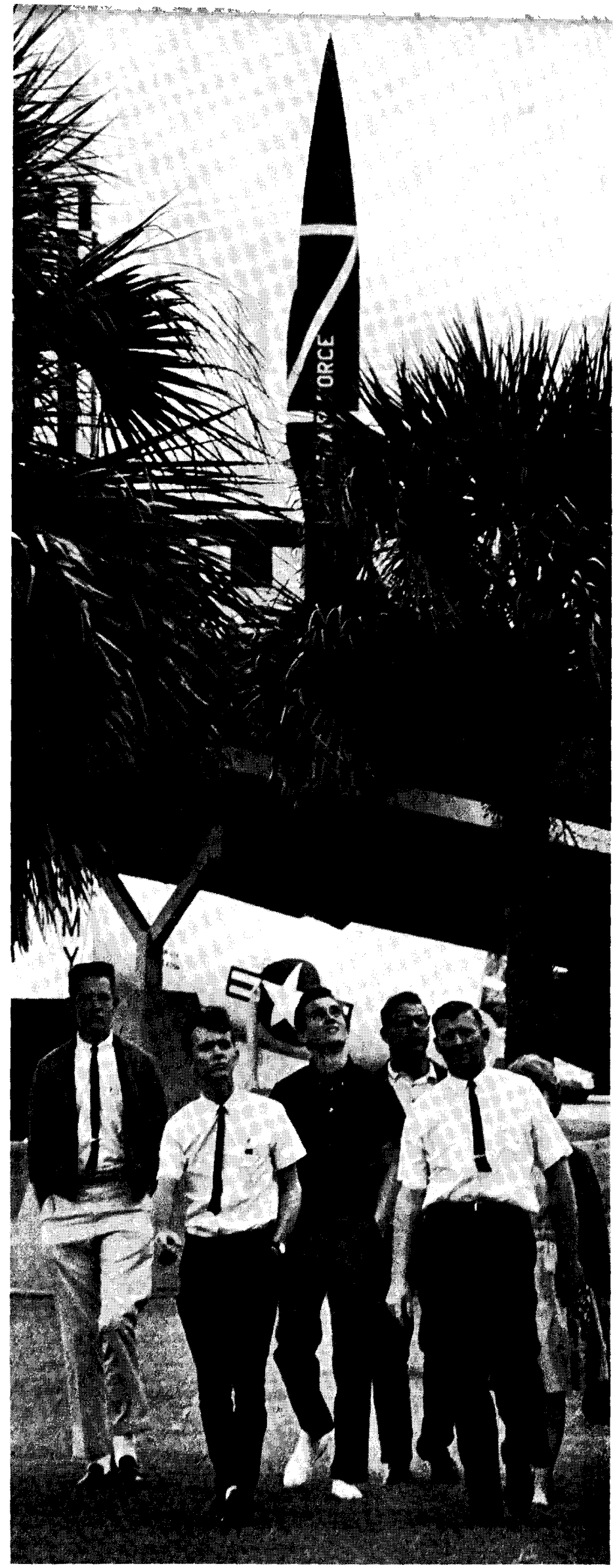
Five years ago the Soviet Union placed the first satellite, Sputnik I, into orbit and thereby dispelled, with alarming and dramatic effect, the comfortable illusion of American supremacy in all things technological. Within a week, the newspapers were publishing indignant editorials, demanding to know what had gone wrong and why the Russians had beaten us. Eventually it was agreed that the fault lay not so much with our physicists as with our schools.

The subsequent reappraisal of American secondary education is still going forward. Innumerable changes, both of curriculum and educational philosophy, have taken place at schools everywhere in the country. Nowhere have such changes been more drastic than at the public high school in Melbourne, Florida. Appropriately, the school is almost within sight of Cape Canaveral.

The regular departures of intercontinental ballistic missiles, rising abruptly above the pine trees beyond the practice football field, are looked upon from the classrooms at Melbourne High School as quite commonplace events. The school, in the southern end of Brevard County, is 23 miles below Cape Canaveral, and at that distance the huge rockets, known locally as "birds," appear to lift effortlessly into the blue Florida sky. Among the students the jargon of space exploration (velocities, orbital inclinations, gravity forces, etc.) are as familiar as proms. The youngsters are accustomed to new directions.

They should be. The approach to education at Melbourne High School is as new as the idea of men traveling back and forth to the moon. All 1,960 students are grouped according to their abilities and interests, rather than ages. Dr. B. Frank Brown, the principal, began reorganizing the school toward that end in the spring of 1958, six months after the firing of Sputnik I.

The remarkable success of this reorganization, or "ungrading," can be demonstrated in numerous ways: College enrollment of those graduating is up from 40 percent to 70 percent; the academic work of Melbourne students at college has improved, by Doctor Brown's estimate, "by 100



Touring a missile display at nearby Cape Canaveral, pupils prepare for a rocketry class with teacher Noble Roberts (right).

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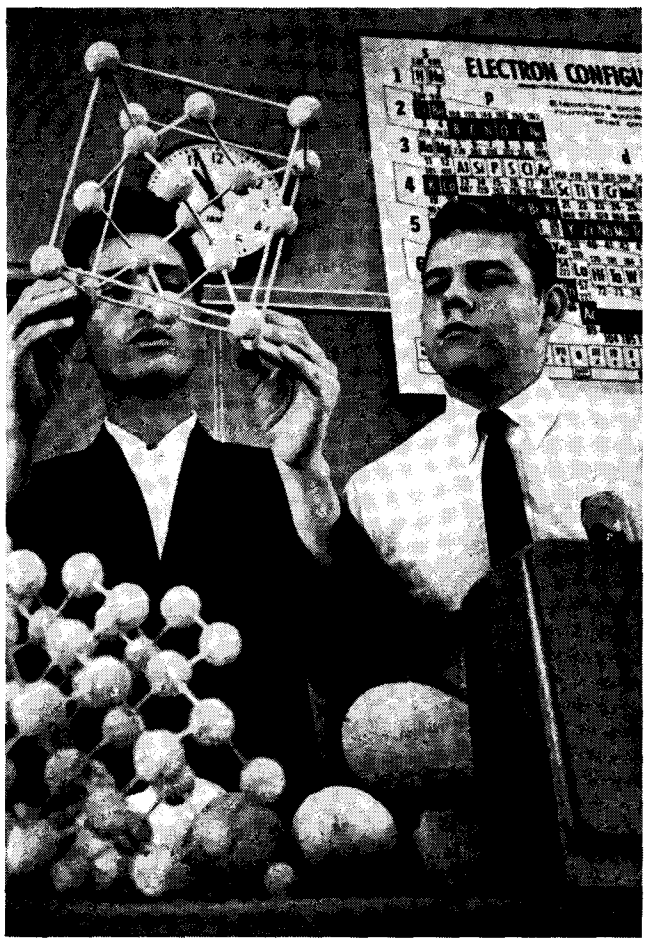
"If only somebody will give him a chance, even the slowest student can do things he never dreamed of."



In physics lab, teacher Frank Leto (left) explains molecular structure to Randall Farber.

Fifteen-year-old Pierce Jones, a "phase Q" student, studies advanced chemistry.

percent"; the percentage of students dropping out of school prior to graduation is now 4 percent, as compared to the national average of 33 percent.

Even more convincing is the predominant mood of the school. Students and teachers alike are possessed of a boundless enthusiasm, an energetic and seemingly insatiable desire to learn. Their excitement attests to the validity of Brown's ideas. Ken Klink, who is 16, captain of the band and a player of the euphonium, put it simply. "There is," he said, "certainly nothing bad about being a brain around here."

Brown, moreover, achieved his success without special materials. In most respects Melbourne is an ordinary American high school. The I.Q. of the student body is only two points above the national average for schools of comparable size. The school is run on a budget equivalent to $301 a year per student, well below the national average of $350. The teachers are paid relatively low salaries. The point of Brown's accomplishment is that similar results are well within the reach of almost any school in the country. And school administrators are coming to see how Melbourne has done it.

The View Is Disappointing

The educators making pilgrimages to Melbourne are invariably disappointed at their first sight of the school and frequently distressed at their first meeting with its principal. The school resembles a military barracks—concrete buildings, faced with red brick, low, flat-roofed and rectangular, intersected at oblique angles by cement walks. Brown himself is a smiling and benevolent iconoclast, reluctantly convinced that "there is enough deadwood teaching in America to heat the schools of Wisconsin for an entire winter." He is an excited, restless man, always asking questions, never satisfied with textbook answers. He believes that too many schools in this country "do a wonderful job of stamping out curiosity." His favorite words are "creativity," "intuition" and "OK." He speaks in a slow voice, still touched with a soft, Georgia accent, and is fond of quoting Albert Einstein, whom he considers "a pretty respectable source," to the effect that the schools must, above all else, allow for freedom of the imagination.

Melbourne High is organized on exactly that premise. The purpose of what Brown calls "the curriculum in motion" is to accustom the students to a world of constant and sudden change, a world in which any facts can become obsolete suddenly. He talks of preparing students "for professions that do not exist; for work that cannot yet be described." The cornerstone of his design is the division of the school into "phases" instead of grades.

Brown considers the grade system "medieval," conducive to "caution, materialism, conservatism and restraint." He thinks of students proceeding through high school in strict chronological sequence as hapless prisoners in "the great lockstep." His phase system, conversely, is "simply a learning cycle through which a student passes at his own rate." The division into phases is uncompromisingly dedicated to the proposition that although deserving of equal opportunity, all men are by no means created with equal intelligence or ambitions.

Miss Harriet Campbell, chairman of the school's English department, put the same proposition in the form of a rhetorical question. She asked, "Why try to force *Hamlet* down throats too narrow for *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*?"

Her department affords perhaps the clearest example of how the system of phases works. In place of sophomore, junior and senior English (Melbourne is a three-year school) there are five phases of study. Phase I is remedial reading, II is basic grammar and the rudiments of composition, III is a standard introduction to literature, and IV is the beginning of literary analysis. Phase V is equivalent to a first- or second-year literature course at most universities. The same sort of divisions are made in teaching other subjects. The designations sophomore, junior and senior are retained for social purposes.

Although extremely flexible, the system is by no means susceptible to the haphazard vagaries sometimes associated with "progressive education." Miss Campbell is a small, determined woman who speaks with decisive gestures and, like the other teachers at the school, she insists on the fundamentals. "Imagination and creativity are all very well and good," she says, "but must not be confused with the gup about 'the unharnessed mind surging through rose clouds,' et cetera, et cetera. First you grab your kid and pound home reading and writing."

Each student is placed in his phases of a subject on the basis of achievement tests and his previous academic record. It is possible to be in Phase II English, say, and Phase V biology. At any time during the school year, either as a result of new examinations or a teacher's recommendation, a student can move into a higher or lower phase. The students speak of "upphasing" and "downphasing." A student can also move laterally, out of algebra for instance, and into auto mechanics. Every week about 20 students move into different classes, and roughly half the student body will move—either up, down or sideways—at least once during the school year. In order to graduate, however, a student must at least satisfy the minimum requirements set by the Florida school system in mathematics, English, science and social studies.

Chance to Escape for the Gifted

The phase system is open at both ends. Below Phase I are curricula permitting students to learn a trade in the morning and hold a regular job in the afternoon. Beyond Phase V is Phase Q.

Q stands for quest. Quest students—96 last year, 29 so far this year—are allowed to pursue independent courses of study in one subject for which they demonstrate remarkable ability. Given a chance, in Brown's phrase, "to escape forward," they proceed under the guidance of a tutor. At the beginning of the term the Q student, who could be a Phase I student in another subject, presents an outline of his proposed study. For the students working in the sciences this

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"Melbourne's phase system is simply a learning cycle through which a student passes at his own rate."

usually constitutes an experiment; for those in the humanities, several essays. If the outline is approved, and if the student is thought capable of the work, he is assigned faculty "consultants," with whom he confers once or twice a week. He is also given a key to one of the two "centers for advanced study" at the school. Possession of such a key is considered a high honor.

The original quest center is a bleak cubicle where the school janitors once kept mops and pails. The room got so crowded last year, however, that Brown converted a greenhouse into a second headquarters for questing. Both rooms are small, furnished only with desks, chairs and bookshelves. A notice posted on an otherwise blank wall sets forth the rules:

NO TALKING, NO EATING LUNCH IN THE ROOM.

Q students can be anybody at all. Maybe a girl like Carol Ward, who is shy, red-haired, 17 and taller than most of her friends. She is sorting out differential equations. Why did she decide to study mathematics? "I'm just fascinated with it, I guess, maybe because it's so logical." Or perhaps a boy like Pierce Jones, who is 15 but looks even younger. He is a Q student in biology, presently trying to establish a closed system of life between a rat and an amenable species of algae. "You feed the algae to the rat, sir," he said, "and then, hopefully, you feed the waste from the rat to the algae." The object is to determine the feasibility of keeping men alive in a similar closed system, for instance—during prolonged space flight. Pierce has horizons that extend beyond biology, however; he intends one day to be "a politician, perhaps governor."

Accustomed to criticism, principal B. Frank Brown keeps a ready answer—the sign at left—for visiting educators who object to Melbourne High's unorthodox system.

Slow Students, Lowest Phases

Brown is as much concerned about the slowest students in the lowest phases as he is about the exceptional ones. "If we lose those kids," he believes, "they are going out to the switchblades." He tries to offer the poorer students as much opportunity as possible, on their own terms. The English department, again a clear example, would prefer to teach a 17-year-old senior how to read a seventh-grade primer rather than let him sit, uncomprehendingly hostile, through a class in Shakespeare. A boy who acquits himself satisfactorily for three years in Phase I or Phase II English is nevertheless given a diploma and full credit for high-school English. It is assumed, naturally, that he will not go to college. Students in Phase I English are required to take two hours in the subject every day—one hour in writing, one in reading. Everybody in class is confronted with the same difficulties. Thus the students are free to recite simple sentences without fear of embarrassment.

The great majority of Melbourne students, of course, are—as at any other school—neither geniuses nor dullards. But at Melbourne there is prevailing excitement that somehow catches up with nearly everybody.

Kay Green is undoubtedly one of the most excited girls in the junior class. She's 16 and a Phase III—or average—student in most of her classes. She has blue eyes, dark hair and a fondness for talking. She will, if asked, divulge in less

Students in the Chinese-language class use a textbook written especially for them by their teacher, Dr. MacClellan Fellows. The school also has Russian classes.

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"At this school it's not necessary to beat your brains out on a gridiron to gain recognition."

After school, students huddle for an informal English discussion with teacher Harriet Campbell.

than 30 seconds the following information: she sells soft drinks and peanuts at the football games; is avidly reading Dostoevsky's *The Possessed;* likes the jazz played by Thelonius Monk; would rather "have a serious discussion, definitely, than go to a dance" although she knows that in such discussions "you'd better be informed before you go off on a tantrum."

Her enthusiasm is characteristic. Many students come early and stay late. They have been discovered working calculus problems on blackboards as early as 7:30 A.M. Classes convene at nine. The Q students with keys to their study rooms often remain until midnight. Seventy-five students last year stayed in Melbourne even though their parents moved away. They lived with friends or at rooming houses. One boy was found sleeping in an automobile. Martha Wheat, 16, came this year from Hustonville, Kentucky, to study at Melbourne. She lives with a married sister in the neighboring town of Eau Gallie. It was hard to leave her friends, she said, "but I knew it was for the best." A boy given the opportunity to go to school this winter in Switzerland elected to stay with relatives in Melbourne, so that he could continue to study advanced physics. "I need these classes," he said.

Teachers Take Pay Cuts to Come

Enthusiasm is characteristic also of the faculty. Teachers in all departments are free to make use of whatever devices or methods they think best suited to a particular class or student. Such pedagogical freedom has attracted teachers from everywhere in the country—only six or seven of the 87 lived in Florida before coming to the school—even though many had to take pay cuts to come to Melbourne. (The pay begins at $4,100 a year and rises to $5,975.) The faculty for the most part subscribes wholeheartedly to Brown's thesis that the duty of the teacher is "to act as a catalyst, a setter of educational bonfires . . . not a personified source of authoritative information." Thus the constant attempt to draw the students out, to encourage them to ask their own questions and find their own answers or, in the words of H. J. White, a chemistry teacher, "not to hold them up."

Unorthodox ways are used to teach many classes, and Melbourne offers a range of courses unavailable at other public schools. Classes in Chinese, Russian, and electronic engineering, for instance, were introduced in answer to requests from students.

Dr. MacClellan C. Fellows, who teaches the Chinese language, Chinese history and Asian philosophy, could find no suitable textbook for the latter course and therefore wrote one of his own. Wallace Bearse, chairman of the history department, frequently begins an American-history class with that morning's newspaper headline. His theory is that it is "futile and ridiculous" to memorize articles of the Constitution unless that document is understood in relation to contemporary events.

The respect accorded academic achievement is apparent throughout the school, so much so that Glen Allen, the line coach of the varsity football team, was moved to remark, somewhat petulantly, "Not enough boys come out for athletics . . . at this school it's not necessary to beat your brains out on the gridiron to gai recognition."

Robert Koontz, the head coach, is reconcile to the predominant mood. He does not compla when, as often happens, money is taken from th athletic fund to buy books for the library. H describes varsity athletics as "sort of Phase Fiv physical education, you might say."

The majority of the students, however, do nc take so dispassionate a view. They follow th fortunes of the football team, the Melbourn Bulldogs, with fierce interest. (The team in th last two years won 13 games, lost 5 and tied 2. Anybody who becomes esoteric while sitting i the grandstands is, in the opinion of Juli Stewart, "strictly a clod." Miss Stewart, a blon cheerleader much admired by members of th junior class, said she was personally delighte with the division of the school into phases; thi way she associates with "kids who don't tal about anything above my level." When she firs came to the school, she recalled, she was fright ened that everybody else would "turn out to b a big space-age brain or something." Much t her relief she found that was not so.

The transformation of Melbourne High, clearly has been accomplished without damaging th essential character of an American school. Brow was appointed principal in 1952, two years afte he received a doctoral degree in education at th University of Florida. Ironically, he himself neve was graduated from high school in Dublin Georgia, where he was born in 1918. He go through college because the transcript of his high school record did not arrive until the secon semester of his freshman year; by then he wa posted on the honor roll with an average of 98

Shortly after his appointment to Melbourne Brown began allowing a few students to mov into classes ahead of their supposed levels. Th quality of their work surprised and delighte him, and he offered more and more students th same privilege. The idea of a completely nongraded school soon occurred to him, but he did not pu theory into practice until after the ascent o Sputnik I, when the public outcry for changes in American secondary education encouraged him to proceed with his innovations.

Approval From the Stubborn Goat

Even the long-established citizens in the community have been persuaded to Brown's new ways. John Turner, elected representative from the Melbourne district to the county school board, introduced himself by saying that if anybody in the county could be expected to advocate a reactionary point of view, he would be that man. Mr. Turner, a prominent merchant and a city commissioner, was himself principal of Melbourne High School from 1937 through 1945. During his tenure the enrollment fluctuated between 250 and 400 students.

"I'm supposed to be the stubborn old goat," he said, "and Brown's supposed to be the radical . . . yet I think this is the finest education philosophy, sir, that I have ever been associated with." Perhaps the best capsule description of that philosophy comes from Brown himself. "If only somebody will give him the chance," he says, "even the slowest kid in school can do things he never dreamed of." **THE END**

Melbourne High's cheerleaders: At game time, scholarship becomes academic.

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EDITORIALS

In Mr. Khrushchev's Shoes

Every now and then, when it seems that our country is overburdened with problems, it helps to try to put ourselves in Nikita Khrushchev's place. President Kennedy has his troubles—plenty of them—with crisis flaring after crisis in Cuba, South Vietnam, the Congo, West Berlin and Laos. But by comparison with Khrushchev he is coming along rather well.

We shall not attempt to analyze Mr. Khrushchev's internal problems. Russia is still, as Winston Churchill said, "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." But a glance around the globe reveals some of the foreign-policy problems that confront the Kremlin leader. The situation is anything but rosy from his point of view.

Khrushchev tried to sneak his missiles into Cuba and was caught red-handed. Under pressure from the United States he was compelled to back down ignominiously while the whole world watched. Latin America, a favorite target for his intrigues, supported his archenemy with surprising solidarity, and, for the moment at least, he forged a rare degree of unity between his enemy and its allies in Western Europe.

Come to think of it, the world today falls far short of Communist expectations. Fifteen years ago the Soviets had good reason to believe that they would succeed in taking over Western Europe. That would have been a cataclysmic achievement. It might well have tipped the world balance in Communism's favor. But Communism suffered a crushing defeat in that part of the world. The nations it hoped to enthrall achieved in freedom a level of prosperity that Communism has never known. Today they are pressing toward economic and political unity, a prospect that must make Nikita Khrushchev shake with rage.

Only a few years ago it seemed inevitable that Communism would take over a considerable part of Africa. But Red ambitions so far have been frustrated in the Congo, and they have not been able to take over any African country.

Besides these reverses, however, the problem that must cause Khrushchev the gravest concern is the growing cleavage between Russia and China. Nearly three years ago reporter Harrison Salisbury writing in *The Post* [March 19, 1960] told how a Soviet general in civilian dress raised his glass to an American in the governmental palace at Ulan Bator and pointedly remarked, "Really now, standing here in Mongolia tonight, can you think of any reason why we Russians and you Americans should fight? Is there anyone here to whom you feel more close?" In a corner nearby, "aloof and superior," clustered a group of Chinese.

Since Salisbury's visit to Ulan Bator, Sino-Soviet disaffection has developed into a major rift. Events in Cuba and India in recent weeks have greatly widened the gap. When Khrushchev withdrew his missiles from Cuban soil, he tried to convert this defeat into a triumph by posing as a peacemaker, but his ally, Communist China, wouldn't let him off the hook. The Peking *People's Daily*, official organ of the Chinese Communist Party, denounced his withdrawal agreement as a "hoax," and a "major triumph for President Kennedy." The Cuban situation, said the *People's Daily*, was a "crisis carrying out an appeasement policy toward United States aggression and a crisis encouraging United States imperialism to pursue even more insatiably its policies of aggression and war." *Red Flag*, the theoretical journal of the Chinese Communist Party, condemned Soviet "revisionists," who, it said, were "scared stiff before the position of strength of United States imperialism." Trading insult for insult, the Soviet Communist Party lashed out at Mr. K's critics, Chinese and others, charging them with "unlimited slander," and accusing them of "pushing mankind toward thermonuclear war."

As if his Cuban troubles were not enough, Khrushchev has had to face another prickly dilemma in India. Pursuing their policy of peaceful competitive coexistence, the Russians invested heavily in that country in recent years, granting $860,000,000 in credit for industrial and agricultural projects. As the *Red Flag* attack on "revisionists" indicated, the Chinese Communists have scornfully rejected this approach. Communism, as they see it, can triumph only by following a militant line. India to them is hopelessly bourgeois state, whe socialism is rapidly losing the gam To hope to win India by peacefi means is utter nonsense.

China's predatory attack on Indi poses an extremely difficult questio for Khrushchev: Should he give u his investment and his hopes in Indi or support a democracy in defiance his Communist ally?

The Sino-Soviet rift is indeed bot wide and deep, but it is too early t assume that an open and irrevocab break is bound to come. Russia an China still have much in common- chiefly their implacable opposition t the United States. Either would b reluctant to accept the onus of dealin international Communism such heavy blow as a final break woul mean. Even if a complete ruptu should occur, we cannot be certa that it would be entirely to our ac vantage. Russia and China, to an ur determinable extent, serve as a brak on each other. Separately they cor ceivably could be more rash and mor menacing than they are together. A dic tator in trouble is a dangerous anima The function of diplomacy is to deter mine when to push—and how far.

It would be foolish to minimize th problems our country faces. Bu whenever we ponder Khrushchev' troubles, we come to the conclusio that we wouldn't want to be in hi shoes. It's no wonder he sometime feels like taking them off and bangin them on the table.

Fatty Foods and Poly-Saturated Nonsense

Few subjects have generated such an avalanche of misinformation and such a torrent of conflicting claims as fatty-food diets, cholesterol and polyunsaturated fats. The American Medical Association last summer issued a report recommending the reduction of cholesterol for hardening-of-the-arteries cases. Safflower-oil and vegetable-oil companies used the report to promote their products. Later the A.M.A.'s Council on Foods issued a report proclaiming that the anticholesterol fad "is not just foolish and futile, it also carries some risk." Dairy companies exploited this report in the press, urging the public to read it before making any dietary changes.

Army doctors last spring decided that the average GI eats too much rich food. They recommended a reduction of milk, cream, butter, hard cheese, beef, pork, salad shortening and chocolate, which are high in saturated fats. A few days later the Army said it had no intention of changing the GI diet. Reason: Evidence was inconclusive.

Last summer the surgeon general of the United States, Luther L. Terry, announced that five major United States cities would "join in a preliminary study to determine the feasibility of a large-scale, long-term investigation of the possible effects of diet on heart disease.... At present our only research evidence is associative and not conclusive," he said.

Until a definitive study has been made, the average citizen, caught in the crosscurrent of conflicting claims, would do well to follow the advice of the best authority on the subject: the American Heart Association. "A reduction in blood cholesterol, by dietary means which also emphasizes weight control," says the Heart Association, "may lessen the development or extension of atherosclerosis and hence the risk of heart attacks o strokes. It must be emphasized tha there is as yet no final proof that hear attacks or strokes will be prevented b such measures."

The association concludes: "I should be borne in mind that mod erate amounts of fat, particula those containing an appreciable quan tity of the polyunsaturated type, ar necessary for good health. Fat is ar economical and, in limited amounts, a wholesome food. Food faddism o any sort should be avoided, and sig nificant changes in diet should not b undertaken without medical advice."

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